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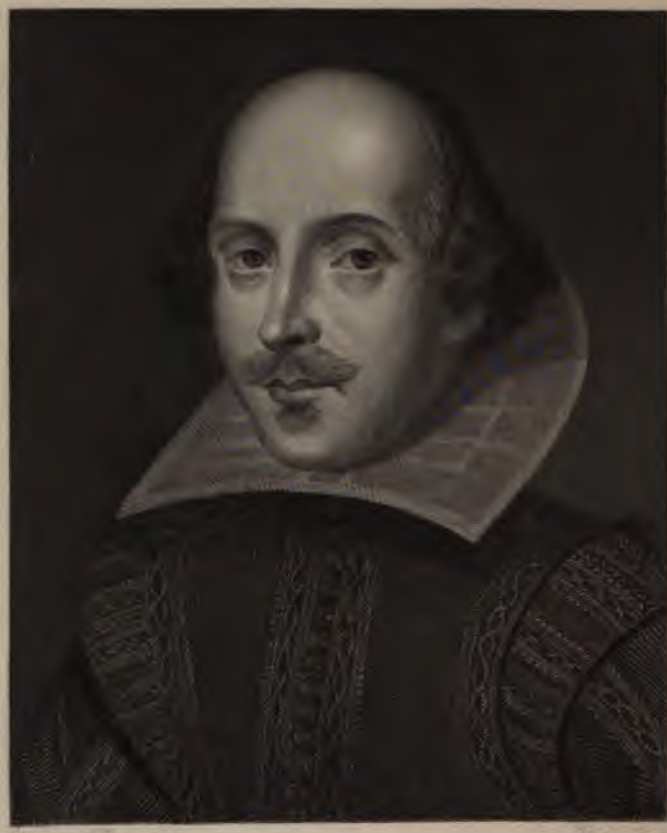

William Shakspere

# THE WORKS

OF

# William Shakespeare

EDITED, WITH A SCRUPULOUS REVISION OF
THE TEXT, BY


## CHARLES AND MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

AUTHORS OF "SHAKESPEARE-CHARACTERS;"
OF THE "COMPLETE CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPEARE;" AND OF THE "GIRLHOOD
OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES," ETC., ETC., ETC.


"How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! how express and admirable! in action how like an Angel! in apprehension how like a God!"

IN FOUR VOLUMES

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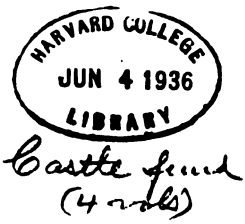


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# PREFACE.

SHAKESPEARE'S works are a library in themselves. A poor lad, possessing no other book, might, on this single one, make himself a gentleman and a scholar. A poor girl, studying no other volume, might become a lady in heart and soul. Knowledge, refinement, experience in men and manners, are to be gathered from his pages in plenary abundance. An illustrious patriot, in exile, learned to plead for the rights of his country, and to urge her wrongs, in a tongue which should interpret his teeming ideas through eloquent words to those nations that might aid her, from diligent study of those nations' poet—Shakespeare. The noble Hungarian—whom nature had gifted with oratorical powers—made them available in urging upon British and American hearts the bleeding cause of his native land, by assiduous culture of Shakespeare's language, taking him as his text-book and sole instructor. Shakespeare's words were the vocabulary, Shakespeare's diction was the rhetoric, which sent forth from the Kutayah prison one of the most accomplished orators that ever addressed hearers in their British mother-tongue. To cite another instance: the most brilliant wit, the most sparkling writer, the most spirited reparteeist of our own day adopted Shakespeare as his chief author while a youth; and to the admiring devotion with which he imbued himself with the poet's productions, may be attributed that fine intellectual strength which gave "Black-eyed Susan" and the "Rent-Day" to the world, from the pen of a lad under age; and

the "Chronicles of Clovernook" and "St Giles and St James," as the efforts of his vigorous maturity.

Shakespeare may be taken as a standard for language; it is manly, expressive, and purely English. The revival of many of Shakespeare's words—pronounced by Dr Johnson in his dictionary to be "wholly obsolete"—would be a valuable renovation of the English language. In the present rage for fineries of epithet and fopperies of phraseology, when French terms and Greek titles are so much in vogue, it would be a wholesome return to indigenous form of speech, were we to abide by Shakespeare's integrity. Instead of framing new-fangled and alien nomenclature, let us maintain the use of Shakspeare's right and true words, and we shall preserve our language in its purity. His is genuine Saxon English; his classical adoptions are sparingly introduced, and only with strictest propriety to the occasion.

Shakespeare affords a good standard for taste—a standard by which to gauge true taste, and estimate false taste. Much is said about this being "bad taste," and that being "too sentimental;"—and so, people—especially young people, in their honest eagerness—rush into the opposite extreme, and, in striving to escape from these, abjure really tasteful things, and things of pure sentiment. Shakespeare will always remain an accurate test for true feeling and taste. His book of human character forms a grand standard by which men may measure themselves. It will prevent—duly consulted—the rank overgrowth of mercenariness, meanness, selfishness; it will check the hard gallop of the "*fast* school." It will teach men to beware of believing that sneering at good impulses and holy aspirations constitutes superiority; and will show them that faith in excellence is strength, not weakness.

Shakespeare's works contain a standard for morals. It is not so much that he was the greatest intellect that ever wrote, as that he was the greatest moralist; and not moralist in the way of set moral teaching,—cut-and-dry moralizing—didactic model morality,—but as presenting those grand ethical lessons to be drawn from broad expansive delineation, like the face of nature herself, laying open large legible indices from which commonest sagacity may read truth and wisdom. As one instance of his moral teaching—deducible more than pre-

ceptive—witness the influence of his good people upon his bad people;—witness the fine strain of his poetical justice, not merely doling out success to the virtuous, defeat to the vicious, prosperity to the good, punishment to the wicked, meted in strict, yet most unnatural proportion—but that higher moral retribution which instils the unvarying impression: better, far better be those who do well through evil fortune, than be those who do evil though crowned with apparent triumph. The inseparable happiness and preferableness of right, he never fails to inculcate by subtlest truth of demonstration.

Some of the finest brains have thought their best, and uttered their best, upon the subject of Shakespeare's writing; and it seems little less than absolute presumption to offer an additional remark. Yet so imperative is the desire to express —however consciously inadequate the power—a portion of that grateful reverence and admiration which fills the heart in thinking of his transcendent excellence, that, at all risks, the attempt must be made. It has been well said:—"We are glad to listen to every one who has travelled through the kingdoms of Shakespeare;" and perhaps the long and loving denizenship which it has been our privilege to enjoy in his glorious realm,—naturalized there, and permitted to become humble but diligent labourers on his rich soil—gives us some claim to the honour of yielding homage, and bearing testimony to our "liege's sovereignty." One of us may be allowed to take pride in the thought that she was the first of his female subjects selected to edit his works; and it is one of the myriad delights we owe to him, that she should be the woman upon whom so great a distinction was conferred.

No other theme in literature will bear such constant reverting to without satiety; no other theme will bear recurring to at all seasons without untimeliness; no other theme will endure allusion to upon all topics with so little fear of irrelevance. Shakespeare is ever welcome, for he is ever fresh nd new; as he is ever welcome, because he is pertinent, miliar, home-telling.

It has been resolved that the present edition of his works ll have no notes. The reader is to enjoy the comfort of ling Shakespeare's text undisturbed by comment; and

even uninterrupted by those marks of (a) (b) (c) or (1) (2) (3) which occur in annotated editions. The squabbles of commentators will be escaped from; the tedium of discussion will be avoided. Other editions may be consulted for every variety of information, and for reference; but this is intended for purely enjoyable reading—Shakespeare's book itself, and nothing else.

To this end, the utmost pains have been taken to collate the several readings adopted by the best authorities; to carefully weigh their reasons for adopting them, while abiding by or rejecting the sanction of the original copies where these are obviously misprinted; to examine every doubtful or disputed passage; to scrutinize line by line, and word for word, every iota of the work, so as to give *the pure text of Shakespeare* as far as our judgment and long study of him enable us to discern what it really is. The absence of explanatory notes will afford no opportunity of giving our reasons for the various decisions arrived at; but the reader may rest assured that no decision will have been made without conscientious deliberation, at the same time that he is spared perusal of the Editors' debated motives. There being neither note nor commentary to mark the editorial labour, will serve merely to save the reader's toil, while that of the Editors shall be none the less for being unseen. As a means of supplying the needful information upon words and phrases of antique usage, occurring in the text, or upon bygone customs and manners therein alluded to,—a Glossary is appended, with references of Act and Scene to each passage; which will afford a condensed compendium of such requisite explanation as is usually contained in diffuse notes. The comfort of having interpretative help snugly packed away in a corner by itself, for use only when absolutely wanted, can be well appreciated by those who have suffered from the perpetual worry of footnotes, or the torment of notes that are frequently mere vehicles for abuse, spite, and arrogance. Many of these seem written for the sole purpose—not of farthering a knowledge of Shakespeare, or ascertaining his text, but—of proving that other editors are wholly wrong. When we read the scorn that is heaped on their hapless brethren by these writers, the only conclusion is, that they are actuated by malice or envy; and we feel

tempted to wonder that they should have learned no better lesson from the teaching of a poet who was magnanimity itself.

When we feel regret at the meagreness of the fact-matter to be gathered respecting Shakespeare's life, we must remember what he himself says in bequeathing us his book :—"My spirit is thine, the better part of me." We must accept this "better part of him" as his best and truest relic. He lives to us still, and for ever, in his works. To know that he was born in that sweet English village; that he went to the metropolis, and earned his fame unto all time, as well as a fortune enabling him to purchase a house and garden in his own native place; that he had the sense and taste to retire thither; that he lived there in the respect and esteem of his neighbours; that his honoured remains lie enshrined in the quiet village church on the banks of his own river Avon, with its silver stream and green trees, holy, bland-shining, and tranquil, as his own spirit, —seems fully enough to know of one of the greatest as well as simplest of God's human beings. After reading all that research has collected respecting his career, we feel that the *doubt* existing in every particular leaves us unsatisfied, and that on the whole we scarce want these vague records. On the other hand,—every, the minutest particular relative to him being precious,—men have been content to catch at even apocryphal anecdotes, such as the deer-stealing, the horse-holding, the thousand pounds given by the Earl of Southampton to the poet, &c., rather than possess no traces of Shakespeare's existence upon earth. With zealous care have these scattered accounts and dubious circumstances been accumulated, sifted and garnered by venerating editors, and embodied in such biographical form as their scanty nature would allow; while we are compelled to, appease our craving to know more by again reflecting that we have the better part of him—his spirit—his genius—his intellect—his own immortal book.

But, indeed, we possess much, fitly considered, in the few ascertained facts of Shakespeare's life;* they suffice to show

* Collected into a chronological table, and subjoined, for the convenience of referring, at a glance, to either or all of them in corroboration of these remarks upon Shakespeare's career. This table has been chiefly compiled from the

us that he attained a degree of literary renown and social repute rarely achieved by a man of his station at that period; and, moreover, they serve to manifest that he was precisely the being whom circumstances happily combined to mould as well as to produce. He was no less made a genius than born a genius, by the events that providentially succeeded to his original creation. His birth was propitious; (he was born on the 23d April, St George's day,—the patron saint of England;) it was of good parentage—"good" in the widest sense of the large-embracing word; it took place in a lovely, quiet village, where pure air, simple habits, free exercise, nurtured the infant frame. His breeding was propitious; country-bred, so long as out-door sports and childish pursuits were best for boyish need, and for cultivating innocent affections and home associations,—town-bred, when youthful manhood demanded more active sphere for mental as well as moral energies. We see him,—with the vision lent us by these few recorded facts, together with what traces may be gathered from his own writings,—fidgeting at his mother's knee, like the little Mamillius beside Hermione, with his child's restlessness and eager eyes upturned towards her face, telling one of those wondrous Winter's tales that bewitched his young imagination even then; and which, in his after-telling, became unfading summer stories for mankind: or led by Mary Shakespeare's hand—as little (namesake) William, by Mistress Page's—to school, where Sir Hugh Evans, in the living prototype shape of Thomas Jenkins, (master of the Stratford Grammar-school,) stood to question him of those "articles" which "be thus declined," &c., and which, in their faulty repetition, with subsequent, yet hardly more guilty lapse, brought forth the Jonsonian fling at the "little Latin and less Greek."

There are three years in Shakespeare's life, 1579, 1580, and 1581, when he was a youth of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age, which admit of the possibility that he was a student at one of the universities,—more probably Oxford, —and subsequently at one of the Inns of Court. The arguments in favour of this supposition are, his classical knowledge

"Life" by Mr Payne Collier—altogether the best biography of the poet that has been produced.

and tastes, his mythological colouring and allusions, more particularly as evinced in his earlier written plays, where they appear with just so much tincture of scholarly mannerism as might be supposed to mark the productions of a young collegian fresh from the learned haunts where he had "walked gowned." The "Two Gentlemen of Verona," with its prodigality of young-man friendship,—the "Comedy of Errors," with its Plautus plot and origin,—the "Love's Labour's Lost," with its revelry in pedantic affectations and gentlemanly gallantries,—seem to be the very plays for first essays in student-authorship. The "Venus and Adonis"—professedly "the first heir of his invention"—and the "Lucrece," bear palpable tokens of college elegance and predilection, both in story and in treatment. The air of niceness and stiffness almost peculiar to the schools invest these efforts of his youthful genius with almost unmistakable signs of having been written by a schoolman. Then, his familiar acquaintance with college terms and usages, makes for the conclusion that he had enjoyed the privileges of a university education. The arguments against it are, that no record has yet been found to exist at either Oxford or Cambridge of such being the case; whereas, had they ever numbered such a member among their body, the fact could hardly have failed to be well known; and another point that militates against the assumption is, that John Shakespeare's circumstances during those three years were less prosperous, and therefore the sum requisite for sending his son to college, and maintaining him there, was not likely to have been at command. Still William Shakespeare may have been a scholar upon the foundation,—a sizer, or servitor,—in which case, his collegiateship would have been no expense to the father. There is a passage in the second part of Henry IV. which shows how sending a young man to one of the Inns of Court was a customary sequent step to sending him to college. Justice Shallow says:—

> "I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar:
> he is at Oxford still, is he not?
> *Sil.* Indeed, sir, to my cost.
> *Shal.* He must then to the Inns of Court shortly."

So strong was our impression that Shakespeare must have been a student at Oxford, and afterwards kept terms at one

of the Inns of Court, that we besought some friends to interest themselves in the prosecution of inquiries tending to produce evidence on this point; but hitherto research has proved unavailing. The Reverend N. J. Halpin entertained a similar persuasion respecting Shakespeare's having been a collegian; supporting it by a quotation from a tract entitled "Polimanteia;" wherein England addresses "her three Daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, Inns of Court," &c., and which contains a marginal mention of Shakespeare, as if he were among those of their offspring to be proudly enumerated. Were the fact to be established that he had been a law-student, sufficient clue would be obtained to the marvellous intimacy which Shakespeare has manifested with legal terms, his frequent adoption of them in illustration, and his curiously technical knowledge of their form and force; thereby giving rise to the belief that he had at one time served in an office as an attorney's clerk. Several attempts have been made to substantiate this belief; which probably originated with a supposed sneering allusion to Shakespeare in a contemporary assertion by Thomas Nash, that "Hamlet" was written by a person who had followed "the trade of *noverint*," meaning a scrivener or lawyer's clerk, and borne out by other appearances of evidence. The Thomas Greene, who acted as clerk of the corporation in Shakespeare's native town, and was sent up to London on parliamentary business by them in 1614, was apparently son to an attorney of Stratford-upon-Avon, whose burial is recorded in the parish register there, thus: —"Thomas Greene, *alias* Shakespeare, March 6, 1590." Thomas Greene, the younger, emissary from Stratford, who wrote the note in 1614, mentions his townsman in these words: —"My cosen Shakespeare comyng yesterday, I went to see him, how he did." What was the relationship between the Greenes and the Poet, which gave the father a right to his registered "alias," and authorized the son in using the title "cousin," is unknown; it may have been a mere nominal kinship, some playful "adoptious" cousinship, denoting the intimate terms of friendship which united the two families in a closeness like that of consanguinity; but it serves to show Shakespeare's near connection with professional lawyers, which alone would suffice to account for his legal know-

ledge. With such faculties as his, an occasional hour in Greene's office, conversing gaily,—idly, it might seem, with his young "cousin" on what mainly interested the attorney aspirant, would endow him with a degree of proficiency that would demand of another long and studious application. Nevertheless, it is by no means impossible that he may have pursued the legal profession with a view to emolument, in the same way that he may have been assistant-master, or usher, at the grammar-school, as a means of gaining a livelihood, when it became absolutely necessary that he should earn something towards his own support. Aubrey's manuscript, in the Ashmolean Museum, states that, "in his younger years Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster in the country;" and if so, it was in all probability at the period when his father's diminished income, together with his own youthful act of independence in taking a wife, rendered some source of gain absolutely indispensable.

Shakespeare's early marriage,—he was but eighteen,—in all its circumstances, affords a signal proof of his poetic and ardent temperament. There exists a tradition that Anne Hathaway was very beautiful;—however that may be, she was assuredly so in his eyes. She was in the full bloom of womanhood,—five-and-twenty,—the very period of ripened charms and developed character to win a lad's devoted admiration. From the uniformly noble way in which Shakespeare drew the *wifely* character, we may feel certain of the esteem as well as affection with which his own wife had inspired him; and the advantage in generosity which he has always assigned to women over men when drawing them in their mutual relations with regard to love, gives us excellent warrant for supposing that he had had reason to know this truth respecting her sex from the mother of his children. The very slenderness of what is known concerning her is one tacit but significant proof of the worth of Shakespeare's wife, and of the integrity of the feeling which bound him to her,—for those women of whom least is heard, are ofttimes the best of their sex,—while the Poet's silence respecting his affection, witnesses its wealth, by his own lines—

> "That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
> The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere."

In the Sonnets—which afford so remarkable a specimen of an autobiographical outpouring, where nothing is told of circumstance or event, but where the internal nature of the man himself is strikingly revealed; where the artist-soul,—in its struggles of alternate feeling, its humility of conscious imperfection with regality of conscious power, its dejected sense of human frailty with towering aspirations, its noble candours, its affecting generosities, its passionate homage, its self-confession,—stands bare to view, while no jot of incident is related:—in these sonnets may be traced tokens that Shakespeare could fully rely on the forbearance of his wife, and upon the unreproachful loving reception which she had ever ready for her Poet-husband. Were a crowning testimony wanting, of the warm attachment between Shakespeare and the woman who was the bride of his youth, as well as the wife to whom he constantly returned amid the excitement of his metropolitan life, it would be amply furnished in the nature of the bequest he left her in his will. The sacredness of the sentiment that united them, is mutely but eloquently expressed in that simple legacy. Things that seem all but meaningless to the eyes of lookers-on, are full of dearest intention to married lovers.

It was when Shakespeare had been a husband but bare four years, that, finding himself the father of three children, the means of his parents less prosperous, and his family demanding more lucrative exertion on his part than his native town afforded scope for, that he resolved to go up to London and seek employment there. Many circumstances concurred to render this step one of promising prospect. His acquaintance with the members of those companies of actors who had frequently performed at Stratford,—several of whom were natives of Warwickshire,—and his own dominant tastes for poetry and the theatre, led him to adopt this course, as offering an immediate source of profitable as well as delightful occupation. With his MS. poems, and a few plays already written, besides sketches and floating plans of others innumerable, we behold Shakespeare setting forth—in homely story-book phrase—"to seek his fortune." And what a fortune! One surpassing all that has been recorded of wandering princes or fairy heroes. He achieved the fortune of com-

manding men's admiring fealty to the end of time, and becoming lord of a boundless realm that shall never know decay or decadence.

It is pleasant to observe how the loving reminiscences of his native village clung perpetually to him, softening and ameliorating with their gentle rural influence the harder urban polishings and experiences. We find him giving the names of neighbour villagers—Fluellen, Bardolph, Audrey—to certain of his written character creations. Anne was the name of one of his sisters, as well as his wife's name; and how well it becomes the pretty yeoman's daughter—"Sweet Anne Page!" His money-help to his parents; his obtaining a grant of arms for his father; his solicitude to support the family-name, to advance its social position and privilege to rank with the gentry, at a time when the profession of actor was held to be incompatible with claims to the title of "Gentleman;" his constant investment of his well-earned gains in landed property on the spot of his birth,—all demonstrate the honourable ambition and fond home-attachment of Shakespeare's nature. In their old age, he brought his father and mother to share the dwelling ("New Place") which his genius had enabled him to purchase; he associated one brother (Edmund) with him in his profitable town avocations; and to another (Gilbert) he intrusted the management of his pecuniary affairs in their native place: all that Shakespeare did in this respect, serves to vindicate the noble privileges attained by well-earned money, and to rescue it from the vulgar supposition of its being a source of low and degrading consideration. Prudence in money-matters gives the right and the ability to indulge in a profuse generosity. He was as practical and provident, as he was poetical, and admirably showed how false is the notion, that the greatest genius is "irregular"—in any way. He was business-like, orderly, and methodical; and, how truly these are consistent with bounty, is avouched in the letter extant (the only one addressed to him known to be in existence) from Richard Quiney, applying to the poet for a loan of £30, (then equal to about £150 of sterling money now,) showing that his character stood well for liberality, in the likelihood entertained of a favourable reply—a belief confirmed by the result. While

maintaining these strong links of sentiment with his native Stratford, he entered into all the vivacities of London life no less strenuously. It is this mingling of country charm with metropolitan vigour and refinement throughout his sojourn upon earth that so grandly concurred to *make* Shakespeare the consummately-perfected genius that he was *born* to be. At the same time that he continued to visit Stratford regularly every year, he freely led a town life while in town. He enjoyed royal favour, had court popularity, possessed the friendship of the worthiest and most distinguished noblemen, was honoured among his brother wits and writers, and was beloved by his fellow-actors. Pre-impressed with the beautiful and pure-joyed images of his country boyhood, he spent his prime of manly reflection amid scenes of intellectual culture and exercise. Everything afforded food to his observation, and faculty for turning it to immortal advantage. His keen perception beheld at once what others gather by studious and lengthened examination. His comradeship with actors—who are a genial, cheerful people—was conducive to good; his intimacies with men of rank, gave ease and familiarity of admission to high-bred associations; his frequenting the company of author-friends was promotive of rapid interchange and expression of thought. How vividly is Shakespeare's manner painted to us by those fervent words of Ben Jonson, [ever blessed be his memory for putting them down for posterity!] "I loved the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped." What a complete picture of our poet's fertile outpouring of thought in speech, is conveyed in that last sentence! And think of "stopping" him! "Stopping" SHAKESPEARE while he talked!! It precisely confirms the description given by Fuller of the two men, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, in their "wit-combats:" "which two," he says, "I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing,

could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." These concentrated accounts—containing so much in so small space—give us ample information of the social bearing of Shakespeare.

With regard to his acting powers, we can hardly have better pledge than the enthusiastically asserted belief of such a man as Coleridge; who said:—"It is my persuasion—indeed my firm conviction—so firm that nothing can shake it—the rising of Shakespeare's spirit from the grave modestly confessing his own deficiencies, could not alter my opinion—that Shakespeare, in the best sense of the word, was a very great actor; nothing can exceed the judgment he displays upon that subject. He may not have had the physical advantages of Burbage or Field; but they would never have become what they were without his most able and sagacious instructions; and what would either of them have been without Shakespeare's plays? Great dramatists make great actors. But looking at him merely as a performer, I am certain that he was greater as *Adam*, in 'As You Like It,' than Burbage as *Hamlet* or *Richard III.* Think of the scene between him and *Orlando;* and think again, that the actor of that part had to carry the author of that play in his arms! Think of having had Shakespeare in one's arms! It is worth having died two hundred years ago to have heard Shakespeare deliver a single line. He must have been a great actor." We heartily subscribe to this "absolute '*must;*'" and then, what more than music must have been Shakespeare's voice, as the *Ghost* in "Hamlet!" It thrills the soul only to think of the tones in which he doubtless uttered those accents from the grave of a dead king and father. Conceived by his brain, breathed by his lips, how ineffably sublime must they have been!

No less strong is our impression of the mode in which Shakespeare composed. Not only when he was seated, with paper before him, and pen in hand, but while he was journeying, as he went along, on horseback, passing through the open air, in his visits to his native place and back, we behold him revolving the thoughts which became pages. When strolling through the green lanes of Stratford, or pleasant Shottery, by Avon's banks, or along the wooded glades of Charlecote, he

may have meditated those sylvan beauties that illumine the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or "As You Like It;" (in the latter play he has enshrined his mother's maiden name of "Arden," giving it to the forest which is the beau-idéal of poetical forests; the old British word, "Arden" signified "woodiness;") or when threading the mazes of London streets, he might have mused upon those great labyrinths of human passion, the throbbing heart of Lear, the "betoss'd soul" of Romeo, or the chaos of Othello's agony. Minds like Shakespeare's work spontaneously, and wait not for the formality of mechanical appliances. Many were the scenes on the road, between Middlesex and Warwickshire,—picturesque or grotesque, graceful or homely, pathetic or humorous,—that suggested hints to the poet's fancy, and set it working. At the Crown Inn, Oxford, where we are told he halted, when travelling between London and Stratford, he surely beheld, by lantern-light, just such a group of carriers as figure in the Rochester Inn-yard of Henry IV., Part I.; which he there and then recorded in his brain, to be transferred to paper at leisure, with its accompaniment of "Charles's wain over the new stack of chimneys," and the reminiscence of "Robin Ostler, who never joyed since the price of oats rose."

His retirement into the country, to enjoy the remainder of his life with his family in his native place, at a period when men are usually still intent upon the pursuit of wealth and fame, gives another proof of Shakespeare's superior sense and feeling. He enjoyed the respect and liking of his neighbours, with whom he lived in friendly intercourse; and the monumental bust which surmounts his tomb in the chancel of Stratford-upon-Avon church, witnessing the honour in which his memory was held at his birth-place, gives us an excellent representation of him as he must have appeared at this epoch of retired ease. The bland, expansive forehead, the eyes full of mingled thought and cheerfulness, the rounded cheeks, the tranquil-smiling mouth, the person full, manly, and reposeful, combine to give a delightful embodiment of the poet in his quiet enjoying mood. The portrait by Droeshout (prefixed to the folio 1623, and forming the frontispiece to this edition) presents him to our view at the height of his mental activity. The face is full of blended spirit and sweetness, of intellectual

vigour and sensibility; while the person is spare and close-knit, as if in the eagerness and impulse of energetic purpose. It thoroughly responds to our impression of Shakespeare, the dramatist and actor. The portrait we possess in the monumental bust has something of genial with exalted, that is unspeakably encouraging to look upon,—it is the impersonation of England's greatest genius in simple manly serenity of self-earned comfort.

The way in which Shakespeare drew up his will and saw his second daughter's marriage solemnized within a short time previous to his death, again bears testimony to the poet's wise and provident conduct. His calm and prudence in thus preparing for death, illustrates his own fine words: "If it be not now, yet it will come: *the readiness is all.*" Finally, he closed his mortal existence on the same day which saw its commencement. And here again, his very words singularly preherald his own appointed course. It is as if, in a strain of inspired prescience, he had penned them:—

> "This day I breathèd first; time is come round,
> And where I did begin, there shall I end;
> My life is run his compass."

The only thing we could have wished Shakespeare to have done differently, of all that he did do, was, that he should have devoted the few last years of his life, his period of retired leisure, to the editing of his own works.* What a priceless edition would that have been! Instead of which, his Dramas were left at the Globe Theatre when he quitted London; they were playhouse copies—in manuscript—probably in separate parts, for actors' use; and a few of them found their way into print, by single plays, published in

* As an elucidation of Shakespeare's possible motive in neglecting to edit his own plays, may be cited a passage from Thomas Heywood's preface to "The English Traveller." After stating that this tragi-comedy is one among two hundred and twenty in which he had "either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger," (which testifies the then prevailing custom of dramatic authors adding to or altering the productions of others,) Heywood explains why his plays have not been collectively printed; and says, "One reason is, that many of them, by shifting and changing of companies, have been negligently lost. Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it never was any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read."

quarto, filched by unscrupulous booksellers, or purloined for them—as slovenly brought forth as unfairly procured.

The first appearance of Shakespeare's plays, in a collected form, was the folio edition of 1623, given to the world by Heminge and Condell, his fellow-actors, seven years after the poet's death. They were scarcely fitted to be editors, inasmuch as they allowed the publication to go forth unrevised, so that the most glaring misprints stand uncorrected; and the worst of this neglect is, that some of these typographical errors are so wildly blundering, as to throw at fault the most discriminating judges in their attempts to guess at Shakespeare's originally-written words or phrases. Nevertheless, defective as this first edition is, we cannot be too grateful for it, when we reflect upon the irreparable loss the world would have sustained had it never appeared at all. It at least preserved in an assembled volume those scattered treasures which lay dispersed in stray manuscript sheets, and a few single quarto copies; and it formed a source where diligence and patient investigation might pursue their labours with best chance of discovering Shakespeare's whole wealth of brain-production. Three editions, repetitions of the first, in folio, were successively published in 1632, 1664, and 1685; and at the commencement of the century following the one in which Shakespeare died, Nicholas Rowe brought out two successive editions in the years 1709 and 1714, with "Some Account of the Life of William Shakespeare" accompanying each. Here are first collected such traditionary anecdotes and known particulars as could be gleaned concerning the dramatist; and ample acknowledgment is due to these earlier investigators, Rowe and his followers, since much that seems at present superfluous, as already known, was then new information, owed to their diligence. Each fact, or legend, would have become more and more difficult to be traced as time went on; while thus brought together, they admit of inquiry, and can either be accredited or rejected at pleasure. The contested points, too, of meaning and interpretation, with which the notes of early editors abound, while dealing in mere word-hunting, serve to help clearer and larger perceptions into forming veritable conclusions. While we smile at the occasional bowings and compliments to each other of the

*variorum* editors, and their restless desire to claim the epithet "ingenious," we quietly avail ourselves of their more sensible suggestions, and derive what solid assistance we may from them in our search for truth. When we marvel at the wrath and venom, the almost personal acrimony of their bickerings over a disputed word, or a conjectural reading, we remember that those very animosities are one sort of tribute to Shakespeare's pre-eminence,—from persons of irritable temper or vehement nature, who can show their partiality in no other way than by violence of defence.

The impugners of Shakespeare have this vast advantage: their reprehensions stand as finger-posts for ground of admiration. It may with tolerable safety be concluded, that wherever they blame, they afford a clue to some peculiar merit. When they point out a defect, follow the hint, and you are pretty sure to discover a beauty. When they censure Shakespeare's blemishes, prepare to observe fresh charms in the poet that have never before struck you. The oft-repeated fallacy, for instance, relative to Shakespeare's want of learning, has opened the way to discernment of his stores of knowledge; and the cuckoo-song of his disregard of the unities led to the discovery of his improved system of unity.

If Shakespeare's impugners have their value, his partizans have sometimes been to be deprecated. The zeal with which they have vindicated him has occasionally led them into the strangest and most unjust admissions. They take up curiously-based grounds of defence, and make the awkwardest and unfairest allowances. They err from want of judgment, not from ill intention; or we might be inclined to say to them, on behalf of Shakespeare, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "When I tell you, Mrs Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part." We cannot believe Mrs Montague to have been actuated by Mrs Candour's motives, when she took the part of Shakespeare against Crabtree Voltaire; then how else, but from want of judgment, can we account for her saying of Shakespeare's plots, "It must be allowed that they are often exceptionable;"—or of his beauties, as a set-off against his assumed defects, "Thus it is that Shakespeare redeems the nonsense, the indecorums, the irregularities of his plays?" It would be

well if, upon such occasions, these rash allowers could be called to account, as they do intemperate speakers in Parliament, by forcing them to "Name! name!"

Dr Johnson, in that extraordinary compound of turgid contradictions, his "Preface to Shakespeare's Works," while admitting that "the stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare," assures us that "in tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity;" adding, "in his tragic scenes there is always something wanting." What a pity he had not told us what that "something" was. Was it the "something" that is to be found in "Irene?"—He goes on to inform us that Shakespeare "sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write *without any moral purpose*." (!) It really looks like irony where he observes—"Whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity." (!) And again—"When he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of the reader." (!!) It is lamentable to see a man of Johnson's undoubted power so mistaken, when writing upon a genius he could not appreciate. A writer of conventional form and rule like Johnson could no more comprehend the nobly bold and original forms and rules of an author like Shakespeare, than he could himself conceive them. This incapacity for compassing the altitudes and sounding the depths of a poet like Shakespeare, rendered Johnson, if not dishonest, at least uncandid—which is a sort of fraud, or misprision of truth, that amounts to dishonesty in a critic. He is guilty of unfairness; showing partiality where his sympathies incline him, and prejudice where his antipathies warp him. Witness his critical injustice to Milton, whom he hated as a republican, in addition to not being able properly to estimate him as a poet. This sense of inability to value such transcendent geniuses as Shakespeare's and Milton's aright,

goads a critic like Johnson into undervaluing them in token of his superior judgment.

Johnson's edition of Shakespeare had been preceded by Pope's, Theobald's, Hanmer's, and Warburton's; and was succeeded by Steevens's, Capell's, Reed's, and others, within the eighteenth century. Pope's was the first that appeared with annotations, explanatory and emendatory; the office of emendator being exercised with so much licence as to make the text a wide departure from that of the original folios. Pope's preface is an elegant piece of writing, but in its very first paragraph it makes allusion twice to Shakespeare's "faults;" and, after awarding the highest praise for intuitive and innate powers, remarks—"It must be owned that, with all these great excellencies, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than *any* other." (!)

It would be amusing to see all the censure cast upon Shakespeare by his champions; it could hardly be surpassed, in comprehensive force, by the accusations of his maligners. The fact is, these pseudo-champions have but half faith in him; they first assume certain premises not proved, and then they attempt to argue upon them, and vainly seek to reconcile irreconcilable points. For instance, Pope says—"His sentiments are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but, by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts." But why, because the precise traces of Shakespeare's educational course and social advantages happen not to be known, must we therefore assume that he had neither? Pope, taking this for granted, is compelled into the vague attribution of a "talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity;" and accounts for his "perfectly amazing success," by saying that he seemed to "have looked through human nature at one glance." This is disposing of his mind's force as hap-hazard,—a kind of hit-or-miss good fortune; and

making out his "so potent art" to be a trick of legerdemain.

Certain it is, that people are apt to reason of Shakespeare's powers as of other writers' powers,—forgetting that he had genius "richer than all his tribe." When they say that it was a wonder he could depict so learnedly, having so little learning, they should remember (setting apart the question of his scholastic acquirements) that he knew, of his own knowledge, what other men can never know; that his insight was beyond reasoning upon from ordinary rule and measure, inasmuch as in itself it exceeded all usual limit of human faculty. —When, too, critics complain that Shakespeare had no system, that he wanted method, and that he violated laws of art, they should perceive that he does not follow their preconceived ideas of all these things, but that, in his wealth of invention, he invented system, method, and laws of his own, and upon these he worked. Shakespeare was an incarnation of creative power; he not only created a world of beings, their sphere of existence and action, but created the ordination and framework by which they lived and moved true to nature herself.

As an instance of his substituting his own admirable devices for the clumsier ones of previous dramatic legislators, see how he but occasionally introduces set choruses to animadvert upon the passing pageant; instead of which, in order to explain the argument, to note the progress of time, to mark the state of popular feeling, or other accompanying circumstances needful to be borne in mind by the spectator, he often gives short scenes, that naturally and unformally announce these points, while subtly impressing them on the minds of the audience or reader. Witness that scene in "Richard III.," the third in the second Act, where two citizens meeting are joined by another, and the three talking together of current events, bring these easily, yet forcibly, to the apprehension of the looker-on. The short scene in the "Merchant of Venice,"—ordinarily omitted in the acting, (so little perception of the dramatist's general intention have the players shown!)* where Shylock follows his victim through the

* This scene was retained by Mr Macready, who, during his management, promoted the due representation of Shakespeare's plays on the stage, with a spirit and good taste that laid the foundation of much that is at present effected in the way

streets, bidding the gaoler look to him; how well it serves to keep in mind the Jew's unrelenting malice, his persecution of the imprisoned merchant fallen within his power, and to sustain the interest as well as to time the progress of the drama. The character and soliloquies of Faulconbridge, in the play of "King John," serve the purpose of a moral chorus throughout; while the three gentlemen in "Henry VIII.," and the two young lords in "All's Well that Ends Well," are used by the dramatist with the same artistic intention.

One of Shakespeare's greatest powers in drawing character is his might of *gradual* development. Most writers describe moral growth too abruptly. In this one point lay the secret of much of Shakespeare's wondrous art. Another, is his force in unstated effects, subtly *conveyed* to the spectator's mind; he *causes* us to feel, instead of *bidding* us feel. Another, is his miraculous gift in writing *silence*. This seems paradoxical unto absurdity; but if the reader will carefully observe the ingenuity with which the silence of such characters as Virgilia, Celia, Hermione, and others, is indicated, they will perceive that this dramatist's skill in writing silence is among his most extraordinary powers. In his hands, silence becomes one of the most eloquent of interpreters; it reveals the presence of the beating heart, the unspeakable emotions that surge there,—suspense, agitation, or the muffled throbs of mute agony. Even in comic instances, see how irresistibly humorous Shakespeare has made silence; as in Goodman Dull, and Justice Shallow's delectably dumb cousin, Master Silence himself—only moved to speech by drunken inspiration.

One of the strongest proofs — were proof wanting — of Shakespeare's intrinsic excellence, is that the editions of his works have multiplied with each successive century; and that in proportion with the number of his critics, has been their

of appropriately producing his dramas. Witness the revivals of "King Lear," "Richard III.," "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "Henry V.," "King John," and others, where not only the text was correctly given, and his own careful acting evinced William Macready's respect for the intellectual supremacy of the dramatist; but where the artistic powers of a Clarkson Stanfield were enlisted, together with all the scenic splendours usually lavished on an Easter piece or a Christmas pantomime, in order to lead popular taste into fuller appreciation of the poet's works.

increased praise. The better he is understood, the more highly will he be rated; the better he is known, the more dearly will he be loved. During the present century, editors have brought out versions in every variety of size and shape, and distinguished by every possible care in collating, printing, and publishing. The names of Campbell, Collier, Dyce, Halliwell, Hudson, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and Verplank, stand pre-eminent as editors of Shakespeare. Armitage Brown, Coleridge, Halpin, Hazlitt, Mrs Jameson, Charles Lamb, Maurice Morgann, B. W. Proctor (Barry Cornwall), and Professor Wilson, have exercised their critical faculty in finest appreciation of the poet's transcendent beauties. The brothers Schlegel, Wieland, Eschenburg, Lessing, Voss, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Tieck, and Ulrici, have proved Germany's estimation of our dramatist; Peter Foersom, in his devotion to Shakespeare,—persevering, when he earned scarcely dry bread by translating his plays,—proclaimed at least one Danish heart's veneration for the author of "Hamlet." The author of "Doctor Antonio" spoke an eloquent word on behalf of Italy's holding that "Shakespeare is not the poet of any age or country, but of mankind,"—while Dumas, Guizot, Le Tourneur, Villemain, and Victor Hugo, have redeemed France from the reproach which Voltaire's prejudiced view of Shakespeare's genius left upon their country. The testimony borne by Alexandre Dumas to our great dramatist's merits is characteristically vehement; it is in his essay entitled, "How I Became a Dramatic Author," and runs thus:—"I read, I devoured the foreign drama, and I found that in the dramatic world all emanated from Shakespeare, as in the actual world all emanates from the sun; that none could compare with him, for that he was as dramatic as Corneille, as comic as Molière, as original as Calderon, as reflective as Goethe, as passionate as Schiller. I found that his works, in themselves, contained as many types as the works of all the others put together."

Victor Hugo also awards the palm of pre-eminence to Shakespeare, in these words:—"The dramatic poet's aim—whatever otherwise may form the amount of his ideas on Art—should always be, above all, to seek the Great, like Corneille,

or the True, like Molière; or still better—and this is the highest summit to which genius can soar—to attain at once the Great and the True, the Great in the True, the True in the Great, like Shakespeare. It was given to Shakespeare—and it is that which causes the sovereignty of his genius—to reconcile, to unite, to amalgamate unceasingly in his productions these two qualities,—Truth and Greatness; qualities which are almost opposed, or, at the least, so distinct, that the defect of each one constitutes the reverse of the other. The rock-ahead of Truth, is the Little; the rock-ahead of Greatness, is the False. In all the works of Shakespeare, there is Greatness which is True, and Truth which is Great."

This is expressed with the antithetical play, akin to wit, which is a feature in French definition; and it is also characteristically French in its creed—that Truth in Art is perilously near to Littleness. This was the belief which so long blinded Frenchmen to Shakespeare's supremacy; but they are gaining clearer insight into the fallacy of their former idea, that naturalness compromises sublimity, and that unadorned Truth is poor, bare, and small.

The observations of another French writer, Villemain, convey amusingly this sense of Shakespeare's dangerous approximation to the ungentilities of truth. Speaking of the American people, he says:—"The popular good sense of these men, so industrious and so occupied, seizes with ardour the profound thoughts, the sagacious maxims with which Shakespeare is filled; his gigantic images please minds accustomed to the most magnificent spectacles of nature, and the immensity of the forests and rivers of the New World. His rudeness and inequality, his strange familiarities, offend not a society which is formed of so many different elements, which knows neither an aristocracy nor a court, and which has rather the strength and arms of civilisation than its elegance and politeness." The same idea is broached with characteristic British bluntness, as contrasted with French conventional refinement, in Morgann's admirable "Essay on the Character of Falstaff;" where he says:—"When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the

language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Apalachian mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciota, shall resound with the accents of this '*barbarian*.'"

It is because Voltaire's successors have come to reverse his verdict upon our poet's genius, and because it is interesting to note the improved appreciation of Shakespeare in France, that we have taken pleasure in quoting chiefly French opinions upon his transcendent merit. Another reason has influenced us in rather citing from French critics than from those who have hitherto been esteemed his best praisers—the Germans. The chief among these latter—Augustus Schlegel—has been so frequently quoted, that his animadversions are known to every one; but while admitting the validity and beauty of most of his Shakespearian dicta, we venture to think some of them may have been overrated. In the first place, certain of them, accredited as original, really emanated from our own great poetical critic as well as great poet, Coleridge;* and secondly, Schlegel's own critical judgment was too much biassed by manifest prejudice to be worthy of the implicit faith hitherto placed in his awards. Witness, for instance, the sentence he passes on three of the doubtful plays, ("Thomas Lord Cromwell," "Sir John Oldcastle," and "A Yorkshire Tragedy;") declaring them to be "not only unquestionably Shakespeare's," but affirming that, in his opinion, "they deserve to be *classed among his best and maturest works*." (!) But the strongest cause for questioning Schlegel's claim to be considered an infallible critic, is his glaring injustice to that fine genius, Molière,—who was only second to Shakespeare himself as a *comic* dramatist,—when he stigmatises him as a court "buffoon," whose aim in writing was to make Louis XIV. laugh; when he disputes his claim to originality on the score of his borrowing his plots from foreign sources, although finding no diminution of the same claim in other authors for the same act; and when he can find no higher praise for such noble dramas as the immortal "École des Femmes," "Tartuffe," "Misanthrope," and "Femmes Savantes," than, that they are "pieces which are finished with great diligence." (!) When we see a critic thus grossly

* *Vide* "Literary Remains," vol. ii., pp. 77, 202. See also "Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton," p. 103.

unjust to one author, we feel almost inclined to resent—assuredly to receive with less respect—his encomiums on another; and it is on this account that Schlegel's laudation of Shakespeare comes with abated force, when we behold his incapability of attributing due merit to the thrice-admirable Molière.

Professor Wilson, besides some acutely discriminative observations upon certain of Shakespeare's chief plays and characters, made a profound discovery relative to the dramatist's principle in the observance of the unities. Under his literary title of Christopher North, the professor broached this discovery in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November 1849; and during the same month, the Reverend N. J. Halpin put forth a small pamphlet laying claim to having already made the same discovery. It seems clear, from the evidence adduced, that both gentlemen are equally entitled to the honour of having discerned this invaluable clue to Shakespeare's system of the unities—more especially that of Time. It leads to the revelation of the real and beautifully artistic intention of many of the poet's apparent discrepancies; which, so far from being erroneously, or even inadvertently made, are purposely introduced with a view to harmony of plan, reconcilement of obstacles, and ascertainment of progress. Professor Wilson takes the tragedies of "Macbeth" and "Othello" in illustration of his theory; while Mr Halpin adopts the "Merchant of Venice" by which to demonstrate his view of the same system. The former showed how "*two clocks*," as it were, of dramatic Time, were going on *simultaneously* throughout Shakespeare's dramas; one pointing to "*long time*," the other to "*short time*," and that this concurrent indication of the "*two clocks*" produced the desired impression of the drama's duration upon the mind of the spectator. The latter (Mr Halpin) says, "He contrived what one may term a *chronometer* consisting of a double series of time or dates; the one illusory, suggestive, and *natural;* the other artistical, visible, and *dramatic;* the first of which may be called the PROTRACTIVE series, the latter, the ACCELERATING; and out of the impressions thus unequally created, he constructed a dramatic system unknown to the world before his time, and unpractised ever since." The way in which each theorist has

made out his case, and arrived at a similar conclusion, by illustration adduced from the above-mentioned plays, is extremely interesting, and establishes their point with the most satisfactory and triumphant effect. In "Othello," Professor Wilson shows how the "long time" necessary to produce upon the spectator's mind the effect of a sufficing period of wedded union between Othello and Desdemona to enhance the impression of tragic naturalness in their fate, concurrent with the actual "short time" stated in the one day and night that are occupied with the arrival in Cyprus, the celebration of the Moor's nuptials, the disgrace of Cassio, the following morning's suit to be restored to favour, Iago's immediate machinations, and the next night's catastrophe, are blended into one magic Time-unity by the subtle art of Shakespeare. In the "Merchant of Venice," Mr Halpin makes manifest how the "long time" required by the conditions of the bond between Shylock and Antonio,—three months,—is produced upon the reader, while the absolute "short time" needful for passing to and from Belmont, with Portia's appearance at the Venice tribunal instantly upon her marriage with Bassanio, are in the same way made to tally in skilful contrivance of impression.

It is pleasant to see how critics have gradually grown to touch upon points which bear the superficial appearance of error in Shakespeare with respect;—prepared rather to think their own discernment may be at fault than prematurely to impeach his merit, and to scan patiently, instead of reprobating hastily. His infallibility has—of its own power—exacted this altered treatment on the part of his annotators. As an instance in point, observe the mode in which the first commentators dealt with what they called his faults and blemishes—summarily judging, trenchantly blaming. Then Mr Campbell—with that tone of petulance which occasionally mars his otherwise delightful commentary on Shakespeare's genius—adverted to the poet's deviation from the old classic rules of Time-unity, with a sarcasm instead of an investigation into its true meaning and merit. While lastly, the Boston editor, Mr Hudson, and the enthusiastic Armitage Brown, (in his "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems,") have both perceived the apparent discrepancies in Time, during the

course of "Othello;" yet while discerning them, they pronounce no rash censure upon points which the disquisitions of Mr Halpin and Mr Wilson have since proved to be systematic provisions in Shakespeare's Dramatic Art of Time-unity.

Some of the best things said by Dr Johnson in his, in many respects, fine Preface, are upon the "unities." He seems to have *felt* the superiority of Shakespeare's art in their conduct, although unable to *define* the system upon which the poet treated them. He claims the true privilege of the dramatist's power over the spectator's imagination, when he says, "There is no reason why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field."

It is curious that those who lay so much stress on unity of place, as enhancing probability, should not perceive the gross improbabilities it necessarily involves. The Classical French school of Dramatic Art, while inviolably preserving certain rules of the stage, perpetually violates our impressions of natural event. In being called upon to admire the strictness with which the unities are observed, calls are made upon our belief and allowance that outrage every impression of verisimilitude. The magic power of the true dramatist transports us to what scene he chooses, and we sit there to witness what he presents to our imagination. While his spell lasts, we submit ourselves to its influence, and lose sight of all but that which he immediately places before our view. There is no difficulty, no strain upon our sense of fitness, no wrenching of our credulity, to believe that we see what he wills us to see, so long as his art of representation is sufficiently potent to conjure up the scene he describes visibly to our imagination. It is quite as great a demand upon our faith to suppose that we behold people coming out of their houses to hold converse on their private affairs in a public street, or place, or square; that they issue forth from their separate apartments into one especial antechamber of a palace or mansion—a sort of general talking-place,—a social Exchange—where they may hold conferences, repose confidences, or indulge soliloquies; that they should go out and come in just when convenient to the story; that they should meet at exact moments, or remain

absent at appropriate junctures,—as to fancy that we follow them from spot to spot in thought, and are enabled to observe their procedure with the eyes of our spirit—that spirit, that intelligence, which is put into activity by the dramatist's skill. Shakespeare himself (in his Chorus to "Henry V.") tells us the amount of credence he demands for his dramatic universe:—

> "Piece out our imperfections with your *thoughts*,
> And make *imaginary puissance*."

That "imaginary puissance," taken in the sense of power to imagine, it is, which he evokes, and which his art elicits. The sticklers for the classical unities ask that we shall believe improbabilities, because they invest them with certain rational conventionalities; Shakespeare asks us to "entertain conjecture" of beautiful ideal-realities, by scope and strength of fancy. The strict unity-mongers require the faith of reason; Shakespeare, the faith of imagination. But the former require the faith of reason while impairing belief by the very adherences to rationality they preserve; Shakespeare requires the faith of imagination while inspiring belief by the appeal he makes to our poetic creed.

Shakespeare's comprehensive might was large in his treatment of the unities, as in all else. His plans were as vast as his details were accurate. Not only will he bear the minutest analytical inspection and dissection, but he sustains the widest synthetical survey. His characters are not only susceptible of the closest investigation,—each smallest part being as carefully finished in individuality of structure as the organs of animalculæ in their exquisite formation and inexhaustible variety,—but his dramas, as wholes, are wonders of consistent art. Every play in itself possesses a grand moral unity of design. Thus "Hamlet" may be said to depict the relations of the human soul with divine order; "Macbeth," the struggles and tortures of ambition; "Lear," the principle of Will; "Othello," candour and virtue victims to deception and malignity, but triumphant in their immortal intrinsic natures; "Romeo and Juliet," Love in its beauty, Hate in its ugliness and misery. Even his comedies contain this moral unity of design: for instance, "As You Like It" exhibits the cheerfulness of

goodness, the sunshine and out-door freedom of the spirit in those who are pure-hearted and innocent; "Twelfth Night," the romance of enamoured fancy, the sickness of self-love, the health of geniality; "All 's Well," the superior worth of nature's aristocracy and natural rights to feudal and conventional assumptions and exactions; "Much Ado," brilliancy of wit at fault in discernment, while obtuseness of folly blunders upon revelation; "The Merchant of Venice," the several operations of justice, injustice, and chance; and so on, through all his fine plays, serious or comic,—for in Shakespeare's gayest mirth there is ever earnest purpose, as in his severest tragedy there is ever divinely tender feeling. Guizot, with excellent acumen, makes *Unity of Impression* the great law of Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. He says:—"We must never forget, that unity, in Shakespeare's view, consists in one dominant idea, which, reproducing itself under various forms, incessantly produces, continues, and redoubles the impression."

In tracing the career of his characters we are affected as we are in watching the progress of real beings; we feel that deep and sympathetic commiseration,—that compassion unmixed with contempt,—with which we observe the mistakes of our fellow-creatures, our mortal brethren; he teaches us that large toleration for human imperfection, while revealing to us its shortcomings, by showing at the same time its innate yearnings after good. In proof of the intense reality with which he invests his creations, and the thorough way in which he penetrates us with a sense of their actuality—we find ourselves speaking of Shakespeare's people's *souls;* we say the soul of Hamlet, or the soul of Macbeth, is thus or thus affected.

His productions afford ever-fresh field for speculation; in reading them we are always conscious of a something beyond our fathoming—as in contemplating Nature herself. It is not that Shakespeare—any more than Nature—is dark to our perusal; but that there is a high-reaching elevation of idea suggested in his page, as in hers, that lifts the spirit into more than earthly soarings.

Complaint has been made that Shakespeare is occasionally obscure; but sentences that present difficulties to some minds,

offer none to others. For our own part, we are unable to find incomprehensibilities in many of Shakespeare's phrases that seem to have proved stumblingblocks with some of the commentators. The reason may be this: literal and matter-of-fact judges, who require all to be clearly made out, thoroughly explained and stated, cannot make sufficient allowance for Shakespeare's style, which is often of large scope in condensed form. He frequently uses a curiously *elliptical* style; and his phrases then wear (to the literal-minded) somewhat the effect of that peculiarly occult meaning couched beneath superficial appearance of mistake, which constitutes the "Irish Bull." For instance, Ben Jonson ridiculed Shakespeare's having made Julius Cæsar say, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause." In the first place, Ben Jonson quotes the passage falsely,* like many a fault-finder, warping the point he picks out for blame; and, in the next place, it requires little perception to descry the real gist of the phrase, allowing for *elliptical* expression. This is the exact quotation:—

> "Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
> Will he be satisfied."

It is perfectly comprehensible,—and most characteristic. The tone of self-assertion and irresponsible autocratic will in the sentence is precisely that which a despotic-minded man, like "mightiest Julius," would use. In considering Shakespeare's words, it is all-important to bear in thought into whose mouth he puts them;—*characteristic utterance* is everything with him. Differently from every other writer,—in this, as in all other respects,—Shakespeare himself cannot be known through his

* Exculpation has been attempted, by suggesting that possibly the words originally stood as Jonson gave them, and that Shakespeare may have altered them on hearing that Jonson had ridiculed the phrase as it at first stood; but how comes it that Ben Jonson not only quoted the sentence itself differently from what it now is, but that he made it the reply to a speech which does not occur at all there? The above endeavour to excuse Jonson is made by Mr Craik, whose "English of Shakespeare, Illustrated in a Philosophical Commentary on his Julius Cæsar," is a book of much value to the Shakespearian student. Though so verbally precise, Mr Craik has none of the formality often accompanying precision. Together with his discernment in literality, he possesses poetical appreciation; as when, in citing and defending one of Shakespeare's bold beauties of diction, he observes, "These audacities of language are of the very soul of poetry."

principal writings; his own individuality of nature is so completely merged in the characters he draws, that it cannot be deduced with any satisfactory correctness. Precisely because he was the greatest of all dramatists, and drew other men's characters with such consummate discrimination, he revealed nothing of his own identity. While he wrote, he was the person he delineated; and while perfectly defining every touch that characterised them, he necessarily excluded every point that might have coloured it with his own peculiarities. No writer, perhaps, ever so thoroughly got rid of *self* in writing; and this is one of the reasons of his excellence in dramatic composition. His very indifference to having his productions carefully put forth to the world in print, originates in this absence of *self* in what he did. He thought more of making his works good, than of letting them appear good. He himself says for himself in one of his sonnets—

> "In so profound abysm I throw all care
> Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
> To critic and to flatterer stopped are."

This absence of self-consciousness it was which gifted Shakespeare with his amazing power of appropriateness and forbearance in writing, amidst all his luxuriance and exuberance of imagination. In painting a scene, he was never anxious to put forth the whole of his resources,—to show how abundantly he could depict it; he was intent only on depicting it faithfully, truly, naturally. This is why he never *overdoes* anything; this is why he has no exaggeration, no pedantry. Where Ben Jonson, for instance, is laboured, diffuse, and prolix, Shakespeare is correct, concise, forcible. Where other authors are verbal, he is vital; his words are warm life-blood, pulsing from the very hearts of his speakers. If Shakespeare wished to paint a parting, he did not heap up all the most extravagant phrases of passionate regret—parting in abstract; but he painted each particular parting with just the amount of tenderness and pathos proper to the character and individuality of those taking leave: witness the several partings of Romeo and Juliet, Troilus and Cressida, Posthumus and Imogen, Proteus and Julia,—all lovers' partings, yet how exquisitely distinguished one from the other. From the

sentences uttered in these four little scenes, we might clearly gather the respective characters of the four couples who figure in them. This is why there is no rant in Shakespeare. He was not bent on displaying his own ability and mastery of language,—which anxiety leads to the overcharged tirades of other writers; but he was solely occupied with the mode of speech of those beings he made talk; he thought of their diction, not his capability of penning it. In his moderation and discretion, Shakespeare is as effective as in his energy and elaboration,—for they are each always meetly employed. This absence of self-impression accounts, too, for the magical insight into the desires of others—his spectators or readers—which Shakespeare possessed. He seemed always to know how much they wished revealed, how much they wished shown, to satisfy their interest in his stories. Many of his closing scenes are long—though never tedious—on this principle; they seem adapted to the contenting of that craving to know all about the personages in whom the spectators have been feeling interested, which grown spectators share with children, who are never contented without explanatory windings-up to the tales they have been listening to. Witness his last scenes of "Cymbeline," of "As You Like It," of "Merchant of Venice," and others; which linger on with the exquisite sense of mutual pleasure in satisfactory explanation in conclusion that subsists between the finest authors and their readers. Shakespeare, though the most concentrated of writers, was also the most ample;—where condensed expression, or where copiousness was respectively needed.

There are three passages in the last scene of "Cymbeline" which afford instances of those peculiarly *elliptical* sentences used by Shakespeare,—especially at the close of his dramas, where he avoids diffuseness on those points which are known to the spectators, but which require explanation to the characters of the story. The first of these passages is—

> "One sand another
> Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
> Who died, and was Fidele.

The second is—

> "Our wicked queen;
> Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
> Have laid most heavy hand."

——Here the word "on" serves for "justice on," and "hand on." The third is:—

> "This most constant wife; who, even now,
> Answering the letter of the oracle,
> Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
> With this most tender air."

—In the last passage "were" is governed by "who," the relative to "wife;" but "who" serves a double purpose in the sentence,—representing the person addressed (Posthumus), and the person referred to (Imogen). This mode of making one word do double service (in sense, if not in strict grammar) is among the poetical licences used with his own felicitous daring by Shakespeare. Such construction—conveying condensedly the spirit and sense of a meaning, rather than expressing it according to correct rule,—we feel to be preferable to mere grammatical nicety and accuracy; although only in such a master-hand as Shakespeare's is it safe. The way in which that passage has passed unchallenged by the critics aptest to stickle for constructional precision, attests its right to stand on its own ground of superior law in diction.

A kind of era in Shakespearian literature occurred in the year 1852, from the publication of a volume by Mr J. Payne Collier, containing an account of a copy of the 1632 Folio of Shakespeare, which exhibited numerous manuscript emendations and corrections. The majority of these were then given to the world; thus affording an opportunity for passing judgment on their merit, and accepting or rejecting them accordingly. It were reasonable to expect that this Manuscript Corrector's suggestions might have been received with at least the sufferance and quiet examination that other conjectural emendations have met with from time to time; but the appearance of this volume was a signal for scorn and virulence the most disgraceful, not merely heaped upon the nameless Corrector himself, but upon his introducer. Surely, even had the proposed readings been pronounced erroneous, they were entitled to that amount of respect which any attempt to ascertain the exact text of the poet may claim; and which he himself set the example of according to the most wrong-headed absurdities belonging to mankind, purely on that simple ground of brotherhood and human fallibility. No

mortal folly that Shakespeare has playfully dealt with, contains more ludicrous points than the exhibitions of rancour and intolerance among his various partizans; their dogmatical decisions and venomous attacks, their violent assertions of "undoubted," "unquestionable," "irrefragable," and "indisputable" upon questions, touching which they themselves are perpetually disputing with the most unseemly heat, or even retracting with the most amusing coolness, would have drawn a smile from none more surely than the great object himself of all their hubbub. Had the unfortunate MS. Corrector robbed an orchard or an orphan he could scarcely have been more contemptuously or more roughly treated than he was by the Shakespearian beadles. Nevertheless, they adopted some of his proposed emendations; and a more temperate consideration of his claims to attention has succeeded to the first opposition. One or two of his corrections find place in the present edition. These, and some from other sources, the scope of our appointed course affords no opportunity to particularize; but we are bound to name those emendations which originate with ourselves; and as the absence of notes precludes our giving reasons at length for inserting them, we must entreat our readers' belief that we have done so only upon carefullest and faithfullest consideration. These are the instances alluded to, wherein we have ventured to print what appeared to us needful corrections:—"Dromio, thou Dro*n*io;" for "Dromio, thou Dro*m*io," (altered in some editions, to "thou drone,") Com. of E. ii. 2.—"Make friends invited;" for "Make friends invite," Tam. of Sh. iii. 2.—The speech in Act iv. Sc. 2 of "Love's L. L.," hitherto given in all editions to Jaquenetta, and which (in her mouth) has puzzled the commentators from its presenting a direct contradiction to her previous one, (stating that the letter is from Don Armado,) has now been assigned to Sir Nathaniel; who,—having just read the letter, and seen the signature it contains, takes the answer out of her mouth, saying:—"Ay, Sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords." Holofernes corrects him for this mistake in the next speech:—"Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king;"—thereby showing *who it is* that has made the wrong assertion.—In the opening scene of

"Romeo and Juliet," *Citizens* has been placed as a prefix, instead of *First Cit.*, to the speech commencing "Clubs, bills, and partizans!" which seems to be a collection of exclamations uttered by several persons, rather than the words of one person.—In the same play (Act i. Sc. 5) the entrances and several prefixes of the various servants have been somewhat differently arranged from the ordinary method, which has been confessed to be unsatisfactory.—In the last scene of "Antony and Cleopatra" the stage directions have been remodelled with an attempt at supplying a clearer idea of the disposal, situation, and procedure in the monument, than has till now been given; and there is the less scruple in making this alteration, since the stage directions are modern additions founded upon Plutarch's account of the incidents which take place in that scene.

Among the particular punctuations which we have adopted in variance with other Editors' views of certain passages, one may be cited, where Bellario says (Cymb. v. 5), "We will die all three but I will prove," &c. Most Editors print a colon after "three:" whereas we take the phrase to be an idiom, in which "but I will" is equivalent to—"if I do not." The words, too, in Lear v. 3, "Nor no man else," which are usually somewhat linked to what follows by a shorter stop, we put a period to, by a full stop and dash; assuming them to be a following up of Kent's previous attempt to explain to his old master his identity. "I am the very man,—that from your first of difference and decay, have followed your sad steps,—nor no man else."—The irrelevant interruptions of the wandering-minded old king, the perseverance of his faithful follower, with at length his despairing ejaculation when he ceases:—"All 's cheerless, dark, and deadly," strike us as the true version of the passage; and not that "Nor no man else" is a rejoinder to Lear's vacant "You are welcome hither,"—as some have explained it.

The orthography of certain proper names and foreign words occurring in the text has been retained in accordance with the mode of spelling them in the original editions. For instance "Petruchio" has been retained, instead of altering it to Petruccio; which would be the true Italian spelling, and not Petrucio, as those modern Editors print it, who wish to

correct the old form of the word. But Shakespeare Englished the hero's name for his own purpose, as he did that of the heroine, — Katharina; which, in Italian spelling, would be Catarina. Consistently, therefore, "honorato," instead of "onorato," "coragio," instead of "coraggio," and other similar words, have been preserved in the form which Shakespeare used,—possibly for the sake of rendering them more intelligible to the actors who were to commit them to memory and pronounce them.

The First Folio has been of course adopted as the main guide in ascertaining the text for the present edition; but though used as a guide, it is not to be followed implicitly, still less exclusively. It contains so many instances of evident errors in transcription and printing, together with so many cases of curtailment for mere stage purposes, that the early Quarto copies are of almost incalculable advantage in verifying and fully establishing the text where they exist; of such plays, for example, as "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Lear," and others. In the last-named tragedy, were it not for the Quarto copy, we should have lost a large portion of those vigorous things in the second scene of the fourth Act between the indignant Albany and his tiger-natured wife; also, the whole of that beautiful following scene, between Kent and a gentleman, descriptive of Cordelia's receiving the news of her father's ill-treatment by her sisters, is wanting in the Folio. The *manager* Shakespeare might have cut them out, (if his own doing at all,) not the *author* Shakespeare. For acting, they might be too long; but for reading, they are inestimable, as completing the dramatic (*dramatic*, not theatric) art and beauty of the production. The time may come, when every reader of Shakespeare will be, to a certain extent, his own editor; and the difficulties arising out of the early and original copies almost demand this: meantime, the best thing that an appointed Editor can do, is honestly and conscientiously to set forth the text according to his own belief of what it is, as gathered from such (in many respects imperfect) materials as exist to found it upon. To *ascertain*, is in some points impossible; the utmost that can be done, is earnestly to examine and weigh,—and then decide as nearly accurately as judgment will enable. The immense difficulty

of making up one's mind upon disputed passages,—where frequently so much is to be said on both sides of the question, and where such cogent arguments arise in favour of each different reading,—can only be estimated by those who undertake the task of decision. This difficulty amounts in some cases to the actual retaining of what has been formerly rejected, or rejecting what has been formerly retained; for frequently, that which has struck the mind as bearing an opposite sense, an incompatible sense, or even no sense at all, at one time of consideration, will, at another period, assume a consistent and perfectly distinct meaning, and will therefore be ultimately adopted in preference to the sentence previously taken. As a single instance of what we mean, we would refer to the word "love-feat" in Love's L. L., v. 2; for which we at one time substituted the suggested alteration of "love-suit;" but now we perceive the congruity of the term "*feat*," with the preceding line:—

"Their purpose is, *to parle, to court*, and *dance;*"

and, accordingly, we retain the original Folio expression, "love-feat."

These anxious deliberations, these conscientious cares on the part of Editors in selecting what they conceive to be the genuine Shakespearian reading in disputed passages,—leading to occasional variance even in *their own individual opinions*, and to differing actually *with themselves*,—ought surely to teach diffidence in maintaining their own decisions, and temperance in censuring those of others. Let Shakespeare-Editors but take to heart what is taught in every page of the great master they serve, and they will become more and more worthy to be his ushers and exponents.

To read Shakespeare's works even superficially, is entertainment; to linger over them lovingly and admiringly, is enjoyment; to study them profoundly, is wisdom moral and intellectual.

# CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | 1564. | **WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE born April 23. Eldest son of John Shakespeare, and Mary Arden his wife. The father was of yeoman rank, and held various offices in the corporation: the mother inherited a small landed estate called Asbyes, and some property in land at Snitterfield. Plague in Stratford from June to December.** |
| 1 year old, | 1565. | **John Shakespeare elected one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford-upon-Avon.** |
| 2 ..... | 1566. | **William's brother Gilbert baptized October 13. Here was an early-sent object to awaken ideas of protecting love in the two-year-old child.** |
| 3 ..... | 1567. | John Shakespeare in good circumstances; owner of a copyhold tenement in Henley Street since 1556. Contributed, with others of his borough, towards the relief of the poor during the visitation of the plague in Stratford in 1564. |
| 4 ..... | 1568. | John Shakespeare received the highest distinction in the power of his fellow-townsmen to bestow; being elected Bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon. He held the office, as was usual, from Michaelmas to Michaelmas; and was, *ex officio*, a magistrate. |
| 5 ..... | 1569. | William's sister Joan baptized April 15; an aunt Joan standing godmother. This was a sister of Mary (Arden) Shakespeare; and had married Edward Lambert. Theatrical performances in Stratford by "the Queen's Players." |
| 6 ..... | 1570. | John Shakespeare was in possession of a field called Ingon Meadow. Here may Shakespeare have first run about to gather "daisies pied and violets blue,"—a "boy pursuing summer butterflies." |
| 7 ..... | 1571. | William's sister Anne baptized September 28. Probably his commencement as "schoolboy, with satchel and shining morning face;" but hardly "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." |

8 years old, 1572. The masters of the free grammar-school at Stratford between 1570 and 1578, were, successively, Walter Roche, Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins. The two former may have been the prototypes of Pinch and Holofernes; the latter, of Sir Hugh Evans.

9 ..... 1573. William's brother Richard baptized March 11. As his family increased, so increased John Shakespeare's means of supporting them, up to this time.

10 ..... 1574. John Shakespeare purchased of Edmund and Emma Hall, two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, for the sum of £40.

11 ..... 1575.
12 ..... 1576.
13 ..... 1577.
} Gradual declension of John Shakespeare's circumstances in the course of these three years.

14 ..... 1578. John Shakespeare, at a borough hall meeting, permitted to pay but 3s. 4d. as his share of a levied contribution. Mortgaged his wife's estate of Asbyes. Unable to afford poor-rates; and was left untaxed.

15 ..... 1579. John and Mary Shakespeare sold their landed property at Snitterfield for the small sum of £4. William's sister Anne buried April 4.

16 ..... 1580. William's brother Edmund baptized May 3.

17 ..... 1581. Theatrical performances in Stratford-upon-Avon by two companies of players.

These three years are the period when Shakespeare *might have been* a student at either of the universities, or one of the inns of court.

18 ..... 1582. A "preliminary bond" to the solemnization of matrimony between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway was dated November 28. The seal used on the bond bore the initials R. H.,—those of the bride's father, Richard Hathaway.

19 ..... 1583. William Shakespeare's first child, Susanna, baptized May 26.

20 ..... 1584. Three companies of actors performed at Stratford. Burbage, Greene, Slye, Heminge, and Tooley, were players who came of Warwickshire families; and were probably acquaintances of Shakespeare's at this time.

21 ..... 1585. William's twin boy and girl, Hamnet and Judith, baptized February 2. His desire to provide for his increasing family, his own tastes and talents, and his friends' instances, probably combined to turn his thoughts towards the stage.

During these seven years Shakespeare may have found employment as a teacher at the grammar-school; or as a lawyer's clerk.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 22 years old, | 1586. | The year of the imputed deer-stealing prank in Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds of Charlcote. John Shakespeare ceased to be alderman September 6. William left Stratford-upon-Avon for London. |
| 23 | 1587. | No record of these two years. Probably engaged in qualifying himself for his profession of actor; and in altering and adapting plays for the theatre of which he became part proprietor. |
| 24 | 1588. | |
| 25 | 1589. | William Shakespeare a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre. His name occurs twelfth on the list of sixteen sharers. |
| 26 | 1590. | No record. Diligent thought and application. Rapidly rising in public renown. |
| 27 | 1591. | Spenser's laudatory allusion to Shakespeare as a dramatist, appeared in the "Tears of the Muses;" that poem being then first printed. |
| 28 | 1592. | Plague in London. Suspension of dramatic performances. Probable period of Shakespeare's possible visit to Italy. Robert Greene's attack upon Shakespeare, posthumously produced by Henry Chettle; who subsequently made apology in his "Kind-heart's Dream." |
| 29 | 1593. | First edition of "Venus and Adonis" published under the Author's direction by a printer named Richard Field,—said to have been a Stratford man. Building of the Globe Theatre commenced by the leader of the company of actors, Richard Burbage, December 22. |
| 30 | 1594. | First edition of "Lucrece" brought out at Field's press. Spenser's second tribute to Shakespeare, in his poem of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Probable period of Lord Southampton's alleged gift of £1000 to Shakespeare. |
| 31 | 1595. | Probable period of the opening of the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, the spring of this year. The performances usually took place at three o'clock in the afternoon; and, being open to the air, the theatre served for summer representations. |
| 32 | 1596. | Petition of the Player-sharers (Shakespeare's name fifth on the list) to repair and enlarge their Blackfriars' Theatre for winter performances. William's son Hamnet buried August 11. Help to his parents. Applied for grant of arms to his father. |
| 33 | 1597. | John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill in Chancery to recover their mortgaged estate of Asbyes; the mortgagee's son refusing to yield it. William's aid in redeeming his mother's inheritance. His purchase of "New Place," also called the "The Great House," at Stratford: bringing his father and mother home there. |
| 34 | 1598. | Ben Jonson's comedy, "Every Man in his Humour," first acted, through Shakespeare's influence. Letter from Richard Quiney to Shakespeare, requesting the loan of £30. |

35 years old, 1599.
36 ..... 1600. No record, these two years: but before then had appeared his Two Gen. of V., Love's L. L., Tam. of S., Three Parts of Hen. VI., Titus A., Mids. N. D., Hamlet, Rich. II., Rich. III., Two Parts Hen. IV., Rom. and Jul., King John, Hen. V., As You Like It, Mer. of V., All's Well, Much Ado, and Merry Wives. The first edition (separate 4to) of Love's L. L., Rich. II., Rich. III., Rom. and Jul., Two Parts Hen. IV., Hen. V., Much Ado, Mids. N. D., and Mer. of V. had been printed.

37 ..... 1601. John Shakespeare buried September 8. Thomas Whittington, an old shepherd (possible prototype of Corin, "the *natural* philospher,") long in the employ of Richard Hathaway, died; leaving in his will a bequest of 40s. to the poor of Stratford, which sum he had placed in the hands of his old master's daughter, Anne Shakespeare.

38 ..... 1602. Patent granted by James I. to William Shakespeare and his company of players, to perform at the Globe Theatre and elsewhere, May 17 (Shakespeare's name second on the list.) Bought 107 acres of land, at Stratford, for £320, adjoining his dwelling. Also became owner of a copyhold tenement there.

39 ..... 1603. Additional purchase of land at Stratford, for £60. Letter of Mrs Alleyn (wife to Edward Alleyn, the actor, and founder of Dulwich College) dated October 20; telling her husband that she had seen "Mr Shakespeare of the Globe," in Southwark; where he had a house since 1596; and where he dwelt when in the metropolis.

40 ..... 1604. Probable period of Shakespeare's retirement from the stage as an actor. The withdrawal of his prudence and discretion in counsel, was adverse to the company. His control and presence ceasing, the ill effects were felt.

41 ..... 1605. Investment of £440 in the purchase of a lease of tithes in Stratford, July 24; described in the indenture as "William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman." A fellow-actor's (Augustine Phillips) bequest of a gold piece worth 30s. to Shakespeare.

42 ..... 1606. No record: but in the interval since the commencement of the century, Troilus and Cr., Othello, Tw. Night, Henry VIII., M. for M., Com. of E., Lear, and Macbeth, had appeared.

43 ..... 1607. Susanna Shakespeare married to Dr John Hall, June 5. Edmund Shakespeare buried December 31, at St Saviour's, Southwark.

44 ..... 1608. Shakespeare a grandfather; by the birth of Susanna's child, Elizabeth, baptized February 21. Mary Shakespeare buried September 9; probably carried from her son's house to her grave, and breathing her last in his arms. Known to be in Stratford that autumn; stood godfather to a boy named William Walker, October 16.

45 years old, 1609. Lord Southampton's letter on behalf of Shakespeare, styling him "my especial friend;" the earl's steadfast and long-standing attachment thus testified after the supposed gift in 1594. Planted mulberry tree. Sonnets first printed May 20.

46 ..... 1610. Instituted legal process against John Addenbrook in March for the recovery of a small debt; and the debtor decamping, a writ was issued by the borough court against Thomas Horneby, who had become bail. This pertinacity shows that the poet did not choose to be imposed upon.

47 ..... 1611. A fine levied on the 107 acres of arable land purchased by Shakespeare in 1602. Shakespeare's name on a list of donations, (dated September 11,) contributed by the townspeople of Stratford for defraying the charge of prosecuting "a bill in Parliament for the better repair of the highways, &c."

48 ..... 1612. Supposed period of his quitting London, and taking up his permanent residence at Stratford. One of the plaintiffs in a Chancery suit concerning the lease of tithes bought in 1605.

49 ..... 1613. Richard Shakespeare buried February 4. William Shakespeare purchased a house in Blackfriars for £140, March 10; possibly with some view of convenience to his friends and former fellow-actors. Globe Theatre burned down June 29.

50 ..... 1614. Fire at Stratford July 9. Shakespeare active to prevent the enclosure of common-land at his native place. Thomas Greene, clerk of the corporation, sent to London on the business, made a note, dated November 17, wherein he mentions going to see Shakespeare on his coming up to town. John Combe's legacy of £5 to Shakespeare.

51 ..... 1615. No record: peace and content leave few traces to mark their existence. In the course of the last nine years had appeared Ant. and Cleo., Pericles, Winter's Tale, Tempest, Coriolanus, Timon, Julius Cæsar, and Cymbeline.

52 ..... 1616. Prepared his will January 25. Judith Shakespeare married to Thomas Quiney February 10. Executed his will March 25. A legend that Ben Jonson and Drayton paid Shakespeare a visit at Stratford, and that the hospitable reception he gave them hastened his end; in some respects a genial close,—entertaining his brother poets. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE expired April 23: but he ceased not to live.

# SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

IN THE PREROGATIVE OFFICE, LONDON.

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Vicesimo quinto die [Januarii] *Martii*, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlix°, annoque Domini 1616.

T. Wmi. Shackspeare.

In the name of God, amen! I William Shackspeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warr., gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be praysed, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, ffirst, I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleeving, through thonelie merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my [sonne and] daughter Judyth one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paied unto her in manner and forme foloweing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideracion after the rate of twoe shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe unpaied unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residewe thereof upon her surrendring *of*, or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or graunte all her estate and right that shall discend or come unto her after my deceas, or *that shee* nowe hath, of, in, or to, one copiehold tenemente, with thappurtenaunces, lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaied in the saied countye of Warr., being parcell or holden of the mannour of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and

bequeath unto my saied daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie poundes more, if shee or anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the daie of the date of this my will, during which tyme my executours are to paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the rate aforesaied; and if she dye within the saied tearme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neece Elizabeth Hall, and the fiftie poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and proffitt thereof cominge shalbe payed to my saied sister Jone, and after her deceas the said l.li shall remaine amongst the children of my saied sister, equallie to be devided amongst them; but if my saied daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executours and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and *the stock* not *to be* paied unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and covert baron [by my executours and overseers]; but my will ys, that she shall have the consideracion yearelie paied unto her during her lief, and, after her deceas, the saied stocke and consideracion to bee paied to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas, Provided that yf suche husbond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or att anie after (*sic*), doe sufficientlie assure unto her and thissue of her bodie landes awnswereable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executours and overseers, then my will ys, that the saied cl.li shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx.li and all my wearing apparrell, to be paied and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her naturall lief, under the yearlie rent of xij. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three sonnes, William Harte, —— Hart, and Michaell Harte, fyve poundes a peece, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas [to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours, with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best profitt, untill her mariage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied unto her]. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto [her] *the saied Elizabeth Hall* all my plate, *excepte my brod silver and gilt bole*, that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaied

tenn poundes; to Mr Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell esquier fyve poundes; and to Frauncis Collins, of the borough of Warr. in the countie of Warr. gentleman, thirteene poundes, sixe shillinges, and eight pence, to be paied within one yeare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to [Mr Richard Tyler thelder] *Hamlett Sadler* xxvj.$^{s}$ viij.$^{d}$ to buy him a ringe; *to William Raynoldes, gent. xxvj.$^{s}$ viij.$^{d}$ to buy him a ringe;* to my godson William Walker xx.$^{s}$ in gold; to Anthonye Nashe gent. xxvj.$^{s}$ viij.$^{d}$; and to Mr John Nashe xxvj.$^{s}$ *viij.$^{d}$* [in gold]; *and to my fellowes John Hemynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell xxvj. viij.$^{s}$ a peece to buy them ringes.* Item, I gyve, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, *for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towardes the performans thereof*, all that capitall messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, *in Stratford aforesaid*, called the New Place, wherein I nowe dwell, and two messuages or tenementes with thappurtenaunces, scituat, lyeing, and being in Henley streete, within the borough of Stratford aforesaied; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardens, landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lyeing, and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamletes, villages, fieldes, and groundes, of Stratford upon Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them in the said countie of Warr. And alsoe all that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, scituat, lyeng, and being, in the Blackfriers in London, nere the Wardrobe; and all other my landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, To have and to hold all and singuler the saied premisses, with theire appurtenaunces, unto the saied Susanna Hall, for and during the terme of her naturall lief, and after her deceas, to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied first sonne lawfullie yssueinge; and for defalt of such issue, to the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueinge, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied second sonne lawfullie yssueinge; and for defalt of such heires, to the third sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the ffourth [sonne], ffyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing, one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the saied fourth, fifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt ys before lymitted to be and remaine to the first, second, and third sonns of her bodie, and to theire heires males; and for defalt of such issue, the saied premisses to be and

remaine to my sayed neece Hall. and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie issueinge; and for defalt of such issue, to the right heires of me the saied William Shackspeare for ever. *Item, I gyve unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture.* Item, I gyve and bequeath to my saied daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, chattel, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever, after my dettes and legasies paied, and my funerall expences dischardged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my sonne in lawe, John Hall gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wief, whom I ordaine and make executours of this my last will and testament. And I doe intreat and appoint *the saied* Thomas Russell esquier and Frauncis Collins gent. to be overseers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my [seale] *hand*, the daie and yeare first abovewritten.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witnes to the publyshing hereof,
FRA: COLLYNS,
JULYUS SHAWE,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

Probatum coram magistro Willielmo Byrde, legum doctore comiss. &c. xxij$^{do}$. die mensis Junii, anno Domini 1616, juramento Johannis Hall, unius executorum, &c. cui &c. de bene &c. jurat. reservat. potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c. cum venerit petitur. &c. (Inv. ex.).

# DEDICATION PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

*To the most noble and incomparable pair of brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent majesty, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentleman of his majesty's bedchamber; both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good lords.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your L.L., we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear and rashness,—rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: this hath done both. For so much were your L.L. likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your L.L. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present

worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remains of your servant Shakespeare, that what delight is in them may be ever your L.L., the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

# ADDRESS PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

*To the great variety of readers.*

FROM the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed: especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well, it is now public; and you will stand for your privileges, we know,—to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then how odd soever your brains be or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's-worth, your five-shillings'-worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But, since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where (before) you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce

received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that read him: and there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

# ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

PREFIXED AS A FRONTISPIECE TO THE FIRST EDITION OF HIS WORKS IN FOLIO, 1623.

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TO THE READER.

THIS figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

BEN JONSON.

# THE TEMPEST.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan.
FERDINAND, *son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
*Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.*

MIRANDA, *daughter to* PROSPERO.

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, *Nymphs*, *Reapers*, } *Spirits.*

*Other Spirits attending on* PROSPERO.

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SCENE,— *The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

# THE TEMPEST.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.—A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter a* Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

*Master.* Boatswain!

*Boats.* Here, master: what cheer?

*Mast.* Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Mariners.

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare: take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and Others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Gon.* Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself

ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Boatswain.

*Boats.* Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

*Seb.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

*Re-enter* Mariners, *wet.*

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides! [*Exit* Boatswain.

*Gon.* He'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. [*A confused noise within,*—"Mercy on us!"—
"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—
"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"—]

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

*Enter* PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

*Pro.* Be collected:
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O, woe the day!

*Pro.* No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

*Mira.* More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pro.* 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as a hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

*Mira.* You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."
*Pro.* The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
*Mira.* Certainly, Sir, I can.
*Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
*Mira.* 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?
*Pro.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou mayst.
*Mira.* But that I do not.
*Pro.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
*Mira.* Sir, are not you my father?
*Pro.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess,—no worse issu'd.
*Mira.* O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't, we did?
*Pro.* Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
*Mira.* O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.
*Pro.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity,) and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

*Mira.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pro.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom t' advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

*Mira.* O, good Sir, I do.

*Pro.* I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost thou hear?

*Mira.* Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

*Pro.* To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable ; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.
*Mira.* O the heavens!
*Pro.* Mark his condition, and th' event ; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
*Mira.* I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother :
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
*Pro.* Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother : whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.
*Mira.* Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
*Pro.* Hear a little farther,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's ; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
*Mira.* Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
*Pro.* Well demanded, wench :
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats

Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
*Mira.* Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
*Pro.* O, a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me! thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
*Mira.* How came we ashore?
*Pro.* By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
*Mira.* Would I might
But ever see that man!
*Pro.* Now I arise:—
[*Puts on his robe again.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island, we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
*Mira.* Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, Sir,—
For still 'tis beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
*Pro.* Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune—
Now my dear lady—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

*Pro.* Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pro.* My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

*Ari.* Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pro.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

*Pro.* Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

*Ari.* Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ari.* I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

*Pro.* Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pro.* Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,

When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, Sir.

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ari.* No, Sir.

*Pro.* Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak; tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pro.* O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible,
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, Sir.

*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes; Caliban, her son.

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
*Ari.* Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
*Pro.* Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
*Ari.* That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
*Pro.* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence. [*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
*Mira.* [*Waking.*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
*Pro.* Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
*Mira.* 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on.
*Pro.* But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
*Cal.* [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.
*Pro.* Come forth, I say; there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter* CALIBAN.

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.
*Pro.* Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
*Cal.* O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
*Pro.* Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A think most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
*Cal.* You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
*Pro.* Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee!—
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

*Pro.* So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CALIBAN.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
*Burden.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
*Burden.* Bowgh, wowgh. [*Dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' th' air, or th' earth?—
It sounds no more;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.—
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden:* ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
*Mira.* What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.
*Pro.* No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have; such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
*Mira.* I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
*Pro.* [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid, or no?
*Mira.* No wonder, Sir;
But certainly a maid.
*Fer.* My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
*Pro.* How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.
*Mira.* Alack, for mercy!
*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
*Pro.* [*Aside.*] The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To* FER.] A word, good Sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
*Fer.* O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
*Pro.* Soft, Sir: one word more.—
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[*To* FER.] One word more: I charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.
*Fer.* No, as I am a man.
*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
*Pro.* [*To* FER.] Follow me.—[*To* MIRA.]
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—[*To* FER.] Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
*Fer.* No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*
*Mira.* O, dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
*Pro.* What! I say:
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
*Mira.* Beseech you, father!
*Pro.* Hence! hang not on my garments.
*Mira.* Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
*Mira.* My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
*Pro.* [*To* FER.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
*Fer.* So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
*Pro.* [*Aside.*] It works.—[*To* FER.] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To* FER.] Follow me.—
[*To* ARIEL.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.
*Mira.* Be of comfort:
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then, exactly do
All points of my command.
*Ari.* To the syllable.
*Pro.* [*To* FER.] Come, follow.—[*To* MIRA.] Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then, wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One:—tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord,—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

*Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done; but yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrel.

*Seb.* Done. The wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert,—

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Seb.* So, you 're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss it.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True; save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there 's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in 't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is, (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, He lies?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

*Seb.* What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

*Adr.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, Sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* [*To* ADR.] Ay.

*Ant.* Why, in good time.

*Gon.* [*To* ALON.] Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

*Fran.* Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no; he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dearest of the loss.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
*Seb.* Very well.
*Ant.* And most chirurgeonly.
*Gon.* It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
*Seb.* Foul weather!
*Ant.* Very foul.
*Gon.* Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
*Ant.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
*Seb.* Or docks, or mallows.
*Gon.* And were the king on't, what would I do?
*Seb.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—
*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.
*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?
*Ant.* None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.
*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.
*Seb.* 'Save his majesty!
*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!
*Gon.* And, do you mark me, Sir?—
*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us. [*All sleep but* ALON., SEB., *and* ANT.

*Alon.* What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.—
[ALONSO *sleeps.* *Exit* ARIEL.

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why
Doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O! what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be. Th' occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

*Seb.* What! art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?

*Seb.* I do; and surely,
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
*Ant.* Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.
*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
*Seb.* Well; I am standing water.
*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.
*Seb.* Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
*Ant.* O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
*Seb.* Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
*Ant.* Thus, Sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive,—
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
*Seb.* I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
*Seb.* He's gone.
*Ant.* Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

*Seb.* Claribel.
*Ant.* She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon 's too slow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
*Seb.* What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
*Ant.* A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
*Seb.* Methinks, I do.
*Ant.* And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
*Seb.* I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
*Ant.* True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
*Seb.* But for your conscience,—
*Ant.* Ay, Sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead,
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

*Music. Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep thee living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* Now, good angels, preserve the king! [*They wake.*

*Alon.* Why, how now! ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

*Gon.* What 's the matter?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.

I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground, and let's make farther search
For my poor son.

*Gon.* Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.* Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*

*Ari.* Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*
*A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Enter* TRINCULO.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish

painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter* STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Ste.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, *Go, hang!*
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me: O!

*Ste.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me: O!

*Ste.* This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Ste.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame,

I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.* Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

*Trin.* I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me!

*Ste.* Four legs, and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo:—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Ste.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

*Trin.* I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scaped?

*Ste.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

*Ste.* How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Ste.* Here: swear, then, how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Ste.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano! hast any more of this?

*Ste.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Ste.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

*Ste.* Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him?—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Ste.* Come on, then; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Ste.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.*—But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

*Ste.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—[*To* CAL.] Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. [*Sings drunkenly.*

*Trin.* A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

*Ste.* O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

*Enter* FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy, least when I do it.

*Enter* MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

*Mira.* Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O, most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
*Mira.* It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
*Mira.* You look wearily.
*Fer.* No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?
*Mira.* Miranda.—O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so.
*Fer.* Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
*Mira.* I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
*Fer.* I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure

This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mira.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool
To weep at what I'm glad of.

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.* My husband, then?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

*Fer.* A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIRA.

*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN, *with a bottle;* STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO.

*Ste.* Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster? the folly of this island! they say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

*Ste.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Ste.* My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

*Ste.* We'll not run, monsieur monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

*Ste.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou bëest a good moon-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Ste.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;

I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

*Ste.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more.—[*To* CALIBAN.]—Proceed.

*Cal.* I say by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: if thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him—for, I know thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not,—

*Ste.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Ste.* How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

*Ste.* Trinculo, run into no farther danger: interrupt the monster one word farther, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers?

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale.—Pr'ythee stand farther off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe*

*Ste.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

*Ste.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

*Cal.* Art thou afeard?

*Ste.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroyed.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

*Ste.* Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on.

*Trin.* Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIA, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*

*Gon.* By'r la'kin, I can go no farther, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

*Ant.* [*Aside to* SEB.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Seb.* [*Aside to* ANT.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

*Ant.* [*Aside to* SEB.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* [*Aside to* ANT.] I say, to-night: no more.

*Solemn and strange music; and* PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!
*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
*Ant.* I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
*Gon.* If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
*Alon.* I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.
*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.
*Seb.* No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?
*Alon.* Not I.
*Gon.* Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter* ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON., SEB., *&c., draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that 's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, (which hath requit it,)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observations strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did base my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
*Ant.* I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.
*Gon.* All three of them are desperate! their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.
*Adr.* Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before* PROSPERO'S *Cell.*

*Enter* PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

*Pro.* If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
*Fer.* I do believe it
Against an oracle.
*Pro.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before

All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Fer.* As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairly spoke,
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master? here I am.

*Pro.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently?

*Pro.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say, "Come" and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "So so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

*Pro.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well I conceive. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* Look, thou be true. Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow.

*Fer.* I warrant you, Sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
*Pro.* Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

*A Masque. Enter* IRIS.

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spungy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter* CERES.

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?
*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
*Iris.* Of her society

Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again,
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

*Cer.* Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

*Enter* JUNO.

*Jun.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Juno.* Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

*Cer.* Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest:
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

*Pro.* Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

*Pro.* Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

*Enter certain* Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain* Reapers, *properly habited: they join with the* Nymphs *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof* PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pro.* [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the* Spirits.] Well done;—avoid,—no more.

*Fer.* This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pro.* You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, Sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mira.* We wish you peace. [*Exeunt.*

*Pro.* Come with a thought!—[*To them.*] I thank you.—Ariel, come!

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

*Pro.* Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
*Ari.* Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.
*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
*Ari.* I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
*Pro.* This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.—

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain unseen.* *Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

*Ste.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

*Ste.* So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Ste.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.—O king Stephano!

*Ste.* Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

*Ste.* Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Ste.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers* Spirits, *in shape of hounds, and hunt them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, Mountain, hey!

*Ari.* Silver! there it goes, Silver!

*Pro.* Fury, Fury! there Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

*Ari.* Hark! they roar.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of* PROSPERO.

*Enter* PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

*Pro.* Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

*Ari.* Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, Sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, Sir, "the good old lord Gonzalo:"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, Sir, were I human.

*Pro.* And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter* ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a fartherer in the act;—
Thou 'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:— [*Exit* ARIEL.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

*Ari.* Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pro.* Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.
*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
*Pro.* Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
*Alon.* Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
*Pro.* First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
*Gon.* Whether this be,
Or be not, I 'll not swear.
*Pro.* You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.
*Seb.* [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
*Pro.* No.—
For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

*Alon.* If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
*Pro.* I am woe for 't, Sir.
*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
*Pro.* I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
*Alon.* You the like loss?
*Pro.* As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
*Alon.* A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
*Pro.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.
*Fer.* No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
*Alon.* If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
*Seb.* A most high miracle!
*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [FERD. *kneels to* ALON.
*Alon.* Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
*Mira.* O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world,
That has such people in't!
*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee.
*Alon.* What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
*Fer.* Sir, she is mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
*Alon.* I am hers.
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.
*Pro.* There, Sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.
*Gon.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither.
*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.
*Alon.* [*To* FER. *and* MIR.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!
*Gon.* Be it so: Amen!

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, Sir! look, Sir! here are more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
*Ari.* [*Aside to* PRO.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
*Pro.* [*Aside to* ARI.] My tricksy spirit!
*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?
*Boats.* If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
*Ari.* [*Aside to* PRO.] Was't well done?
*Pro.* [*Aside to* ARI.] Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
*Pro.* Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to* ARI.] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

*Ste.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!
*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.
*Cal.* O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed.
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.
*Seb.* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?
*Ant.* Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
*Pro.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.
*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
*Seb.* He is drunk now: where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano!

*Ste.* O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

*Pro.* You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

*Ste.* I should have been a sore one, then.

*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

*Pro.* Go to; away!

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt* CAL., STE., *and* TRIN.

*Pro.* Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hoped to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

*Pro.* I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to* ARI.] My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE. Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

# THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to* SILVIA.
VALENTINE, PROTEUS, } *the Two Gentlemen.*
ANTONIO, *father to* PROTEUS.
THURIO, *a foolish rival to* VALENTINE.
EGLAMOUR, *agent for* SILVIA *in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to* VALENTINE.
LAUNCE, *the like to* PROTEUS.
PANTHINO, *servant to* ANTONIO.
Host, *where* JULIA *lodges.*
Outlaws, *with* VALENTINE.

JULIA, *beloved of* PROTEUS.
SILVIA, *beloved of* VALENTINE.
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to* JULIA.

Servants, Musicians.

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SCENE,—*Sometimes in* VERONA; *sometimes in* MILAN, *and on the frontiers of* MANTUA.

# THE
# TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*An open place in* VERONA.

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.
*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my success.
*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
*Val.* That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
*Pro.* What?
*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
*Pro.* 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not love.
*Val.* Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
*Pro.* And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
*Val.* Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
*Pro.* All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
*Val.* As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

*Enter* SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

*Pro.* But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

*Speed.* Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

*Pro.* Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

*Speed.* You conclude, that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

*Pro.* I do.

*Speed.* Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

*Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

*Speed.* This proves me still a sheep.

*Pro.* True; and thy master a shepherd.

*Speed.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

*Pro.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me cry "Baa."

*Pro.* But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

*Speed.* Ay, Sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

*Pro.* Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

*Speed.* If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

*Pro.* Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

*Speed.* Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

*Pro.* You mistake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

*Speed.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

*Pro.* But what said she? [SPEED *nods.*] did she nod?

*Speed.* I.

*Pro.* Nod, I? why, that's noddy.

*Speed.* You mistook, Sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say I.

*Pro.* And that set together, is—noddy.

*Speed.* Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

*Pro.* No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

*Speed.* Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

*Pro.* Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

*Speed.* Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word "noddy" for my pains.

*Pro.* Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

*Speed.* And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

*Pro.* Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

*Speed.* Open your purse, that the money and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

*Pro.* Well, Sir, here is for your pains. [*Giving him money.*] What said she?

*Speed.* Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

*Pro.* Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

*Speed.* Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones: for she's as hard as steel.

*Pro.* What! said she nothing?

*Speed.* No, not so much as—"Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard.
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.— [*Exit* SPEED.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—VERONA. *Garden of* JULIA'S *House.*

*Enter* JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

*Jul.* But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

*Luc.* Ay, Madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

*Jul.* Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

*Luc.* Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

*Jul.* What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

*Luc.* As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
*Luc.* Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
*Jul.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?
*Luc.* Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
*Jul.* How now! what means this passion at his name?
*Luc.* Pardon, dear Madam: 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
*Jul.* Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
*Luc.* Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
*Jul.* Your reason?
*Luc.* I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.
*Jul.* And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
*Luc.* Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.
*Jul.* Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.
*Luc.* Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love but small.
*Luc.* Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
*Jul.* They do not love, that do not show their love.
*Luc.* O, they love least, that let men know their love.
*Jul.* I would I knew his mind.
*Luc.* Peruse this paper, Madam.
[*Gives a letter.*
*Jul.* "To Julia."—Say, from whom?
*Luc.* That the contents will show.
*Jul.* Say, say, who gave it thee?
*Luc.* Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.
*Jul.* Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
*Luc.* To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
*Jul.* Will you be gone?
*Luc.* That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What ho! Lucetta!

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

*Luc.* What would your ladyship?
*Jul.* Is it near dinner-time?
*Luc.* I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
*Jul.* What is't that you took up so gingerly?
*Luc.* Nothing.
*Jul.* Why didst thou stoop, then?
*Luc.* To take a paper up.
That I let fall.
*Jul.* And is that paper nothing?
*Luc.* Nothing concerning me.
*Jul.* Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
*Luc.* Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
*Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
*Luc.* That I might sing it, Madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
*Jul.* As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."
*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.
*Jul.* Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
*Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it?
*Jul.* And why not you?
*Luc.* I cannot reach so high.
*Jul.* Let's see your song. [*Taking the letter.*]
How now, minion!
*Luc.* Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
*Jul.* You do not?
*Luc.* No, Madam; it is too sharp.
*Jul.* You, minion, are too saucy.
*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
*Luc.* Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.
*Jul.* This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
*Luc.* She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—"kind Julia:"—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus:"—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down:—
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!—
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*Re-enter* LUCETTA.

*Luc.* Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

*Jul.* Well, let us go.
*Luc.* What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
*Jul.* If you respect them, best to take them up.
*Luc.* Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.
*Jul.* I see you have a month's mind to them.
*Luc.* Ay, Madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
*Jul.* Come, come: will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—VERONA. *A Room in* ANTONIO'S *House.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

*Ant.* Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
*Pant.* 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
*Ant.* Why, what of him?
*Pant.* He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
*Pant.* I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
*Ant.* I know it well.
*Pant.* 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,

And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
*Ant.* I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.
*Pant.* To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
*Ant.* Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time:—now will we break with him.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
*Ant.* How now! what letter are you reading there?
*Pro.* May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
*Ant.* Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
*Pro.* There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
*Ant.* And how stand you affected to his wish?
*Pro.* As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
*Ant.* My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
*Pro.* My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
*Ant.* Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*Re-enter* PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
*Pro.* Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No. [*Exeunt*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—MILAN. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

*Speed.* Sir, your glove.
*Val.* Not mine; my gloves are on.
*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.
*Val.* Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine.—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia, Silvia!
*Speed.* [*Calling.*] Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
*Val.* How now, sirrah!
*Speed.* She is not within hearing, Sir.
*Val.* Why, Sir, who bade you call her?
*Speed.* Your worship, Sir; or else I mistook.
*Val.* Well, you'll still be too forward.
*Speed.* And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
*Val.* Go to, Sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
*Speed.* She that your worship loves?
*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in love?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

*Val.* Are all these things perceived in me?

*Speed.* They are all perceived without ye.

*Val.* Without me! they cannot.

*Speed.* Without you! nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in a urinal, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

*Val.* But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

*Speed.* She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

*Val.* Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

*Speed.* Why, Sir, I know her not.

*Val.* Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

*Speed.* Is she not hard-favoured, Sir?

*Val.* Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

*Speed.* Sir, I know that well enough.

*Val.* What dost thou know?

*Speed.* That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favoured.

*Val.* I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

*Speed.* That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

*Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

*Speed.* Marry, Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

*Val.* How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

*Speed.* You never saw her since she was deformed.

*Val.* How long hath she been deformed?

*Speed.* Ever since you loved her.

*Val.* I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

*Speed.* If you love her, you cannot see her.

*Val.* Why?

*Speed.* Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

*Val.* What should I see then?

*Speed.* Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

*Val.* Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

*Speed.* True, Sir, I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

*Val.* In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

*Speed.* I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

*Val.* Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

*Speed.* And have you?

*Val.* I have.

*Speed.* Are they not lamely writ?

*Val.* No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

*Enter* SILVIA.

*Speed.* [*Aside.*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

*Val.* Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

*Speed.* [*Aside.*] O, 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

*Sil.* Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

*Speed.* [*Aside.*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

*Val.* As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*

*Sil.* I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

*Val.* Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

*Sil.* Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

*Val.* No, Madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

*Sil.* A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel:
And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

*Speed.* [*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet another yet.

*Val.* What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

*Sil.* Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again:
Nay, take them.

*Val.* Madam, they are for you.

*Sil.* Ay, ay, you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

*Val.* Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

*Sil.* And, when it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

*Val.* If it please me, Madam! what then?

*Sil.* Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so, good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

*Val.* How now, Sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?

*Speed.* Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

*Val.* To do what?

*Speed.* To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

*Val.* To whom?

*Speed.* To yourself. Why, she wooes you by a figure.

*Val.* What figure?

*Speed.* By a letter, I should say.

*Val.* Why, she hath not writ to me?

*Speed.* What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself. Why, do you not perceive the jest?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Speed.* No believing you, indeed, Sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

*Val.* She gave me none, except an angry word.

*Speed.* Why, she hath given you a letter.

*Val.* That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

*Speed.* And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

*Val.* I would it were no worse.

*Speed.* I 'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
"For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."-
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner-time.

*Val.* I have dined.

*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, Sir; though the chameleon Love can fee on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and wou fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, l moved. [*Exeu*

SCENE II.—VERONA. *A Room in* JULIA'S *House.*

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Have patience, gentle Julia.

*Jul.* I must, where is no remedy.

*Pro.* When possibly I can, I will return.

*Jul.* If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Gives him a Rin*

*Pro.* Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.
[*Gives her anoth*

*Jul.* And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

*Pro.* Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit* JULIA.] What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words, to grace it.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

*Pro.* Go; I come, I come.—
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb! [*Exeu*

SCENE III.—VERONA. *A Street.*

*Enter* LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all t kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my p portion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natur dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sis

crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father:—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, Sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog; —no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now! like a wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis, here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

*Enter* PANTHINO.

*Pant.* Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

*Launce.* It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

*Pant.* What's the unkindest tide?

*Launce.* Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

*Pant.* Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service, —Why dost thou stop my mouth?

*Launce.* For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

*Pant.* Where should I lose my tongue?

*Launce.* In thy tale.

*Pant.* In thy tail?

*Launce.* Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

*Pant.* Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

*Launce.* Sir, call me what thou darest.

*Pant.* Wilt thou go?
*Launce.* Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—MILAN. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

*Enter* VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

*Sil.* Servant,—
*Val.* Mistress?
*Speed.* Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
*Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.
*Speed.* Not of you.
*Val.* Of my mistress, then.
*Speed.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.
*Sil.* Servant, you are sad.
*Val.* Indeed, Madam, I seem so.
*Thu.* Seem you that you are not?
*Val.* Haply, I do.
*Thu.* So do counterfeits.
*Val.* So do you.
*Thu.* What seem I that I am not?
*Val.* Wise.
*Thu.* What instance of the contrary?
*Val.* Your folly.
*Thu.* And how quote you my folly?
*Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.
*Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.
*Val.* Well, then, I 'll double your folly.
*Thu.* How!
*Sil.* What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?
*Val.* Give him leave, Madam: he is a kind of chameleon.
*Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.
*Val.* You have said, Sir.
*Thu.* Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.
*Val.* I know it well, Sir: you always end ere you begin.
*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
*Val.* 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.
*Sil.* Who is that, servant?
*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.
*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
*Val.* I know it well, Sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I

think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

*Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my father.

*Enter the* DUKE.

*Duke.* Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.—
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news.

*Val.* My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

*Duke.* Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

*Duke.* Hath he not a son?

*Val.* Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

*Duke.* You know him well?

*Val.* I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus,—for that 's his name,—
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Duke.* Beshrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

*Val.* Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

*Duke.* Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

*Val.* This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
*Sil.* Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
*Val.* Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
*Sil.* Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
*Val.* Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
*Thu.* They say, that love hath not an eye at all.
*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.
*Sil.* Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
*Val.* Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
*Sil.* Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
*Pro.* Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant,
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
*Val.* Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
*Pro.* My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
*Sil.* And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
*Pro.* I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
*Sil.* That you are welcome?
*Pro.* That you are worthless.

*Enter an* Attendant.

*Att.* Madam, my lord your father, would speak with you.
*Sil.* I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Att.] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
*Pro.* We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO.
*Val.* Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
*Pro.* Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
*Val.* And how do yours?
*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
*Pro.* My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.
*Val.* Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus! love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.
*Val.* Call her divine.
*Pro.* I will not flatter her.
*Val.* O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
*Pro.* When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
*Val.* Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
*Pro.* Except my mistress.
*Val.* Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
*Pro.* Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
*Pro.* Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
*Val.* Pardon me, Proteus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing:

She is alone.

*Pro.* Then, let her alone.

*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Pro.* But she loves you?

*Val.* Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

*Pro.* Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

*Val.* Will you make haste?

*Pro.* I will.— [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.—MILAN. *A Street.*

*Enter* SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

*Speed.* Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

*Launce.* Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, "Welcome."

*Speed.* Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

*Launce.* Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?

*Launce.* No.

*Speed.* How then? Shall he marry her?

*Launce.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?

*Launce.* No, they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

*Launce.* Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

*Launce.* What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

*Speed.* What thou sayest?

*Launce.* Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

*Speed.* It stands under thee, indeed.

*Launce.* Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, will't be a match?

*Launce.* Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is, then, that it will.

*Launce.* Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

*Launce.* I never knew him otherwise.

*Speed.* Than how?

*Launce.* A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

*Speed.* Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

*Launce.* Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

*Launce.* Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

*Speed.* Why?

*Launce.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

*Speed.* At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—MILAN. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit t' exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,—
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia, (witness heaven, that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth, with a corded ladder,
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now, presently, I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—VERONA. *A Room in* JULIA'S *House.*

*Enter* JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

*Jul.* Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

*Luc.* Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps:
Much less shall she, that hath Love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food!
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elsyium.

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?

*Jul.* That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

*Luc.* You must needs have them with a codpiece, Madam.

*Jul.* Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

*Luc.* A round hose, Madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

*Jul.* Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

*Luc.* If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

*Jul.* Nay, that I will not.

*Luc.* Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful men.
*Jul.* Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
*Luc.* Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!
*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence.
Come; answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—MILAN. *An Ante-chamber in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.— [*Exit* THURIO.
Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*Duke.* Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself has now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

*Pro.* Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

*Pro.* Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming. [*Exit.*

*Enter* VALENTINE.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

*Duke.* Be they of much import?

*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

*Duke.* Nay, then no matter: stay with me awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.
*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
*Duke.* No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.
*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?
*Duke.* There is a lady in Milano here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.
*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, "get you gone," she doth not mean "away!"
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
*Duke.* But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.
*Val.* Why then, I would resort to her by night.
*Duke.* Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
*Val.* What lets, but one may enter at her window?
*Duke.* Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
*Val.* Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
*Duke.* Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.
*Val.* When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.
*Duke.* This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
*Val.* By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.
*Duke.* But hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?
*Val.* It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
*Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
*Val.* Ay, my good lord.
*Duke.* Then, let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
*Val.* Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
*Duke.* How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
[*Puts open* VALENTINE'S *cloak.*
What letter is this same? What 's here?—"To Silvia!"
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee:"

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

*Val.* And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self,—a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

*Pro.* Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

*Launce.* So-ho! so-ho!
*Pro.* What seest thou?
*Launce.* Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
*Pro.* Valentine?
*Val.* No.
*Pro.* Who then? his spirit?
*Val.* Neither.
*Pro.* What then?
*Val.* Nothing.
*Launce.* Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?
*Pro.* Whom would'st thou strike?
*Launce.* Nothing.
*Pro.* Villain, forbear.
*Launce.* Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—
*Pro.* Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.
*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
*Pro.* Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
*Val.* Is Silvia dead?
*Pro.* No, Valentine.
*Val.* No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me!
*Pro.* No, Valentine.
*Val.* No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
*Launce.* Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
*Pro.* That thou art banished—O, that's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.
*Val.* O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
*Pro.* Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

*Val.* No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

*Val.* I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

*Pro.* Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

*Val.* O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

*Launce.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the cat-log of her conditions. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. "Item, She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

*Enter* SPEED.

*Speed.* How now, signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

*Launce.* With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

*Speed.* Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

*Launce.* The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

*Speed.* Why, man, how black?

*Launce.* Why, as black as ink.

*Speed.* Let me read them.

*Launce.* Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Thou liest; I can.

*Launce.* I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

*Speed.* Marry, the son of my grandfather.

*Launce.* O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

*Speed.* Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

*Launce.* There; and saint Nicholas be thy speed!

*Speed.* [*Reads.*] "Item, She can milk."

*Launce.* Ay, that she can.

*Speed.* "Item, She brews good ale."

*Launce.* And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

*Speed.* "Item, She can sew."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, Can she so?

*Speed.* "Item, She can knit."

*Launce.* What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

*Speed.* "Item, She can wash and scour."

*Launce.* A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

*Speed.* "Item, She can spin."

*Launce.* Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

*Launce.* That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* "Here follow her vices."

*Launce.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*Speed.* "Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

*Launce.* Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."

*Launce.* That makes amends for her sour breath.

*Speed.* "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

*Launce.* It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

*Speed.* "Item, She is slow in words."

*Launce.* O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

*Speed.* "Item, She is proud."

*Launce.* Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath no teeth."

*Launce.* I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

*Speed.* "Item, She is curst."

*Launce.* Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

*Speed.* "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

*Launce.* If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

*Speed.* "Item, She is too liberal."

*Launce.* Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

*Speed.* "Item, She hath more hair than wit,"—

*Launce.* More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

*Speed.* —"And more faults than hairs,"—

*Launce.* That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

*Speed.* —"And more wealth than faults."

*Launce.* Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

*Speed.* What then?

*Launce.* Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

*Speed.* For me!

*Launce.* For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

*Speed.* And must I go to him?

*Launce.* Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

*Speed.* Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters!

[*Exit.*

*Launce.* Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an un-

mannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

*Enter* DUKE *and* THURIO.

*Duke.* Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

*Thu.* Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

*Enter* PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

*Pro.* Gone, my good lord.

*Duke.* My daughter takes his going grievously.

*Pro.* A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

*Duke.* So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

*Pro.* Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

*Duke.* Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

*Pro.* I do, my lord.

*Duke.* And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

*Pro.* She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

*Duke.* Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

*Pro.* The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.
*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.
*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.
*Duke.* And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
*Pro.* As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
*Pro.* Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*Duke.* This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

*Thu.* And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

*Duke.* About it, gentlemen.

*Pro.* We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

*Duke.* Even now about it: I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Frontiers of* MANTUA. *A Forest.*

*Enter certain* Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

*Enter* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

*Speed.* Sir, we are undone: these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

*Val.* My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

*Val.* To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

*Val.* From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
*Val.* Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
2 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
*Val.* I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
*Val.* For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
*Val.* I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
*Val.* My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
1 *Out.* We'll have him:—sirs, a word.
*Speed.* Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
*Val.* Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
*Val.* Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want,—
2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our cave,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—MILAN. *The Court of the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

*Enter* PROTEUS.

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

*Enter* THURIO *and* Musicians.

*Thu.* How now, Sir Proteus! are you crept before us?
*Pro.* Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
*Thu.* Ay; but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
*Pro.* Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
*Thu.* Whom? Silvia?
*Pro.* Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
*Thu.* I thank you for your own.—Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

*Enter, at a distance,* Host, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

*Host.* Now, my young guest; methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

*Jul.* Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

*Host.* Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

*Jul.* But shall I hear him speak?

*Host.* Ay, that you shall.

*Jul.* That will be music. [*Music plays.*

*Host.* Hark, hark!

*Jul.* Is he among these?

*Host.* Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her:
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

*Host.* How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

*Jul.* You mistake; the musician likes me not.

*Host.* Why, my pretty youth?

*Jul.* He plays false, father.

*Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?

*Jul.* Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

*Host.* You have a quick ear.

*Jul.* Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

*Jul.* Not a whit,—when it jars so.

*Host.* Hark, what fine change is in the music!

*Jul.* Ay, that change is the spite.

*Host.* You would have them always play but one thing?

*Jul.* I would always have one play but one thing.

But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

*Host.* I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he lov'd her out of all nick.

*Jul.* Where is Launce?

*Host.* Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

*Jul.* Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

*Pro.* Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

*Thu.* Where meet we?

*Pro.* At saint Gregory's well.

*Thu.* Farewell. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and* Musicians.

*Enter* SILVIA *above, at her window.*

*Pro.* Madam, good even to your ladyship.

*Sil.* I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that, that spake?

*Pro.* One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

*Sil.* Sir Proteus, as I take it.

*Pro.* Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

*Sil.* What is your will?

*Pro.* That I may compass yours.

*Sil.* You have your wish: my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducèd by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*Pro.* I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

*Sil.* Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives, to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

*Pro.* I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

*Sil.* And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
*Pro.* Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
*Sil.* Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] He heard not that.
*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
*Sil.* I am very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.
*Pro.* As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt* PROTEUS, *and* SILVIA, *above.*
*Jul.* Host, will you go?
*Host.* By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
*Jul.* Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
*Host.* Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.
*Jul.* Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The Same.*

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

*Enter* SILVIA *above, at her window.*

*Sil.* Who calls?
*Egl.* Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
*Sil.* Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.
*Egl.* As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
*Egl.* Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?
*Sil.* This evening coming.
*Egl.* Where shall I meet you?
*Sil.* At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
*Egl.* I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow,
Gentle lady.
*Sil.* Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.
[*Exeunt* EGLAMOUR, *and* SILVIA, *c*

## SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

*Enter* LAUNCE *with his dog.*

*Launce.* When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live, he had suffered for 't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "what cur is that?" says another; "whip him out," says the third; "hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he had stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. Thou thinkest not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

*Enter* PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

*Jul.* In what you please: I will do what I can.

*Pro.* I hope thou wilt.—[*To* LAUNCE.] How, now, you whoreson peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering?

*Launce.* Marry, Sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

*Pro.* And what says she to my little jewel?

*Launce.* Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

*Pro.* But she received my dog?

*Launce.* No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

*Pro.* What! didst thou offer her this from me?

*Launce.* Ay, Sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

*Pro.* Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again;
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end turns me to shame. [*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

*Jul.* It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She 's dead, belike?

*Pro.* Not so: I think, she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry, alas?

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring; and therewithal
This letter:—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

*Enter* SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

*Sil.* What would you with her, if that I be she?

*Jul.* If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

*Sil.* From whom?

*Jul.* From my master, Sir Proteus, Madam.

*Sil.* O,—he sends you for a picture?

*Jul.* Ay, Madam.

*Sil.* Ursula, bring my picture there.— [*A picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

*Jul.* Madam, please you peruse this letter.— [*Gives a letter.*
Pardon me, Madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*

*Sil.* I pray thee, let me look on that again.

*Jul.* It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.

*Sil.* There, hold. [*Gives back the first letter.*
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper. [*Tears the second letter.*

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
*Jul.* She thanks you.
*Sil.* What say'st thou?
*Jul.* I thank you, Madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
*Sil.* Dost thou know her?
*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.
*Sil.* Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.
*Jul.* I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.
*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?
*Jul.* She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is.
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.
*Sil.* How tall was she?
*Jul.* About my stature: for, at pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which serv'd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good;
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, mov'd therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
*Sil.* She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell.

*Jul.* And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
[*Exit* SILVIA, *with* Attendants.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low; and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—MILAN. *An Abbey.*

*Enter* EGLAMOUR.

*Egl.* The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour,
That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail: for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes!—[*Enter* SILVIA.] Lady, a happy evening!

*Sil.* Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.
*Egl.* Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the* DUKE'S *Palace.*

*Enter* THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

*Thu.* Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
*Pro.* O, Sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
*Thu.* What, that my leg is too long?
*Pro.* No, that it is too little.
*Thu.* I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
*Thu.* What says she to my face?
*Pro.* She says it is a fair one.
*Thu.* Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
*Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
*Thu.* How likes she my discourse?
*Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.
*Thu.* But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
*Thu.* What says she to my valour?
*Pro.* O, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
*Thu.* What says she to my birth?
*Pro.* That you are well deriv'd.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
*Thu.* Considers she my possessions?
*Pro.* O, ay; and pities them.
*Thu.* Wherefore?
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.
*Pro.* That they are out by lease.
*Jul.* Here comes the duke.

*Enter* DUKE.

*Duke.* How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
*Thu.* Not I.

*Pro.* Nor I.
*Duke.* Saw you my daughter?
*Pro.* Neither.
*Duke.* Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
*Thu.* Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
*Pro.* And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*Frontiers of* MANTUA. *The Forest.*

*Enter* Outlaws *with* SILVIA.

1 *Out.* Come, come; be patient; we must bring you to our captain.
*Sil.* A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We 'll follow him that 's fled:
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
[*Exeunt all except the First* Outlaw *and* SILVIA.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
*Sil.* O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* VALENTINE.

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! [*Noise heard.*
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace.
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.—
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [*Retires.*

*Enter* PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

*Pro.* Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love:
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
*Val.* [*Aside.*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.
*Sil.* O, miserable, unhappy that I am!
*Pro.* Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
*Jul.* [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
*Sil.* Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,

Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus!
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.
*Pro.* What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they 're belov'd!
*Sil.* When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
*Pro.* In love
Who respects friend?
*Sil.* All men but Proteus.
*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you.
*Sil.* O heaven!
*Pro.* I 'll force thee yield to my desire.
*Val.* [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
*Pro.* Valentine!
*Val.* Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now) treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!
*Pro.* My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
*Val.* Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
*Jul.* O me unhappy! [*Faints.*
*Pro.* Look to the boy.
*Val.* Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter? look up; speak.
*Jul.* O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.
*Pro.* Where is that ring, boy?
*Jul.* Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*
*Pro.* How! let me see:—why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
*Jul.* O, cry you mercy, Sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*
*Pro.* But how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
*ul.* And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
*Pro.* How! Julia!
*Jul.* Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
*Pro.* Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?
*Val.* Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
*Pro.* Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.

*Jul.* And I mine.

*Enter* Outlaws *with* DUKE *and* THURIO.

*Out.* A prize! a prize! a prize!

*Val.* Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

*Thu.* Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

*Val.* Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

*Thu.* Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

*Duke.* The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again:
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

*Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

*Duke.* I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

*Val.* These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

*Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.—
Come; let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

*Val.* And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?
*Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.
*Val.* I warrant you, my lord,—more grace than boy.
*Duke.* What mean you by that saying?
*Val.* Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness. [*Exeunt.*

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, *a Country Justice.*
SLENDER, *cousin to* SHALLOW.
FORD, PAGE, } *two Gentlemen dwelling at* Windsor.
WILLIAM PAGE, *a Boy, Son to* PAGE.
Sir HUGH EVANS, *a Welsh Parson.*
Dr CAIUS, *a French Physician.*
Host *of the* Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, PISTOL, NYM, } *followers of* FALSTAFF.
ROBIN, *page to* FALSTAFF.
SIMPLE, *servant to* SLENDER.
RUGBY, *servant to* Dr CAIUS.

Mistress FORD.
Mistress PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, *her daughter, in love with* FENTON.
Mistress QUICKLY, *servant to* Dr CAIUS.

Servants *to* PAGE, FORD, &c.

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SCENE,—WINDSOR ; *and the neighbourhood.*

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—WINDSOR. *Before* PAGE'S *House.*

*Enter Justice* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

*Slen.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero,*—in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slen.* All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

*Shal.* It is an old coat.

*Eva.* The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

*Shal.* The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

*Slen.* I may quarter, coz?

*Shal.* You may, by marrying.

*Eva.* It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

*Shal.* Not a whit.

*Eva.* Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you,

I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

*Shal.* The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

*Eva.* It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of God in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

*Shal.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

*Eva.* It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

*Eva.* It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

*Shal.* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

*Eva.* Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

*Shal.* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds and possibilities, is good gifts.

*Shal.* Well, let us see honest master Page. Is Falstaff there?

*Eva.* Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got pless your house here!

*Page.* [*Within.*] Who 's there?

*Eva.* Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender, that peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

*Enter* PAGE.

*Page.* I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

*Page.* Sir, I thank you.

*Shal.* Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

*Page.* I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall.

*Page.* It could not be judged, Sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not:—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, Sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

*Page.* Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

*Eva.* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

*Shal.* He hath wronged me, master Page.

*Page.* Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me:—Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wronged.

*Page.* Here comes Sir John.

*Enter Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

*Fal.* Now, master Shallow,—you'll complain of me to the king?

*Shal.* Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

*Fal.* I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

*Shal.* The council shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

*Eva.* *Pauca verba*, Sir John; goot worts.

*Fal.* Good worts! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

*Slen.* Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol: they carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

*Bard.* You Banbury cheese!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, Mephostophilus!

*Slen.* Ay, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

*Slen.* Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

*Eva.* Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is—master Page,

*fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

*Page.* We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

*Eva.* Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* Pistol,—

*Pist.* He hears with ears.

*Eva.* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

*Slen.* Ay, by these gloves, did he,—or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,—of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

*Fal.* Is this true, Pistol?

*Eva.* No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.—
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

*Nym.* Be avised, Sir, and pass good humours. I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

*Fal.* What say you, Scarlet and John?

*Bard.* Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences,—

*Eva.* It is his five "senses;" fie, what the ignorance is!

*Bard.* And being fap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*Eva.* So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

*Fal.* You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

*Enter* ANNE PAGE *with Wine; Mistress* FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

*Page.* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[*Exit* ANNE PAGE.

*Slen.* O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

*Page.* How now, mistress Ford!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*

*Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLENDER, *and* EVANS.

*Slen.* I had rather than forty shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

*Enter* SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of riddles about you, have you?

*Sim.* Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

*Shal.* Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

*Slen.* Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but understand me.

*Slen.* So I do, Sir.

*Eva.* Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

*Eva.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* Ay, there's the point, Sir.

*Eva.* Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

*Slen.* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

*Eva.* But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal.* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

*Slen.* I hope, Sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

*Eva.* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

*Slen.* I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her, Sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

*Eva.* It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort "dissolutely:" the 'ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely."—His meaning is goot.

*Shal.* Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

*Slen.* Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

*Shal.* Here comes fair mistress Anne.—[*Re-enter* ANNE PAGE.] Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

*Anne.* The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

*Shal.* I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

*Eva.* Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and Sir* H. EVANS.

*Anne.* Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

*Slen.* No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

*Anne.* The dinner attends you, Sir.

*Slen.* I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

*Anne.* I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

*Slen.* I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

*Anne.* I pray you, Sir, walk in.

*Slen.* I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes;—and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

*Anne.* I think there are, Sir; I heard them talked of.

*Slen.* I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

*Anne.* Ay, indeed, Sir.

*Slen.* That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

*Re-enter* PAGE.

*Page.* Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

*Slen.* I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

*Page.* By cock and pye, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

*Slen.* Nay, pray you, lead the way.

*Page.* Come on, Sir.

*Slen.* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

*Anne.* Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

*Slen.* Truly, I will not go first; truly, la; I will not do you that wrong.

*Anne.* I pray you, Sir.

*Slen.* I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter Sir* HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

*Eva.* Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

*Sim.* Well, Sir.

*Eva.* Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

*Enter* FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

*Fal.* Mine host of the Garter,—

*Host.* What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

*Host.* Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pounds a week.

*Host.* Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

*Fal.* Do so, good mine host.

*Host.* I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

*Bard.* It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

*Pist.* O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

[*Exit* BARD.

*Nym.* He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.

*Pist.* "Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

*Fal.* Well, Sirs, I am almost out at heels.

*Pist.* Why, then, let kibes ensue.

*Fal.* There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

*Pist.* Young ravens must have food.

*Fal.* Which of you know Ford of this town?

*Pist.* I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

*Pist.* Two yards, and more.

*Fal.* No quips now, Pistol: indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her family style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

*Pist.* He hath studied her well, and translated her well,—out of honesty into English.

*Nym.* The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

*Fal.* Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

*Pist.* As many devils entertain; and "To her, boy," say I.

*Nym.* The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

*Fal.* I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyeliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

*Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

*Nym.* I thank thee for that humour.

*Fal.* O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy in-

tention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

*Pist.* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steal? then, Lucifer take all!

*Nym.* I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

*Fal.* [*To* ROBIN.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly:
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.— [*Exit* ROBIN.
Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [*Exit.*

*Pist.* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor.
Tester I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym.* I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

*Pist.* Wilt thou revenge?

*Nym.* By welkin, and her stars!

*Pist.* With wit, or steel?

*Nym.* With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

*Pist.* And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And on his soft couch defile.

*Nym.* My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of men is dangerous: that is my true humour.

*Pist.* Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in Dr* CAIUS'S *House.*

*Enter Mistress* QUICKLY *and* SIMPLE.

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! [*Enter* RUGBY.] I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house,

...using of God's patience, and the king's

... 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith,
... a sea-coal fire. [*Exit* RUGBY.] An honest,
... as ever servant shall come in house withal;
... no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is,
... to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but
... his fault; but let that pass.—Peter Simple, you say

... for fault of a better.

... And master Slender's your master?

... Ay, forsooth.

... Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's par-

... No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little ... beard, -a cane-coloured beard.

*Quick.* A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is ... between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

*Quick.* How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

*Sim.* Yes, indeed, does he.

*Quick.* Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

*Re-enter* RUGBY.

*Rug.* Out, alas! here comes my master.

*Quick.* We shall all be shent.—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long.—[*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the Closet.* What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home. [*Exit* RUGBY.] [*Sings.*] "And down, down, adown-a," &c.

*Enter Doctor* CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box: intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

*Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.*

*Quick.* Is it this, Sir?

*Caius.* *Oui; mette le au mon* pocket; *dépêche,* quickly.—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick.* What, John Rugby! John!

*Re-enter* RUGBY.

*Rug.* Here, Sir.

*Caius.* You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

*Rug.* 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

*Caius.* By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu'ai-je oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for de varld I shall leave behind.

*Quick.* [*Aside.*] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

*Caius.* *O diable! diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villany! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

*Quick.* Good master, be content.

*Caius.* Verefore shall I be content-a?

*Quick.* The young man is an honest man.

*Caius.* Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

*Quick.* I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Here the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

*Caius.* Vell.

*Sim.* Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

*Quick.* Peace, I pray you.

*Caius.* Peace-a your tongue?—Speak-a your tale.

*Sim.* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

*Quick.* This is all, indeed, la; but I'll neer put my finger in the fire, and need not.

*Caius.* Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper.—Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

*Quick.* I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

*Sim.* 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

*Quick.* Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—But notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself

... Page: but notwithstanding that, I know ... here nor there.

... give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh. By gar, it is ... roar in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy ... cudle or make.—You may be gone. It is not ... By gar, I vill cut all his two stones. by gar, ... stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

... speaks but for his friend.

... matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall ... myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest: and ... mine Host of de *Jarretière* to measure our weapon. ... myself have Anne Page.

... maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must ... to prate: what, the good-jer!

... come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not ... shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, [*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

... You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know ... and for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of ... maid than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank ...

... [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

... Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

*Enter* FENTON.

... How now, good woman! how dost thou?

... The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

*Fent.* What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

*Quick.* In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gen... and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I pra... heaven for it.

*Fent.* Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose ... suit?

*Quick.* Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstand... master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have ... your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale.—Good faith, it is such anot... Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we ... an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that mai... company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly ... musing. But for you—well, go to.

*Fent.* Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for the... let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before m... commend me—

*Quick.* Will I? i' faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

*Fent.* Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

*Quick.* Farewell to your worship.—[*Exit* FENTON.] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Before* PAGE'S *House.*

*Enter Mistress* PAGE, *with a Letter.*

*Mrs Page.* What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holyday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

[*Reads.*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then, there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice, —that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! —What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter Mistress* FORD.

*Mrs Ford.* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

*Mrs Page.* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

*Mrs Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

*Mrs Page.* Faith, but you do, in my mind.

*Mrs Ford.* Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to contrary. O, mistress Page! give me some counsel.

*Mrs Page.* What's the matter, woman?

*Mrs Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I c come to such honour.

*Mrs Page.* Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What —dispense with trifles;—what is it?

*Mrs Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or could be knighted.

*Mrs Page.* What?—thou liest.—Sir Alice Ford!—These kn will hack; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gen

*Mrs Ford.* We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as lo I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he v not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have swo disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but th no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psa the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Win How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way we entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

*Mrs Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, h the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I test, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,— these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of d for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would p two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

*Mrs Ford.* Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the words. What doth he think of us?

*Mrs Page.* Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wr with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I a acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fur

*Mrs Ford.* Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him a deck.

*Mrs Page.* So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll nev sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a mee give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the G

*Mrs Ford.* Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

*Mrs Page.* Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

*Mrs Ford.* You are the happier woman.

*Mrs Page.* Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

*Enter* FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, *and* NYM.

*Ford.* Well, I hope, it be not so.

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

*Ford.* Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

*Pist.* He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford:
He loves the gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

*Ford.* Love my wife?

*Pist.* With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels.
O, odious is the name!

*Ford.* What name, Sir?

*Pist.* The horn, I say. Farewell:
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] I will be patient: I will find out this.

*Nym.* [*To* PAGE.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Page* [*Aside.*] "The humour of it," quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] I will seek out Falstaff.

*Page.* [*Aside.*] I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] If I do find it:—well.

*Page.* [*Aside.*] I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

*Page.* How now, Meg!

*Mrs Page.* Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

*Mrs Ford.* How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

*Ford.* I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

*Mrs Ford.* 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

*Mrs Page.* Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—[*Aside to Mrs* FORD.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

*Mrs Ford.* [*Aside to Mrs* PAGE.] Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

*Enter Mrs* QUICKLY.

*Mrs Page.* You are come to see my daughter Anne?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

*Mrs Page.* Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you. [*Exeunt Mrs* PAGE, *Mrs* FORD, *and Mrs* QUICKLY.

*Page.* How now, master Ford!

*Ford.* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page.* Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford.* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page.* Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

*Ford.* Were they his men?

*Page.* Marry, were they.

*Ford.* I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

*Ford.* I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

*Page.* Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—[*Enter* Host.] How now, mine host!

*Host.* How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say!

*Enter* SHALLOW.

*Shal.* I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

*Shal.* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh, the Welsh priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

*Ford.* Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

*Host.* What sayest thou, my bully-rook? [*They go aside.*

*Shal.* [*To* PAGE.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[*They go aside.*

*Host.* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

*Ford.* None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

*Host.* My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?

*Shal.* Have with you, mine host.

*Page.* I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, Sir! I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

*Host.* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Page.* Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* Host, SHALLOW, *and* PAGE.

*Ford.* Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look farther into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Pist.* Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
I will retort the sum in equipage.

*Fal.* Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned

well for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

*Pist.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal.* Reason, you rogue, reason: thinkest thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me: I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a throng:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconse your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

*Pist.* I do relent: what would'st thou more of man?

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Rob.* Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter Mistress* QUICKLY.

*Quick.* Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an't please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer. What with me?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one mistress Ford, Sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with master Doctor Caius,—

*Fal.* Well, on: mistress Ford, you say,—

*Quick.* Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

*Fal.* I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

*Quick.* Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

*Fal.* Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

*Quick.* Why, Sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary: yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly—all musk—and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of:—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

*Quick.* Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mrs Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too:—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal.* But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick.* That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed!—But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a

marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Quick.* Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—[*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.] This news distracts me.

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—

Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;

Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

*Fal.* Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal.* Brook, is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH *with* FORD *disguised.*

*Ford.* Bless you, Sir!

*Fal.* And you, Sir! would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You're welcome. What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

*Fal.* Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I

must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier, Sir, and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal.* Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well, Sir; proceed.

*Ford.* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal.* Well, Sir.

*Ford.* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this,—

> Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
> Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

*Fal.* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love, then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O, Sir!

*Ford.* Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir!

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no mistress Ford, master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, Sir?

*Fal.* Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him, to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

*Ford.* I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel,—it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. —Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

*Ford.* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*Field near* WINDSOR.

*Enter* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

*Caius.* Jack Rugby,—

*Rug.* Sir?

*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?

*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, Sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*Rug.* Alas, Sir! I cannot fence.

*Caius.* Villainy! take you rapier.

*Rug.* Forbear; here's company.

*Enter* Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

*Host.* Bless thee, bully doctor!

*Shal.* Save you, master doctor Caius!

*Page.* Now, good master doctor!

*Slen.* Give you good-morrow, Sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

*Caius.* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castalian king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Caius.* I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, master Page?

*Page.* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

*Page.* 'Tis true, master Shallow.

*Shal.* It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

*Host.* Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, monsieur Mock-water.

*Caius.* Mock-vater! vat is dat?

*Host.* Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

*Caius.* By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

*Host.* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

*Caius.* Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Caius.* By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

*Host.* And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

*Caius.* Me tank you for dat.

*Host.* And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, [*Aside to them,*] go you through the town to Frogmore.

*Page.* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Host.* He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

*Shal.* We will do it.

*Page. Shal. and Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Caius.* By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

*Host.* Let him die: sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

*Host.* For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

*Host.* Let us wag, then.

*Caius.* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Field near* FROGMORE.

*Enter Sir* HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

*Eva.* I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

*Sim.* Marry, Sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

*Eva.* I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

*Sim.* I will, Sir. [*Retiring.*

*Eva.* Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have goot opportunities for the 'ork:—pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

*Sim.* [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

*Eva.* He's welcome.— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

*Sim.* No weapons, Sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

*Eva.* Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. [*Reads in a book.*

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Shal.* How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

*Slen.* Ah! sweet Anne Page!

*Page.* Save you, good Sir Hugh!

*Eva.* Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

*Shal.* What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

*Page.* And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

*Eva.* There is reasons and causes for it.

*Page.* We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

*Eva.* Fery well: what is it?

*Page.* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

*Shal.* I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

*Eva.* What is he?

*Page.* I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

*Eva.* Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

*Page.* Why?

*Eva.* He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

*Page.* I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

*Shal.* It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder:—here comes doctor Caius.

*Enter* Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

*Page.* Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

*Shal.* So do you, good master doctor.

*Host.* Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

*Caius.* I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: verefore vill you not meet-a me?

*Eva.* Pray you, use your patience: in goot time.

*Caius.* By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

*Eva.* Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Caius. Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine Host de *Jarretière*,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

*Eva.* As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

*Host.* Peace, I say, Gallia and Guallia; French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer!

*Caius.* Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

*Host.* Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. —Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

*Shal.* Trust me, a mad host!—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

*Slen.* O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* Host.

*Caius.* Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

*Eva.* This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

*Caius.* By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me to.

*Eva.* Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street in* WINDSOR.

*Enter Mistress* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

*Mrs Page.* Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

*Rob.* I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

*Mrs Page.* O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

*Mrs Page.* Truly, Sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

*Ford.* Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

*Mrs Page.* Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

*Ford.* Where had you this pretty weathercock?

*Mrs Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do call your knight's name, sirrah?

*Rob.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Ford.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Mrs Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

*Ford.* Indeed, she is.

*Mrs Page.* By your leave, Sir: I am sick, till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

*Ford.* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she is going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her:—a man may hear this shower sing in

the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, Host, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

*Page, Shal., &c.* Well met, master Ford.

*Ford.* Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

*Shal.* I must excuse myself, master Ford.

*Slen.* And so must I, Sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

*Shal.* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

*Slen.* I hope I have your good will, father Page?

*Page.* You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

*Caius.* Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nurse-a Quickly tell me so mush.

*Host.* What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

*Page.* Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

*Ford.* I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master Doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

*Shal.* Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.

*Caius.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit* RUGBY.

*Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* Host.

*Ford.* [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

*All.* Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

*Enter Mistress* FORD *and Mistress* PAGE.

*Mrs Ford.* What, John! what, Robert!

*Mrs Page.* Quickly, quickly:—Is the buck-basket—

*Mrs Ford.* I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

*Enter* Servants *with a large Basket.*

*Mrs Page.* Come, come, come.

*Mrs Ford.* Here, set it down.

*Mrs Page.* Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

*Mrs Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchetmead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

*Mrs Page.* You will do it?

*Mrs Ford.* I have told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.

*Mrs Page.* Here comes little Robin.

*Enter* ROBIN.

*Mrs Ford.* How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

*Rob.* My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

*Mrs Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

*Rob.* Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

*Mrs Page.* Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I 'll go hide me.

*Mrs Ford.* Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone.—Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* ROBIN.

*Mrs Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

*Mrs Ford.* Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* "Have I caught my heavenly jewel?" Why, now let me die,

for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

*Mrs Ford.* O, sweet Sir John!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady.

*Mrs Ford.* I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mrs Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mrs Ford.* Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

*Mrs Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir. I fear you love Mrs Page.

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

*Mrs Ford.* Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

*Fal.* Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

*Mrs Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

*Rob.* [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

*Mrs Ford.* Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman.—

[FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

*Enter Mistress* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What 's the matter? how now!

*Mrs Page.* O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you 're undone for ever!

*Mrs Ford.* What's the matter, good mistress Page.

*Mrs Page.* O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

*Mrs Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs Page.* What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

*Mrs Ford.* Why, alas, what's the matter?

*Mrs Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

*Mrs Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs Page.* Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here: but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs Ford.* What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

*Mrs Page.* For shame! never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

*Mrs Ford.* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in: follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

*Mrs Page.* What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

*Fal.* I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[*He gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

*Mrs Page.* Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mrs Ford.—You dissembling knight! [*Exit* ROBIN.

*Mrs Ford.* What, John! Robert! John! [*Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up these clothes here quickly:—where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble! carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

*Enter* FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! what goes here? whither bear you this?

*Serv.* To the laundress, forsooth.

*Mrs Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first.—So, now uncape.

*Page.* Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

*Ford.* True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

*Eva.* This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

*Page.* Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, EVANS, *and* CAIUS.

*Mrs Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs Ford.* I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

*Mrs Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket!

*Mrs Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs Page.* Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs Ford.* I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs Page.* I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs Ford.* Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs Page.* We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

*Re-enter* FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs Page.* [*Aside to Mrs Ford.*] Heard you that?

*Mrs Ford.* You use me well, master Ford, do you?

*Ford.* Ay, I do so.

*Mrs Ford.* Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford.* Amen!

*Mrs Page.* You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

*Ford.* Ay, ay; I must bear it.

*Eva.* If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caius.* By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

*Page.* Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

*Ford.* 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

*Eva.* You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

*Caius.* By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

*Ford.* Well; I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

*Page.* Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

*Ford.* Any thing.

*Eva.* If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

*Caius.* If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

*Ford.* Pray you go, master Page.

*Eva.* I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

*Caius.* Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

*Eva.* A lousy knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* PAGE'S *House.*

*Enter* FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

*Fent.* I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

*Anne.* Alas! how then?

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

*Anne.* Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, Sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*They converse apart.*

*Enter* SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mrs* QUICKLY.

*Shal.* Break their talk, mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

*Slen.* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing.

*Shal.* be not dismayed.

*Slen.* No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

*Quick.* Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

*Anne.* I come to him.—[*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

*Quick.* And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

*Shal.* She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

*Slen.* I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

*Shal.* Mrs Anne, my cousin loves you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, master Slender,—

*Slen.* Now, good mistress Anne,—

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will! od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

*Enter* PAGE *and Mistress* PAGE.

*Page.* Now, master Slender:—love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

*Fent.* Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

*Mrs Page.* Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

*Page.* She is no match for you.

*Fent.* Sir, will you hear me?

*Page.* No, good master Fenton.—
Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in.—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Quick.* Speak to mistress Page.

*Fent.* Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

*Anne.* Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

*Mrs Page.* I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

*Quick.* That's my master, master doctor.

*Anne.* Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

*Mrs Page.* Come, trouble not yourself.—Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then, farewell, Sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

*Fent.* Farewell, gentle mistress:—farewell, Nan.

[*Exeunt Mrs* PAGE *and* ANNE.

*Quick.* This is my doing, now:—"Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master Fenton:" —this is my doing.

*Fent.* I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

*Quick.* Now, heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit* FENTON.] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it!

[*Exit.*

## SCENE V.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Bardolph, I say,—

*Bard.* Here, Sir.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH, *with the Wine.*

*Bard.* Here's mistress Quickly, Sir, to speak with you.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

*Bard.* Come in, woman.

*Enter Mrs* QUICKLY.

*Quick.* By your leave; I cry you mercy:—give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

*Bard.* With eggs, Sir?

*Fal.* Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—How now!

*Quick.* Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

*Quick.* Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

*Fal.* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

*Quick.* Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

*Fal.* Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

*Quick.* I will tell her.

*Fal.* Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

*Quick.* Eight and nine, Sir.

*Fal.* Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

*Quick.* Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* I marvel I hear not of master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well.—O! here he comes.

*Enter* FORD.

*Ford.* Bless you, Sir.

*Fal.* Now, master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

*Ford.* That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

*Ford.* And sped you, Sir?

*Fal.* Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

*Ford.* How so, Sir? Did she change her determination?

*Fal.* No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

*Ford.* What! while you were there?

*Fal.* While I was there.

*Ford.* And did he search for you, and could not find you?

*Fal.* You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck-basket!

*Fal.* By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

*Ford.* And how long lay you there?

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney, —think of that,—that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook!

*Ford.* In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

*Fal.* Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

*Ford.* 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

*Fal.* Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and

the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

*Ford.* H'm,—ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the leecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter Mrs* PAGE, *Mrs* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

*Mrs Page.* Is he at master Ford's already, thinkest thou?

*Quick.* Sure, he is by this, or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

*Mrs Page.* I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

*Enter Sir* HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

*Eva.* No; master Slender is get the boys leave to play.

*Quick.* Blessing of his heart!

*Mrs Page.* Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

*Eva.* Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

*Mrs Page.* Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

*Eva.* William, how many numbers is in nouns?

*Will.* Two.

*Quick.* Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od's nouns.

*Eva.* Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, William?

*Will. Pulcher.*

*Quick.* Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.

*Eva.* You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

*Will.* A stone.

*Eva.* And what is a stone, William?

*Will.* A pebble.

*Eva.* No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

*Will. Lapis.*

*Eva.* That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

*Will.* Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and he thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

*Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;*—pray you, mark: *genitivo hujus.* Well, what is your accusative case?

*Will. Accusativo hunc.*

*Eva.* I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

*Quick.* Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

*Eva.* Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

*Will.* O,—*vocativo, O.*

*Eva.* Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

*Quick.* And that's a good root.

*Eva.* 'Oman, forbear.

*Mrs Page.* Peace!

*Eva.* What is your genitive case plural, William?

*Will.* Genitive case?

*Eva.* Ay.

*Will. Genitivo,—horum, harum, horum.*

*Quick.* Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

*Eva.* For shame, 'oman!

*Quick.* You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

*Eva.* 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers, and the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

*Mrs Page.* Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

*Eva.* Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

*Will.* Forsooth, I have forgot.

*Eva.* It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quis*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

*Mrs Page.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

*Mrs Page.* Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and Mrs* FORD.

*Fal.* Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs Ford.* He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

*Mrs Page.* [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

*Mrs Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

*Enter Mrs* PAGE.

*Mrs Page.* How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

*Mrs Page.* Indeed?

*Mrs Ford.* No, certainly.—[*Aside to her.*] Speak louder.

*Mrs Page.* Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

*Mrs Ford.* Why?

*Mrs Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, Peer out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

*Mrs Ford.* Why, does he talk of him!

*Mrs Page.* Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

*Mrs Ford.* How near is he, mistress Page?

*Mrs Page.* Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

*Mrs Ford.* I am undone!—the knight is here.

*Mrs Page.* Why then, you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame, than murder.

*Mrs Ford.* Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

*Mrs Page.* Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

*Fal.* What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

*Mrs Ford.* There they always used to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

*Fal.* Where is it?

*Mrs Ford.* He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

*Fal.* I 'll go out, then.

*Mrs Page.* If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

*Mrs Ford.* How might we disguise him?

*Mrs Page.* Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

*Fal.* Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

*Mrs Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

*Mrs Page.* On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is: and there 's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

*Mrs Ford.* Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

*Mrs Page.* Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

*Mrs Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

*Mrs Page.* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

*Mrs Ford.* But is my husband coming?

*Mrs Page.* Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

*Mrs Ford.* We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

*Mrs Page.* Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

*Mrs Ford.* I'll first direct my men what they shall do with t basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Ex*

*Mrs Page.* Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse h enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—"Still swine eat all the draff." [*Ex*

*Re-enter Mrs* FORD, *with two* Servants.

*Mrs Ford.* Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: yc master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quick dispatch. [*Ex*

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Ser.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

*Enter* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Ford.* Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way th to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains!—Somebody c my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderly rascals! there's knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the de be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth!—Behold wh honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

*Page.* Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose a longer; you must be pinioned.

*Eva.* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

*Shal.* Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

*Ford.* So say I too, Sir.—[*Re-enter Mrs* FORD.] Come hith mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wi the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!— suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

*Mrs Ford.* Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me any dishonesty.

*Ford.* Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the bask*

*Page.* This passes!

*Mrs Ford.* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

*Ford.* I shall find you anon.

*Eva.* 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothe Come away.

*Ford.* Empty the basket, I say!

*Mrs Ford* Why, man, why,—

*Ford.* Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed o

of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

*Mrs Ford.* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

*Page.* Here's no man.

*Shal.* By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

*Eva.* Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

*Ford.* Well, he's not here I seek for.

*Page.* No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

*Mrs Ford.* What ho, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

*Ford.* Old woman! What old woman's that?

*Mrs Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

*Ford.* A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

*Mrs Ford.* Nay, good, sweet husband,—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

*Enter* FALSTAFF *in Women's Clothes, led by Mrs* PAGE.

*Mrs Page.* Come, mother Pratt; come, give me your hand.

*Ford.* I'll "pratt" her.—[*Beats him.*] Out of my door, you witch, you rag, you baggage, you pole-cat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

*Mrs Page.* Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

*Mrs Ford.* Nay, he will do it.—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

*Ford.* Hang her, witch!

*Eva.* By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

*Ford.* Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

*Page.* Let's obey his humour a little farther: come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and* EVANS.

*Mrs Page.* Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

*Mrs Ford.* Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

*Mrs Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

*Mrs Ford.* What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

*Mrs Page.* The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

*Mrs Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

*Mrs Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

*Mrs Page.* Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

*Enter* Host *and* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

*Host.* What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

*Bard.* Ay, Sir; I'll call them to you.

*Host.* They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* FORD'S *House.*

*Enter* PAGE, FORD, *Mrs* PAGE, *Mrs* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Eva.* 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

*Page.* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?
*Mrs Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.
*Ford.* Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late a heretic,
As firm as faith.
*Page.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.
*Ford.* There is no better way than that they spoke of.
*Page.* How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come.
*Eva.* You say, he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.
*Page.* So think I too.
*Mrs Ford.* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
*Mrs Page.* There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
*Page.* Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this?
*Mrs Ford.* Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.
*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

ught upon, and thus.
le son,
wth, we 'll dress
green and white,
their heads,
pon a sudden,
wly met,
rush at once
pon their sight,
ss will fly:
him about,
the unclean knight;
our of fairy revel,
s he dares to tread

d till he tell the truth,
es pinch him sound,
their tapers.
The truth being known,
ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
me to Windsor.
The children must
" to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.
the children their behaviours; I will be like a
burn the knight with my taber.
excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.
Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
in a robe of white.
will I go buy: [*Aside.*] And in that time
Slender steal my Nan away,
er at Eton.—[*To them.*] Go, send to Falstaff
to him again in name of Brook:
all his purpose. Sure, he 'll come.
not you that. Go, get us properties,
for our fairies.
bout it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest
[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.
mistress Ford,
to Sir John, to know his mind. [*Exit Mrs* FORD.
ctor: he hath my good will,
at he, to marry with Nan Page.
et, though well landed, is an idiot;
w husband best of all affects.

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

*Enter* Host *and* SIMPLE.

*Host.* What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

*Sim.* Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

*Sim.* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

*Host.* Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

*Fal.* [*Above.*] How now, mine host!

*Host.* Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

*Sim.* Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

*Fal.* Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

*Sim.* My master, Sir, master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, Sir, whether one Nym, Sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

*Fal.* I spake with the old woman about it.

*Sim.* And what says she, I pray, Sir?

*Fal.* Marry, she says that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

*Sim.* I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

*Fal.* What are they? let us know.

*Host.* Ay, come; quick.

*Sim.* I may not conceal them, Sir.

*Host.* Conceal them, or thou diest.

*Sim.* Why, Sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

*Fal.* 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Sim.* What, Sir?

*Fal.* To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

*Sim.* May I be bold to say so, Sir?

*Fal.* Ay, Sir Tyke, who more bold?

*Sim.* I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

*Host.* Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

*Bard.* Out, alas, Sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

*Host.* Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

*Bard.* Run away, with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*Enter Sir* HUGH EVANS.

*Eva.* Where is mine host?

*Host.* What is the matter, Sir?

*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin-germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Enter Doctor* CAIUS.

*Cains.* Vere is mine Host de *Jarretière*?

*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

*Cains.* I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

*Host.* Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight.—I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone!

[*Exeunt* Host *and* BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been

cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

*Enter Mistress* QUICKLY.

Now whence come you?

*Quick.* From the two parties, forsooth.

*Fal.* The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

*Quick.* And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

*Fal.* What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

*Quick.* Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

*Fal.* Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the* Garter Inn.

*Enter* FENTON *and* Host.

*Host.* Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

*Fent.* Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

*Host.* I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

*Fent.* From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection

(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)
Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Pointing to the Letter.*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here: [*Pointing to Letter.*] in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, Sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Dr Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

*Host.* Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

*Fent.* Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

*Host.* Well, husband your device: I 'll to the vicar.
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

*Fent.* So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *and Mrs* QUICKLY.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go:—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

*Quick.* I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

*Fal.* Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs* QUICKLY.

*Enter* FORD.

How now, master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow:—Strange things in hand, master Brook:—follow. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

*Page.* Come, come: we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

*Slen.* Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, "mum;" she cries, "budget;" and by that we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: but what needs either your "mum," or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

*Page.* The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The Street in* WINDSOR.

*Enter Mrs* PAGE, *Mrs* FORD, *and Dr* CAIUS.

*Mrs Page.* Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

*Caius.* I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

*Mrs Page.* Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

*Mrs Ford.* Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

*Mrs Page.* They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

*Mrs Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mrs Page.* If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

*Mrs Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

*Mrs Page.* Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

*Mrs Ford.* The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

*Enter Sir* HUGH EVANS, *disguised as a Satyr, with* ANNE PAGE *and others as Fairies.*

*Eva.* Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter* FALSTAFF *disguised as Herne, with a Buck's Head on.*

*Fal.* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on.

Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda:—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter Mrs* FORD *and Mrs* PAGE.

*Mrs Ford.* Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

*Fal.* My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

*Mrs Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

*Fal.* Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

*Mrs Page.* Alas! what noise?

*Mrs Ford.* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal.* What should this be?

*Mrs Ford.* } Away, away! [*They run off.*
*Mrs Page.* }

*Fal.* I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

*Enter Sir* HUGH EVANS, *as a Satyr;* PISTOL, *as Hobgoblin;* ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, as fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

*Queen.* Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixèd destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap,
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

*Fal.* They are fairies; he that speaks to them, shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

*Eva.* Where's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

*Queen.* About, about!
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:—
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away! disperse! But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

*Eva.* Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.—
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

*Pist.* Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd, even in thy birth.

*Queen.* With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Pist.* A trial, come.

*Eva.* Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh!

*Queen.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

*During this song, the fairies pinch* FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. The fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter* PAGE, FORD, *Mrs* PAGE, *and Mrs* FORD. *They lay hold on* FALSTAFF.

*Page.* Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

*Mrs Page.* I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher.—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?—
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

*Ford.* Now, Sir, who 's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

*Mrs Ford.* Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

*Ford.* Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

*Fal.* And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,

that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

*Eva.* Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* Well said, fairy Hugh.

*Eva.* And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

*Ford.* I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

*Eva.* Seese is not goot to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

*Fal.* Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust, and late-walking, through the realm.

*Mrs Page.* Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

*Ford.* What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

*Mrs Page.* A puffed man?

*Page.* Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

*Ford.* And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

*Page.* And as poor as Job?

*Ford.* And as wicked as his wife?

*Eva.* And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

*Fal.* Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

*Ford.* Marry, Sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

*Page.* Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

*Mrs Page.* [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

*Enter* SLENDER.

*Sln.* Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

*Page.* Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

*Slen.* Despatched!—I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

*Page.* Of what, son?

*Slen.* I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a post-master's boy.

*Page.* Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

*Slen.* What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

*Page.* Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

*Slen.* I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

*Mrs Page.* Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

*Enter Doctor* CAIUS.

*Caius.* Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

*Mrs Page.* Why, did you take her in green?

*Caius.* Ay, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*

*Ford.* This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

*Page.* My heart misgives me: here comes master Fenton.

*Enter* FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton!

*Anne.* Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

*Page.* Now, mistress,—how chance you went not with master Slender?

*Mrs Page.* Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

*Fent.* You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy.—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

*Fal.* I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

*Page.* Well, what remedy?—Fenton, heaven give thee joy!—
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

*Fal.* When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

*Mrs Page.* Well, I will muse no farther.—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

*Ford.* Let it be so.—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
ANGELO, *the Deputy in the* Duke's *absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with* ANGELO *in the deputation.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastic.*
*Two other like* Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, *a Gentleman attending on the* Duke.
Provost.
THOMAS, PETER, } *two Friars.*
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*
POMPEY, *a Clown; servant to* Mistress OVERDONE.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to* CLAUDIO.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* ANGELO.
JULIET, *beloved of* CLAUDIO.
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
Mistress OVERDONE, *a Bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, *and* Attendants.

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SCENE,—VIENNA.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* Duke, ESCALUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Duke.* Escalus,—

*Escal.* My lord?

*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able;
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you 're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission, [*Giving it.*
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [*Exit an* Attendant.
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For, you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* Look where he comes.

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.* Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th' observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,—
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,—
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold, therefore, Angelo: [*Tendering his commission.*
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission. [*Gives it.*

*Ang.* Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

*Duke.* No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

*Ang.* Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

*Duke.* My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

*Ang.* The heavens give safety to your purposes!

*Escal.* Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

*Duke.* I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Escal.* I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

*Ang.* 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

*Escal.* I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

*Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

*Lucio.* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* "Thou shalt not steal?"

*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example,—thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted, or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error: I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

*Enter Mistress* OVERDONE.

1 *Gent.* How now! Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

*Mrs Ov.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Mrs Ov.* Marry, Sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Mrs Ov.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopped off.

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

*Mrs Ov.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

*Lucio.* Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Gentlemen.

*Mrs Ov.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter* Clown.

How now! what's the news with you?

*Clo.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

*Mrs Ov.* Well; what has he done?

*Clo.* A woman.

*Mrs Ov.* But what's his offence?

*Clo.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

*Mrs Ov.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Clo.* No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Mrs Ov.* What proclamation, man?

*Clo.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

*Mrs Ov.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Clo.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Mrs Ov.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

*Clo.* To the ground, mistress.

*Mrs Ov.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Clo.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

*Mrs Ov.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

*Clo.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The Same.*

*Enter* Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and* Officers.

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.
*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.

*Enter* LUCIO *and two* Gentlemen.

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?
*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.
*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?
*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend again.
*Lucio.* What is it? murder?
*Claud.* No.
*Lucio.* Lechery?
*Claud.* Call it so.
*Prov.* Away, Sir! you must go.
*Claud.* One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery so looked after?
*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.
*Lucio.* With child, perhaps?
*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely, for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service.
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men: beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

*Lucio.* I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

*Enter* Duke *and Friar* THOMAS.

*Duke.* No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.
*Fri.* May your grace speak of it?
*Duke.* My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?
*Fri.* Gladly, my lord.
*Duke.* We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to head-strong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
*Fri.* It rested in your grace
T' unloose this tied-up justice when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.
*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

*Isab.* And have you nuns no farther privileges?
*Fran.* Are not these large enough?
*Isab.* Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.
*Lucio.* [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
*Isab.* Who's that which calls?
*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*
*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
*Isab.* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
*Isab.* Woe me! for what?
*Lucio.* For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.

*Lucio.* 'Tis true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:—
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

*Isab.* Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain, though apt, affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O! let him marry her.

*Lucio.* This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn,
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that 's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother,

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?
*Lucio.* Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
*Isab.* Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.
*Isab.* My power! alas, I doubt,—
*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.
*Lucio.* But speedily.
*Isab.* I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.
*Isab.* Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in* ANGELO'S *House.*

*Enter* ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a* Justice, Provost, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

*Ang.* We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
*Escal.* Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit* Provost.

*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemnèd for a fault alone.

*Enter* ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, *&c.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, Sir! What 's your name? and what 's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, Sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but

precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they off? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Clo.* He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, Sir?

*Elb.* He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

*Escal.* How! thy wife?

*Elb.* Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, Sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

*Clo.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

*Escal.* [*To* ANGELO.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

*Clo.* Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes, Sir;—we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence;—your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, Sir.

*Clo.* No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right:—but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again,—

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Clo.* Very well;—you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

*Clo.* Why, very well;—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Clo.* Why, very well then.

*Escal.* Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Clo.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

*Clo.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, Sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?—

*Froth.* All-hallownd eve.

*Clo.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?—

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Clo.* Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I 'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good-morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit* ANGELO.

Now, Sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Clo.* Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Clo.* I beseech your honour, ask me.

*Escal.* Well, Sir; what did this gentleman to her?

*Clo.* I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face.—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, Sir, very well.

*Clo.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Clo.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Clo.* I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him,

how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right.—Constable, what say you to it?

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Clo.* By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Clo.* Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her?—If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

*Escal.* Where were you born, friend?

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, Sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, Sir.

*Escal.* So.—[*To* Clown.] What trade are you of, Sir

*Clo.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Clo.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

*Clo.* Nine, Sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

*Escal.* Well, no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit.* FROTH.]

—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else?

*Clo.* Bum, Sir.

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Clo.* If the law would allow it, Sir.

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

*Clo.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Clo.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade:
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

*Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, Sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, Sir.

*Escal.* Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, Sir?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit* ELBOW.

What 's o'clock, think you?

*Just.* Eleven, Sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

*Enter* Provost *and a* Servant.

*Serv.* He 's hearing of a cause: he will come straight:
I 'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I 'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Ang.* Now, what 's the matter, provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine:

—Come you hither to me, master ta
ter tapster?

*Clo.* Pompey.

*Escal.* What else? ... pardon.—

*Clo.* Bum, Sir.

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is
that, in the beastliest sense, you
you are partly a bawd, Pompey. ...d.
tapster. Are you not? come, ...
you. ...emn'd

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, I am a po...

*Escal.* How would you li... ...?
do you think of the trade, P... ...ous maid,

*Clo.* If the law would all...

*Escal.* But the law will ...
allowed in Vienna. ...mitted. [*Exit* Servant.

*Clo.* Does your worshi... ...d:
the city? ...ish, means;

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Clo.* Truly, Sir, in my ... *and* LUCIO.
worship will take order ...
to fear the bawds. [*Offering to retire.*

*Escal.* There are pr... —[*To* ISAB.] You're welcome: what's
heading and hanging. ...or to your honour, [your will?

*Clo.* If you head a... ...ear me.
together, you'll be ... Well; what's your suit?
this law hold in Vie... ... that most I do abhor,
three-pence a bay: ... I meet the blow of justice;
told you so. ... plead, but that I must;

*Escal.* Thank y... ... plead, but that I am
phecy, hark you ... ...d will not.
upon any comp... Well; the matter?
if I do, Pompey ... ...rother is condemn'd to die:
Cæsar to you ... ... let it be his fault,
for this time, I ... ...her.

*Clo.* I thank ... Heaven give thee moving graces!
follow it, as ... ...un the fault, and not the actor of it?
Whip ... ...ault's condemn'd ere it be done.
The v... ...e very cipher of a function,

*Escal.* ... ...fault, whose fine stands in record,
constable. ... by the actor.

*Elb.* ... O just, but severe law!

*Escal.* ...rother, then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*
tinued i... ...*Aside to* ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him again,
...treat him;

n, hang upon his gown:
you should need a pin,
more tame a tongue desire it:

needs die?
Maiden, no remedy.
I do think that you might pardon him,
heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
ill not do't.
But can you, if you would?
Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.
But might you do't and do the world no wrong,
your heart were touch'd with that remorse
mine is to him?
*Ang.* He 's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] You are too cold.
*Isab.* Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.
*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] Ay, touch him; there 's the vein.
*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
*Isab.* Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,

It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.
*Isab.* To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] Ay, well said.
*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first, that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.
*Isab.* Yet show some pity.
*Ang.* I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.
*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] That's well said.
*Isab.* Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder,—
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,

As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent:
He 's coming; I perceive 't.
*Prov.* [*Aside.*] Pray heaven, she win him!
*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But, in the less, foul profanation.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] Thou 'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.
*Isab.* That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] Art avis'd o' that? more on 't.
*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?
*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
*Ang.* [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To her.*] Fare you well.
*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.
*Ang.* I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.
*Isab.* Hark how I 'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.
*Ang.* How! bribe me!
*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with you.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] You had marr'd all else.
*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sun-rise,—prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
*Ang.* Well; come to me to-morrow.
*Lucio.* [*Aside to* ISAB.] Go to; 'tis well; away!
*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!
*Ang.* [*Aside.*] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isab.* Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, LUCIO, *and* Provost.

*Ang.* From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

*Enter* Duke, *disguised as a Friar, and* Provost.

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

*Prov.* I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
the nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more were needful.
Look, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Duke.* When must he die?
*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.—
[*To* JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.
*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
*Duke.* I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
*Juliet.* I 'll gladly learn.
*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?
*Juliet.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
*Duke.* So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
*Juliet.* Mutually.
*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.
*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.
*Duke.* There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! O injurious law,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter* Servant.

How now! who's there?
*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit* Servant.
O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid!
*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.
*Ang.* That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.
*Isab.* Even so.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

*Ang.* Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
*Isab.* Under your sentence?
*Ang.* Yea.
*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
*Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?
*Isab.* Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul,
*Ang.* I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.
*Isab.* How say you?
*Ang.* Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
*Isab.* Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn-prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be receivèd plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
*Isab.* So.
*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
*Isab.* True.
*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
*Isab.* As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I 'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That, longing, I 've been sick for, ere I 'd yield
My body up to shame.
*Ang.* Then must
Your brother die.
*Isab.* And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
*Ang.* Were not you, then, as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.
*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
*Ang.* We are all frail.
*Isab.* Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.
*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.
*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
*Ang.* I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you.
*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for 't.
*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
*Isab.* I know, your virtue hath a licence in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I 'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.
*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,

Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Duke, *disguised as before*, CLAUDIO, *and* Provost.

*Duke.* So then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo!

*Claud.* The miserable have
No other medicine, but only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,—
Servile to all the skyey influences,—
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld: and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who 's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

*Duke.* Dear Sir, ere long I 'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy Sir, I thank you.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

[illegible] business is a word or two with Claudio.
[illegible] very welcome.—Look, signior; here's your sister.
[illegible] Provost, a word with you.
[illegible] as many as you please.
[illegible] *Aside to him.*] Bring me to hear them speak, where I may [illegible]. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provost.

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?
*Isab.* Why, as all
Comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.
*Claud.* Is there no remedy?
*Isab.* None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
*Claud.* But is there any?
*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
*Claud.* Perpetual durance?
*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance,—a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.
*Claud.* But in what nature?
*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
*Claud.* Let me know the point.
*Isab.* O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

*Claud.* The priestly Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,—
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

*Claud.* O heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do 't.

*Isab.* O! were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it?—Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamèd life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warpèd slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die, perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,—
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

*Claud.* O, hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter* Duke.

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

*Duke.* [*Aside to* CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his

judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.

*Re-enter* Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* What's your will, father?

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding: and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him, I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her

by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

*Isab.* Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all:—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

*Enter* Duke, *disguised as before; to him* ELBOW, *and* Officers, *with* Clown.

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

*Duke.* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Clo.* 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

*Elb.* Come your way, Sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, Sir?

*Elb.* Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law: and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

*Clo.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove—

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, Sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, Sir.

*Clo.* I spy comfort: I cry, bail. Here 's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar!

Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou to't? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

*Clo.* Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Clo.* Yes, faith, Sir.

*Lucio.* Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.—Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Clo.* I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, Sir; come.

*Clo.* You will not bail me, then, Sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news.

*Elb.* Come your ways, Sir; come.

*Lucio.* Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, *and* Officers *with* Clown.

What news, friar, of the duke?

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state,

and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

*Duke.* He does well in 't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative; that 's infallible.

*Duke.* You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

*Lucio.* O, Sir, you are deceived.

*Duke.* 'Tis not possible.

*Lucio.* Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

*Duke.* What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise! why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak

unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

*Lucio.* Come, Sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

*Duke.* He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

*Duke.* Why should he die, Sir?

*Lucio.* Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

*Enter* ESCALUS, Provost, *and* Officers, *with Mrs* OVERDONE.

*Escal.* Go; away with her to prison!

*Mrs Ov.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

*Mrs Ov.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me.

Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me?

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison!—Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Officers *with Mrs* OVERDONE.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accursed:—much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice

have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you! [*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and* Provost.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spider's strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothèd, but despis'd:
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Garden at the moated Grange. Before* MARIANA'S *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.— [*Exit* Boy.

*Enter* Duke, *disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, Sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.—
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

*Duke.* I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [*Exit into the house.*

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planchèd gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise on the heavy
Middle of the night to call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What ho! within! come forth.

*Re-enter* MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

*Duke.* Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will 't please you walk [illegible]

[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

*Duke.* O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are struck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

*Re-enter* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?

*Isab.* She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow. [*Exeu*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Provost *and* Clown.

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

*Clo.* If the man be a bachelor, Sir, I can; but if he be a marri
man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head

*Prov.* Come, Sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

*Clo.* Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

*Enter* ABHORSON.

*Abhor.* Do you call, Sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

*Abhor.* A bawd, Sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

*Prov.* Go to, Sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

*Clo.* Pray, Sir, by your good favour,—for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, Sir; a mystery.

*Clo.* Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Clo.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief—

*Clo.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter* Provost.

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Clo.* Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd,—he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

*Abhor.* Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

*Clo.* I do desire to learn, Sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* ABHORSON.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter* CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*] But hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—[*Exit* CLAUDIO.] By and by!—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—

*Enter* Duke, *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy.

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—[*Knocking within.*]
Now are they come.— [*Exit* Provost.
This is a gentle provost: seldom-when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [*Knocking.*
How now! What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,

That wounds th' unsisting postern with these strokes.

*Re-enter* Provost.

*Prov.* [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov.* None, Sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a* Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

*Duke.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mes.* [*Giving a paper.*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this farther charge,—that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friended.—
Now, Sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [*Reads.*]

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, Sir?

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

*Prov.* Pray, Sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack! how may I do it,—having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and

good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both.

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Clown.

*Clo.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Overdone's own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that

stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake."

*Enter* ABHORSON.

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Clo.* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine.

*Abhor.* What ho! Barnardine!

*Barnar.* [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Clo.* Your friend, Sir; the hangman. You must be so good, Sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Barnar.* [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

*Abhor.* Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Clo.* Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Clo.* He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Clo.* Very ready, Sir.

*Enter* BARNARDINE.

*Barnar.* How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Barnar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

*Clo.* O, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Abhor.* Look you, Sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

*Enter* Duke, *disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Barnar.* Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O, Sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Barnar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,—

*Barnar.* Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die. O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and* Clown.

*Enter* Provost.

*Prov.* Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done,—put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To th' under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo.
[*Exit* Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter* Provost, *with Ragozine's head.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient is it. Make a swift return;

For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.
*Prov.* I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
*Isab.* [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She 's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

*Enter* ISABELLA.

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave.
*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.
*Duke.* It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
*Isab.* O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!
*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.
*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damnèd Angelo!
*Duke.* This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot!
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
*Isab.* I am directed by you.
*Duke.* This letter, then, to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I 'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you

Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combinèd by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

*Enter* LUCIO.

*Lucio.* Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, Sir.

*Lucio.* O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't. But they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

*Duke.* Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* ANGELO'S *House.*

*Enter* ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not.

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that;—to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn I 'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit
As are to meet him.

*Escal.* I shall, Sir: fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night.— [*Exit* ESCALUS.
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;
For my authority bears so credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

*Enter* Duke, *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

*Duke.* These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

*F. Peter.* It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*

*Enter* VARRIUS.

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

*Enter* ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I 'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.
*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.
*Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.
*Mari.* I would, friar Peter—
*Isab.* O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter Friar* PETER.

*F. Peter.* Come; I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA, *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and Friar* PETER, *at a distance. Enter from one side*, Duke, *in his own habit*, VARRIUS, Lords; *from the other*, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.
*Ang. and Escal.* Happy return be to your royal grace!
*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.
*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.
*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

*Friar* PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

*F. Peter.* Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel before him.
*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!
*Duke.* Relate your wrongs: in what? by whom? Be brief.
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.
*Isab.* O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak,
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here!
*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—
*Isab.* By course of justice!
*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.
*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
A hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?
*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.
*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo,

Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
*Duke.* Away with her!—poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.
*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince:
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.
*Duke.* By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.
*Isab.* O gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.
*Duke.* Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?
*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger,—
*Lucio.* That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
*Isab.* That's he indeed.
*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.
*Lucio.* No, my good lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
*Duke.* I wish you now, then;

Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to it.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

*Isab.* I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

*Duke.* That 's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

*Duke.* Mended again. The matter;—proceed.

*Isab.* In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true!

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what
thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?
Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelievèd go!
*Duke.* I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her!—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
*Isab.* One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that Lodowick
*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
*Duke.* Words against me! This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.
*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
*F. Peter.* Bless'd be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
*Duke.* We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?
*F. Peter.* I know him for a man divine and holy:
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
*Lucio.* My lord, most villainously; believe it.
*F. Peter.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,—
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,—came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he, with his oath
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman,—
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,—

Her shall you hear disprovèd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

*Duke.* Good friar, let 's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

*Mari.* Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

*Duke.* What, are you married?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* Are you a maid?

*Mari.* No, my lord.

*Duke.* A widow, then?

*Mari.* Neither, my lord.

*Duke.* Why, you
Are nothing, then:—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

*Lucio.* My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

*Duke.* Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Mari.* My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

*Lucio.* He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

*Duke.* For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too!

*Lucio.* Well, my lord.

*Duke.* This is no witness for lord Angelo.

*Mari.* Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When, I 'll depose, I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

*Ang.* Charges she more than me?

*Mari.* Not that I know.

*Duke.* No? you say, your husband.

*Mari.* Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

*Ang.* This is a strange abuse.—Let 's see thy face.

*Mari.* My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on;
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contràct,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

*Duke.* Know you this woman?

*Lucio.* Carnally, she says.

*Duke.* Sirrah, no more!

*Lucio.* Enough, my lord.

*Ang.* My lord, I must confess, I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of màrriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promisèd proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvaluèd
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari.* Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in 's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixèd here,
A marble monument!

*Ang.* I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that 's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's sealed in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

*F. Peter.* Would he were here, my lord! for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

*Duke.* Go do it instantly.— [*Exit* Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determinèd upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly.— [*Exit* Duke.
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum:* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word.

*Escal.* [*To an* Attendant.] Call that same Isabel here once again: I would speak with her. [*Exit* Attendant.] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she 'll be ashamed.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

*Re-enter* Officers *with* ISABELLA.

*Escal.* [*To* ISAB.] Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Re-enter* Duke, *disguised as a Friar, and* Provost.

*Escal.* Come, Sir: did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls!
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is 't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence; to the rack with him!—We 'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.—
What! unjust?

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state!—Away with him to prison!

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate: do you know me?

*Duke.* I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notedly, Sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, Sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke.* You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not be talk'd withal.—Away with him to prison!—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more.—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

[*The* Provost *lays hands on the* Duke.

*Duke.* Stay, Sir; stay a while.

*Ang.* What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh! Sir. Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* Duke.

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
[*To* LUCIO.] Sneak not away, Sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* [*To* ESCALUS.] What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:—
We'll borrow place of him.—[*To* ANGELO.] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana.—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER, *and* Provost.

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

*Isab.* O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Re-enter* ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER, *and* Provost.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but, as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condem thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—
Away with him!

*Mari.* O, my most gracious lord!
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come. For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

*Mari.* O, my dear lord!
I crave no other, nor no better man.

*Duke.* Never crave him: we are definitive.

*Mari.* [*Kneeling.*] Gentle my liege,—

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour.—
Away with him to death!—[*To* LUCIO.] Now, Sir, to you.

*Mari.* O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* [*Kneeling.*] Most bounteous Sir,

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault.—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [*Exit* Provost.

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter* Provost, *with* BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO *muffled, and* JULIET.

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man.—

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no farther than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemned:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow 's that?

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.

*Duke.* [*To* ISABELLA.] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,—
He is my brother too:—but fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he 's safe:
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here 's one in place I cannot pardon.—
[*To* LUCIO.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, Sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman 's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,—
As I have heard him swear, himself, there 's one
Whom he begot with child,—let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

*Lucio.* I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it.—

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* LUCIO.

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.—
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, *Duke of* Ephesus.
ÆGEON, *a Merchant of* Syracuse.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, } *Twin Brothers, sons to* ÆGEON
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE, } *and* ÆMILIA
DROMIO OF EPHESUS, } *Twin Brothers, attendants on the two*
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, } ANTIPHOLUSES.
BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
First Merchant, *friend to* ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE.
Second Merchant, *to whom* ANGELO *is a debtor.*
Pinch, *a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to* ÆGEON, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
ADRIANA, *Wife to* ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS.
LUCIANA, *her Sister.*
LUCE, *Servant to* ADRIANA.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

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SCENE,—EPHESUS.

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in the* Duke's *Palace.*

*Enter* Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
*Duke.* Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Æge.* Yet this my comfort,—when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
*Duke.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself—almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear—
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrivèd where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those,—for their parents were exceeding poor,—
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon we came aboard!
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscurèd light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length, the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them, and thee, till now.

*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant—for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia;
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,—
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,—
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudgèd to the death,
And passèd sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

*Gaol.* I will, my lord.

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, *and* First Merchant.

*First Mer.* Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, Sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*First Mer.* I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

*First Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.—
Here comes the almanac of my true date.—

*Enter* DROMIO of Ephesus.

What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,—
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, Sir: tell me this, I pray,—
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
The saddler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*Dro. E.* To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me!

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, Sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?
*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
*Ant. S.* What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. [*Strikes him.*
*Dro. E.* What mean you, Sir, for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I 'll take my heels. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A public Place. Before the House of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

*Enter* ADRIANI *and* LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
*Luc.* Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?
*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.
*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
*Luc.* O, know he is the bridle of your will.
*Adr.* There 's none but asses will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause:
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity.
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

*Enter* DROMIO of Ephesus.

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold," quoth he:
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold," quoth he:
"My mistress, Sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"
*Luc.* Quoth who?
*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger!
*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you, I shall have a holy head.
*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*
*Luc.* Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!
*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault,—he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence.
*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain:
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart.—See, here he comes.

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, Sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?
*Dro. S.* What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?
*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.
*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.
*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.
*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beating him.*

*Dro. S.* Hold, Sir, for God's sake? now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspèct,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*Dro. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—for urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, Sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, Sir! for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, Sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, Sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, Sir; what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, Sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers, without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

*Dro. S.* Certain ones, then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion.
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art then estrangèd from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Adr.* By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?
*Dro. S.* I, Sir! I never saw her till this time.
*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.
*Ant. S.* How can she thus, then, call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?
*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband,—I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
*Ant. S.* [*Aside.*] To me she speaks; she moves me
for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
*Dro. S.* [*Aside.*] O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,—
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dronio, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
*Dro. S.* I am transformèd, master, am not I?
*Ant. S.* I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.
*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.
*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* [*Aside.*] Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I 'll say as they say, and persèver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Same.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carkanet;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain, that would face me down;
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: pray God, our cheer
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.
*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.
*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
*Bal.* Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.
*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.
*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!
*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.
*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.
*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho! open the door.
*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Right, Sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
*Ant. E.* Wherefore! for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.
*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.
*Ant. E.* What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] The porter for this time, Sir; and my name is Dromio.
*Dro. E.* O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.
*Luce.* [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?
*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.
*Luce.* [*Within.*] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.
*Dro. E.* O Lord! I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb ;—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* [*Within.*] Have at you with another: that's,—when? can you tell?

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] If thy name be called Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

*Luce.* [*Within.*] I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] And you said no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help!—well struck! there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* [*Within.*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

*Adr.* [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr.* [*Within.*] Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

*Ant. E.* Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, Sir; and words are but wind:
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

*Dro. E.* Here's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in:—go borrow me a crow.

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather,—master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.
*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.
*Bal.* Have patience, Sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposèd by the common rout,
Against your yet ungallèd estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housèd, where it gets possession.
*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert,—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow
—Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good Sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.
*Ang.* I 'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears:
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:
Let love, being light, be drownèd if she sink!

*Luc.* What! are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, Sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse, *hastily.*

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, Sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean,—a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, Sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, Sir; but her name and three quarters,—that is, an ell and three quarters,—will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, Sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath

of Spain, who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, Sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go hie thee presently, post to the road:—
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and begone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter* ANGELO.

*Ang.* Master Antipholus,—

*Ant. S.* Ay, that 's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, Sir. Lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, Sir: I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, Sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
*Ang.* You are a merry man, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Same.*

*Enter* Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

*Sec. Mer.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.
*Ang.* Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.
*Off.* That labour may you save: see where he comes.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit.*
*Ant. E.* A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promisèd your presence and the chain;

But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.
*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.
*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
*Ang.* Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself?
*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
*Ang.* Well, Sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
*Ant. E.* An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
*Ant. E.* Good lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
*Sec. Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, Sir, despatch.
*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me: the chain—
*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
*Ang.* Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send by me some token.
*Ant. E.* Fie! now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
*Sec. Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good Sir, say whe'r you'll answer me, or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?
*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.
*Ant. E.* I owe you none till I receive the chain.
*Ang.* You know I gave it you half an hour since.
*Ant. E.* You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
*Ang.* You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it:

Consider how it stands upon my credit.
*Sec. Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
*Off.* I do;—and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
*Ang.* This touches me in reputation.—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
*Off.* I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.
*Ant. E.* I do obey thee till I give thee bail.—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear,
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
*Ang.* Sir, Sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for naught at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
*Ant. E.* How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
*Dro. S.* You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone.—
On, officer, to prison till it come.
[*Exeunt* Sec. Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, *and* ANT. E.

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale, or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
*Luc.* First he denied you had in him no right.
*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.
*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.
*Adr.* And what said he?
*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
*Adr.* Didst speak him fair?
*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.
*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformèd, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
*Luc.* Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
*Adr.* Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Here, go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*Dro. S.* By running fast.
*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.
*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?
*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.
*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me at whose suit.
*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption,—the money in his desk?
*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—[*Exit* LUCIANA.] This I wonder at:
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?
*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing,—
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?
*Adr.* What, the chain?
*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.
*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.
*Dro. S.* O yes; if any hour meet a serjeant, 'a turns back for very fear.
*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!
*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Re-enter* LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Master, here 's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

*Ant. S.* What, thou meanest an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

*Ant. S.* Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition puts forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a* Courtezan.

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.

I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me;" that's as much as to say, "God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid thee, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, Sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*Dro. S.* "Fly pride," says the peacock: mistress, that you know.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and an* Officer.

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.—

*Enter* DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's-end.*

How now, Sir! have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

*Off.* Good Sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed

home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Ant. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* PINCH.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I cònjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressèd soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

*Adr.* O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home;
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

*Ant. E.* Din'd at home!—Thou villain, what say'st thou?

*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

*Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

*Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

*Dro. E.* In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*Adr.* Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

*Pinch.* It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
*Dro. E.* Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.
*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
*Adr.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
*Luc.* And I am witness with her that she did.
*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
*Adr.* Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.
*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.
*Adr.* O bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
*Pinch.* More company!—the fiend is strong within him.
*Luc.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

*Enter three or four, who help* PINCH *to bind* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
*Off.* Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
*Pinch.* Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
*Off.* He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
*Adr.* I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.—
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

*Ant. E.* O most unhappy strumpet!

*Dro. E.* Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master;
Cry, the devil!

*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*Adr.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* PINCH *and assistants with* ANT. E. *and* DRO. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

*Adr.* I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?

*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.

*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

*Cour.* Whenas your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, *and* DROMIO of Syracuse, *with their rapiers drawn.*

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*Adr.* And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

*Off.* Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and* Officer.

*Ant. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Before an Abbey.*

*Enter* Second Merchant *and* ANGELO.

*Ang.* I am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Sec. Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Sec. Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Ang.* 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

*Ant. S.* I think I had; I never did deny it.

*Sec. Mer.* Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

*Sec. Mer.* These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*Sec. Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and others.*

*Adr.* Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.—
Some get within him; take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S. *into the Abbey.*

*Enter the* Lady Abbess.

*Abb.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
*Sec. Mer.* I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?
*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?—
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.
*Adr.* Why, so I did.
*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.
*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.
*Abb.* Haply, in private.
*Adr.* And in assemblies too.
*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.
*Adr.* It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
*Abb.* And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,—

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*Abb.* No; not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

*Abb.* Neither: he took this place for sanctuary;
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in essaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness; for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order:
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*Sec Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
*Ang.* Upon what cause?
*Sec. Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,—
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,—
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
*Ang.* See where they come: we will behold his death.
*Luc.* Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter* Duke *attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursuèd them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
*Duke.* Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.—
I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.
*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.
*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you. [*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
*Duke.* Come, stand by me; fear nothing.—Guard with halberds!
*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke! O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
*Æge.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio!
*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,

Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
*Duke.* A grievous fault.—Say, woman, didst thou so?
*Adr.* No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal!
*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth.
*Ang.* O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advisèd what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Sec. Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

*Cour.* He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.—
[*Exit an* Attendant.
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*Æge.* Is not your name, Sir, called Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir;
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
*Æge.* I am sure you both of you remember me.
*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, Sir?
*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.
*Æge.* O, grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
*Ant. E.* Neither.
*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?
*Dro. E.* No, trust me, Sir, nor I.
*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.
*Dro. E.* Ay, Sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
*Æge.* Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grainèd face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.
*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Re-enter* Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to see them.*

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, Sir, am Dromio: command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, Sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholus', these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea;—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.—
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

*Ant. S.* No, Sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?
*Ant. E.* No; I say nay to that.
*Ant. S.* And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
*Ang.* That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
*Ant. S.* I think it be, Sir; I deny it not.
*Ant. E.* And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.
*Ang.* I think I did, Sir; I deny it not.
*Adr.* I sent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
*Dro. E.* No, none by me.
*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see, we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these Errors all arose.
*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.
*Duke.* It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
*Ant. E.* There take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
*Abb.* Renownèd duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes;—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathizèd one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er delivered.—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me:
After so long grief such nativity!
*Duke.* With all my heart; I 'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtezan, Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and* Attendants.
*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
*Dro. S.* Your goods that lay at host, Sir, in the Centaur.
*Ant. S.* He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* ANT. E. ADR. *and* LUC.

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, Sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question; how shall we try it?

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then, thus:—
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
Don JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of* Florence.
BENEDICK, *a young Gentleman of* Padua.
LEONATO, *Governor of* Messina.
ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *attendant on* Don PEDRO.
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *followers of* Don JOHN.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *two foolish City-Officers.*
Friar FRANCIS.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, *daughter to* LEONATO.
BEATRICE, *niece to* LEONATO.
MARGARET, URSULA, } *Gentlewomen attending on* HERO.

Messengers, Watchmen, Attendants, &c.

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SCENE,—MESSINA.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*Grounds adjoining* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *with a Messenger.*

*Leon.* I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Mess.* He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, Sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. —Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No; an he were, I would burn my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God

help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*D. Pedro.* Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, Sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turn-coat.—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest, I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man,

but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter Don* PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With whom?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is;—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with

love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign,— "Here you may see Benedick the married man."

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it,—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any farther, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [*Exit.*

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was 't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I 'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

*Leon.* How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter Don* JOHN *and* CONRADE.

*Con.* What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merrry, and claw no man in his humour.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only.—Who comes here? [*Enter* BORACHIO.] What news, Borachio?

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

*Leon.* Was not count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then, half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she 's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns?

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here 's no place for you maids:" so, deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* [*To* HERO.] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make court'sy, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another court'sy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I 'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero:—wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother: make good room!

*Enter Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

*Hero.* So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

*Hero.* Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*

*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words: the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the waggling of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales."—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure, you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me!

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance; then, exeunt all but Don* JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

*D. John.* Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

*D. John.* Are not you signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so:—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Re-enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like a usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha! it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter Don* PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree,

either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being over-joy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your singing, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her. She told me,—not thinking I had been myself,—that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it,—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools.—I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? Sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count,—civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and, his good-will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned: I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite

of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter Don* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

*D. John.* It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me, Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent;—

and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Boy!

*Enter a* Boy.

*Boy.* Signior?

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, Sir.

*Bene.* I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well; another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.—Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

*Enter Don* PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO, *followed by* BALTHAZAR *and* Musicians.

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro.* [*Aside to* CLAUD.] See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud.* [*Aside to D.* PEDRO.] O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear, he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,—
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing! [*Music.*

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *sings.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha? no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* [*To* CLAUDIO.] Yea, marry.—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and* Musicians.] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay:—[*Aside to* PEDRO.] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aloud.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be, she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* 'Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* [*Aside to them.*] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—[*To* CLAUDIO.]—you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* [*Aside to them.*] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries,—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

*Leon.* She doth indeed: my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you?

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper man.

*D. Pedro.* He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear farther of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* [*Aside to them.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

*D. Pedro.* [*Aside to* LEONATO.] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

*Bene.* [*Advancing from the arbour.*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud.—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me: by my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly,—for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit

broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Beat.* Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me,"—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her: say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleachèd bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.
[*Exit.*

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

*Enter* BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couchèd in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.
*Urs.* But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
*Hero.* So says the prince, and my new-trothèd lord.
*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
*Hero.* O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.
*Urs.* Sure, I think so ;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward : if fair-fac'd,
She 'd swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
If silent, why, a block movèd with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out ;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
*Hero.* No ; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit !
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
*Urs.* Yet, tell her of it : hear what she will say.
*Hero.* No ; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I 'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong !
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.
*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,—
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy : signior Benedick,

For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

*Hero.* Why, every day to-morrow. Come, go in:
I 'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* [*Aside.*] She 's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

*Hero.* [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

*Beat.* [*Advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I 'll bring you thither, my lord, if you 'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I: methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant! there 's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love. If he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the tooth-ache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour, or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this, played

their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter Don* JOHN.

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you: yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* [*To* CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

*D. John.* You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage,—surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who, Hero?

*D. John.* Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal!

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES, *with the* Watch.

*Dogb.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dogb.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dogb.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, Sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

*Dogb.* You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:—you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that

your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, Sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge.—You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

*Dogb.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dogb.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dogb.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

*Enter* BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

*Bora.* What, Conrade!

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry,—where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

*Con.* All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so, neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she

leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

*Con.* Masters, masters,—

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

*Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant you.—Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [*Exit.*

*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a

thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours,—cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy!

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—"a husband:" an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in—"the heavier for a husband?" None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Hero.* Good-morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap us into—"Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Yea, "Light o' love," with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready.—By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

*Marg.* Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*Another Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, *with* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dogb.* Marry, Sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

*Dogb.* Marry, this it is, Sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, Sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dogb.* Goodman Verges, Sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

*Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me, ha?

*Dogb.* Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dogb.* A good old man, Sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God 's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, Sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike;—alas, good neighbour!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dogb.* Gifts that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dogb.* One word, Sir: our watch, Sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

*Dogb.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I 'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* Messenger.

*Dogb.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dogb.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 's that shall drive some of them to a *non com:* only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, *Friar* FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

*Leon.* Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer,—none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

*Bene.* How now! Interjections? Why then, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrainèd soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato; take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?
*Claud.* Not to be married;
Not to knit my soul to an approvèd wanton.
*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—
*Claud.* I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You 'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.
*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
*Claud.* Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
*Claud.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?
*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
*Leon.* Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.
*Hero.* True! O God!
*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
*Leon.* All this is so; but what of this, my lord?
*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
*Hero.* O, God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.
*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grievèd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

*D. John.* Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO *swoons.*

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, *and* CLAUDIO.

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think:—help, uncle!—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—Friar!

*Leon.* O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero!

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea, wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirchèd thus and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!
*Bene.* Sir, Sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.
*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
*Beat.* No, truly, not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.
*Friar.* Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?
*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
*Hero.* They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O, my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
*Friar.* There is some strange misprision in the princes.
*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.
*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
*Friar.* Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter, here, the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument

Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this do?
*Friar.* Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse;—that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours.—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accusèd her,—
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.
*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.
*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,

The smallest twine may lead me.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt Friar* FRANCIS, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do anything for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here:—there is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We 'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O that I were a man! —What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes and counties. Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough! I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Is our whole dissembly appeared?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

*Sexton.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dogb.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that 's certain: we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sexton.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dogb.* Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dogb.* Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

*Con., Bora.* Yea, Sir, we hope.

*Dogb.* Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! —Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, Sir, we say we are none.

*Dogb.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, Sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you, we are none.

*Dogb.* Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

*Sexton.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the eftest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, Sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dogb.* Write down—prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dogb.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sexton.* What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dogb.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Sexton.* What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dogb.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sexton.* What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

*Sexton.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused; in this very manner refused; and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

*Dogb.* Come, let them be opinioned.

*Verg.* Let them be in the hands—

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dogb.* God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Before* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,

Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :—
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard ;
Cry "Sorrow, wag!" and hem, when he should groan ;
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters :— bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man : for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words :
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace ! I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

*Ant.* Here come the prince and Claudio hastily.

*Enter Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord !—well, fare you well, my lord :—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.
*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
*Claud.* Who wrongs him?
*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
*Claud.* Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
*Leon.* Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child:
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,—
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
*Claud.* My villainy!
*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.
*Leon.* My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustyhood.
*Claud.* Away! I will not have to do with you.
*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me!
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
*Leon.* Brother,—
*Ant.* Content yourself. God knows I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

*Leon.* Brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all!

*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—

*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

*Leon.* My lord, my lord!—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No?—
Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside

their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you, choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more. I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," says she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, transhape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee?

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Dogb.* Come, you, Sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now! two of my brother's men bound? Borachio, one?

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dogb.* Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

*D. Pedro.* Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow

fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

*Dogb.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Re-enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, *and the* Sexton.

*Leon.* Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,—
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones,—sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O noble Sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

*Dogb.* Moreover, Sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name, —the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dogb.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dogb.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dogb.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to

health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it!—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Watch.

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on. We 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—LEONATO'S *Garden.*

*Enter* BENEDICK *and* MARGARET, *meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,—it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

*Bene.* And therefore will come. [*Exit* MARGARET.

[*Singing.*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,—why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby,"—an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn,"—a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool,' —a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

*Enter* BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then!

*Beat.* "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me.

*Bene.* "Suffer love,"—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question:—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
[*Appending it; as Epitaph.*
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound; and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good-morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

*Claud.* Good-morrow, masters: each his several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds:
And then to Leonato's we will go.
*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Than this, for whom we rendered up this woe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* LEONATO'S *House.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, *Friar* FRANCIS, *and* HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?
*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt ladies.*
*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
*Friar.* To do what, signior?
*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.
*Leon.* The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's your will?
*Bene.* Your answer, Sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:—
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.
*Friar.* And my help.—
Here come the prince and Claudio.

*Enter Don* PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *with* Attendants.

*D. Pedro.* Good-morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good-morrow, prince; good-morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.
*Leon.* Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
*D. Pedro.* Good-morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
*Claud.* I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—
Tush! fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
*Bene.* Bull Jove, Sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
*Claud.* For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

*Re-enter* ANTONIO, *with the ladies masked.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.
*Claud.* Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.
*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy friar:
I am your husband, if you like of me.
*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
*Claud.* Another Hero!
*Hero.* Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify:
Whenafter that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
*Beat.* [*Unmasking.*] I answer to that name. What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why, no; no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceivèd; for they swore you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no; no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me.

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter.—Then, you do not love me?

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

*Claud.* And I 'll be sworn upon 't that he loves her;
For here 's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here 's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

*Bene.* A miracle! here 's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace! I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

*Bene.* I 'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends.—Let 's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We 'll have dancing afterward.

*Bene.* First, of my word; therefore play, music!—Prince, thou art

sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armèd men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow: I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers! [*Dance. Exeunt.*

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the* King.
DUMAIN,

BOYET,
MERCADE, } *Lords, attending on the* Princess of France.

Don ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*
Sir NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*
HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*
DULL, *a Constable.*
COSTARD, *a Clown.*
MOTH, *page to* ARMADO.
A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,
MARIA, } *Ladies, attending on the* Princess.
KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords *and others, attendants on the* King *and* Princess.

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SCENE,—NAVARRE.

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

*Long.* I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.
*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term,—
Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,—
The which I hope is not enrolléd there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day),—
Which I hope well is not enrolléd there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,—
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these,
*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
*Biron.* By yea and nay, Sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.
*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
*Biron.* Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixèd star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know naught but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
*King.* How well he 's read, to reason against reading!
*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.
*Biron.* The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.
*Dum.* How follows that?
*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.
*Dum.* In reason nothing.
*Biron.* Something, then, in rhyme.
*King.* Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
*King.* Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu!

*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper,—let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

*Biron.* [*Reads.*] "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,"—Hath this been proclaim'd?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] "On pain of losing her tongue."—Who devised this penalty?

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility! [*Reads.*] "Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admirèd princess hither.

*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

*King.* We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions are to others, as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refinèd traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter* DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?

*Biron.* This, fellow: what wouldst?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arm— Arm— commends you. There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear, or forbear laughing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, Sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, Sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, Sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, Sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, Sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, Sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,"—

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "So it is,—"

*Cost.* It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* —be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

*King.* No words!

*Cost.* —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place, where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "—that unlettered small-knowing soul,"—

*Cost.* Me.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "—that shallow vassal,"—

*Cost.* Still me.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "—which, as I remember, hight Costard,"—

*Cost.* O, me.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O, with —but with this I passion to say wherewith,"—

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

*Dull.* Me, an 't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.

*King.* [*Reads.*] "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, Sir: I was taken with a damosel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

*Cost.* This was no damosel neither, Sir: she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, Sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, Sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt* King, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, Sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park. Before* ARMADO'S *House.*

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, Sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

*Moth.* No, no; O lord! Sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, Sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What, that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I an answered, Sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary,—crosses love not him.

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, Sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning,—it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gamester, Sir.

*Arm.* I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, Sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To prove you a cypher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised court'sy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage,—for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too:—who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, Sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, Sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, Sir, for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

*Moth.* [*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter* DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

*Jaq.* Man.

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That 's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?

*Arm.* I love thee.

*Jaq.* So I heard you say.

*Arm.* And so farewell.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta; away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, Sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away!

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, Sir: I will fast, being loose.

*Moth.* No, Sir; that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

*Moth.* What shall some see?

*Cost.* Nay nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

*Arm.* I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted,—and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced,—and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A part of the Park, with a Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the* Princess of France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider whom the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain,—a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praisé of mine.
But now to task the tasker:—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—

[*Exit* BOYET.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.
*Prin.* Know you the man?
*Mar.* I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge, and solèmnizèd
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,—
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,—
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
*Mar.* They say so most that most his humours know.
*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.
*Ros.* Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor,)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That agèd ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravishèd;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnishèd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

1 *Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* BOYET.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,—
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*

*Enter* King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and* Attendants.

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*Prin.* "Fair," I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.

*King.* Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an oath.

*Prin.* Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

*King* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. [*Gives a paper.*

*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know you did.

*Ros.* How needless was it, then,
To ask the question!

*Biron.* You must not be so quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with such questions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
*Biron.* What time o' day?
*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.
*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!
*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!
*Biron.* And send you many lovers!
*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.
*Biron.* Nay, then I will be gone.
*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursèd by my father in his wars.
But say that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valu'd to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth;
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain, so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
*King.* I do protest, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.
*Prin.* We arrest your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers

Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me so.

*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without, you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* King *and his train.*

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool sick?

*Biron.* Sick at the heart.

*Ros.* Alack! let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My physic says, ay.

*Biron.* Will you prick 't with your eye?

*Ros.* *No point*, with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living! [*Retiring.*

*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving.

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light. I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, Sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good Sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Faulconbridge.
*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
*Boyet.* Not unlike, Sir; that may be. [*Exit* LONG.
*Biron.* [*Coming forward.*] What's her name, in the cap?
*Boyet.* Rosaline, by good hap.
*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?
*Boyet.* To her will, Sir, or so.
*Biron.* You are welcome, Sir: adieu.
*Boyet.* Farewell to me, Sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* BIRON.—*Ladies unmask.*
*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.
*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.
*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.
*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry!
*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?
*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*
*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.
*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?
*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.
*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
*Boyet.* If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
*Prin.* With what?
*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
*Prin.* Your reason?
*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd!
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

*Prin.* Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd.

*Boyet.* But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What, then, do you see?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. Before* ARMADO'S *House.*

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*Arm.* Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* [*Singing.*] *Concolinel*—

*Arm.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note and sing a note,—sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love,—sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly's doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are comple-

ments, these are humours; these betray nice wenches,—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note,—men?) that most are affected to these.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—but O,—

*Moth.* —the hobby-horse is forgot.

*Arm.* Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live;—and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more,—and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathised; a horse to be embassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, Sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short: away!

*Moth.* As swift as lead, Sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, Sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump, then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!—
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:—
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.—
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter* MOTH *with* COSTARD.

*Moth.* A wonder, master! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in them all, Sir: O, Sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*; no salve, Sir, but a plantain!

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen: the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling, —O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see,—a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that *l'envoy*:
I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances:—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:—[*Giving a letter.*] bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta. [*Giving money.*] There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.—Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!—

[*Exit* MOTH.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings,—remuneration.—"What's the price of this inkle?"—"A penny."—"No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter* BIRON.

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribband may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be wi' you.

*Biron.* O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, Sir?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, Sir: fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knowest not what it is.

*Cost.* I shall know, Sir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.

*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave,

It is but this:—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. [*Gives him money.*] There's thy guerdon; go.

*Cost.* Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon!—I will do it, Sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

*Biron.* O,—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors: (O my little heart!)
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter the* Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
*Boyet.* I know not; but I think it was not he.
*Prin.* Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
*Prin.* What, what? first praise me, and again say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
*For.* Yes, madam, fair.
*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, [*Giving him money.*] take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
*Prin.* See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes,—
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
*Prin.* Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.
*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

*Enter* COSTARD.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
*Prin.* The thickest, and the tallest.
*Cost.* The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
*Prin.* What's your will, Sir? what's your will?
*Cost.* I have a letter from monsieur Biron to one lady Rosaline.
*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.
*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [*Reads.*] "By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: Why did he come? to see: Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar: What saw he? the beggar: Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's,—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for

tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey:
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?
*Boyet.* I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style.
*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.
*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his book-mates.
*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?
*Cost.* I told you; my lord.
*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?
*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.
*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady?
*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.
*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.—
Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.
[*Exeunt* Princess *and Train.*
*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?
*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.
*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
*Ros.* Well then, I am the shooter.
*Boyet.* And who is your deer?
*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!
*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

*Ros.*

"Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man."

*Boyet.*

"An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can."

[*Exeunt* ROS. *and* KATH.

*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that mark! a mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

*Cost.* She 's too hard for you at pricks, Sir: challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armatho o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
[*Shouting within.*] Sola, sola! [*Exit running.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

*Nath.* Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, Sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via,* in way, of explication; *facere,* as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare,* to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I said the deer was not a *haud credo;* 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in
us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene,* say I; being of an old father's mind,—
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

*Dull.* You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that 's not five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;
And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

*Nath.* *Perge,* good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores: O sore l!
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more l.

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* [*Aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol. Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master person.

*Hol.* Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master parson, [*Giving a letter to* NATH.] be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

*Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat,* —and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

*—Venegia, Venegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, Sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—[*Sees the writing in the letter.*] What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, Sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *lege, domine.*
*Nath.* [*Reads.*]

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder,—
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!"

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. [*Takes the letter.*] Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider.—But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Nath.* Ay, Sir; from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript:—[*Reads.*] "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:—[*Reads.*] "Your ladyship's, in all desired employment, BIRON."—Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl. [*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a

grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

*Nath.* And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*To* DULL.] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter* BIRON, *with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, Sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in.—Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Gets up into a tree.*

*Enter the* King *with a paper.*

*King.* Ah me!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!—

*King.* [*Reads.*]

"So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell."

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.
Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*
[*Aside.*] What, Longaville! and reading? listen, ear.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

*Enter* LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

*Long.* Ah me! I am forsworn.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

*King.* [*Aside.*] In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort,—not by two that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:—
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.

*Long.* This same shall go.—
[*Reads.*]

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,—
'Gainst whom the world can not hold argument,—
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?"

*Biron.* [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

[illegible] I send this?—Company! stay.
[*Steps aside.*

[illegible] hid, all hid,—an old infant play.
[illegible] sit I in the sky,
[illegible] secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
[illegible] the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

*Enter* DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

[illegible] ransform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!
[illegible] most divine Kate!
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] O most profane coxcomb!
*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] By earth, she is not: corporal, there you lie.
*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.
*Dum.* As fair as day.
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
*Dum.* O that I had my wish!
*Long.* [*Aside.*] And I had mine!
*King.* [*Aside.*] And I mine too, good lord!
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?
*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
*Brow.* [*Aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
*Dum.* [*Reads.*]

"On a day,—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;—

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee,—
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain,
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* [*Advancing.*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

*King.* [*Advancing.*] Come, Sir, you blush: as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathèd arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart!
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[*To* LONG.] You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* DUMAIN.] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringèd, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
[*Descends from the tree.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformèd to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engagèd in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men, like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

*King.* Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

*Biron.* I post from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA, *with letter, and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God bless the king!

*King.* What present hast thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treason.

*King.* What makes treason here?

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, Sir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our person misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
*King.* Biron, read it over.— [BIRON *takes letter from* JAQ.
Where hadst thou it?
*Jaq.* Of Costard.
*King.* Where hadst thou it?
*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[BIRON *tears the letter.*
*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
*Dum.* [*Picking up the pieces.*] It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
*Biron.* [*To* COSTARD.] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
*King.* What?
*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess:
He, he, and you,—and you my liege,—and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
*Dum.* Now the number is even.
*Biron.* True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?
*King.* Hence, Sirs; away!
*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt* COSTARD *and* JAQUENETTA.
*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
*Biron.* My eyes are, then, no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,—
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine.
*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspèct;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
*Long.* And since her time are colliers counted bright.
*King.* And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, Sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
*Long.* Look, here's thy love: [*Showing his shoe.*] my foot and her face see.
*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
*Dum.* O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.
*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?
*Biron.* O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
*King.* Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury.
*Biron.* O, 'tis more than need.—
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms!
Consider what you first did swear unto,—
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,—
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,—
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learnèd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immurèd in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye,—
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then, fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,—
And who can sever love from charity?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

*King.* And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron. Allons! allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*Hol. Satis quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, Sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy, I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

*Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te:* his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical,

and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth me of insanie; *ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

*Nath. Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

*Hol. Bone!—bone*, for *bene:* Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve.

*Nath. Videsne quis venit?*

*Hol. Video, et gaudeo.*

*Enter* ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

*Arm.* [*To* MOTH.] Chirrah!

*Hol. Quare* Chirrah, not sirrah?

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encountered.

*Hol.* Most military Sir, salutation.

*Moth.* [*Aside to* COSTARD.] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

*Cost.* [*Aside to* MOTH.] O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:* thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

*Moth.* [*Aside to* COSTARD.] Peace! the peal begins.

*Arm.* [*To* HOL.] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

*Hol.* B, a, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

*Hol. Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them,—a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The sheep; the other two concludes it,—o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit, snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

*Moth.* Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous Sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled; choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, Sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—for what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio,—but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world,—but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in

the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules,—

*Arm.* Pardon, Sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, Sir.

*Hol.* *Allons!* we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull!—to our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Park. Before the* Princess' *Pavilion.*

*Enter the* Princess, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing else along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head wax;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.
*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.
*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.
*Kath.* You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.
*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
*Kath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.
*Ros.* Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
*Kath.* You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.
*Ros.* Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.
*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.—
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
*Ros.* I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
*Prin.* Any thing like?
*Ros.* Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.
*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
*Ros.* 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
*Kath.* A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!
*Prin.* But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
*Kath.* Madam, this glove.
*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?
*Kath.* Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,—

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

*Mar.* This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my 'hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Enter* BOYET.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armèd in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear,—
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
With that, all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd "*Via!* we will do't, come what will come;"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress,—which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours, too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on, then ; wear the favours most in sight.
*Kath.* But in this changing what is your intent?
*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
*Prin.* No, to the death, we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.
*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part,
*Prin.* Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds : be mask'd ; the maskers come.
[*The ladies mask.*

*Enter the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked ;* MOTH, Musicians, *and* Attendants.

*Moth.* "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"—
*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
*Moth.* "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!"
*Biron.* "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."
*Moth.* "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out—"
*Boyet.* True ; "out," indeed.
*Moth.* "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold"—
*Biron.* "Once to behold," rogue.
*Moth.* "Once to behold with your sun-beamèd eyes,
—with your sun-beamèd eyes"—
*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet ;
You were best call it "daughter-beamèd eyes."
*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

[*Exit* MOTH.

*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* What would they, say they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

*Boyet.* They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

*Ros.* It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure, then, of one is easily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

*Boyet.* She hears herself.

*Ros.* How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without account.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Blessèd are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our measure but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.

*Ros.* Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon.—

[*Music plays.*

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she 's chang'd.
*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.
*King.* But your legs should do it.
*Ros.* Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
*King.* Why take we hands, then?
*Ros.* Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.
*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.
*King.* Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
*Ros.* Your absence only.
*King.* That can never be.
*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
*King.* If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
*Ros.* In private, then.
*King.* I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar,—there are three.
*Biron.* Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey,—well run, dice!—
There 's half a dozen sweets.
*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog, I 'll play no more with you.
*Biron.* One word in secret.
*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.
*Biron.* Thou griev'st my gall.
*Prin.* Gall! bitter.
*Biron.* Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
*Mar.* Name it.
*Dum.* Fair lady,—
*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
*Dum.* Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu. [*They converse apart.*
*Kath.* What, was your visor made without a tongue?
*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
*Kath.* O for your reason! quickly, Sir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman:—is not veal a calf?
*Long.* A calf, fair lady!
*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.
*Long.* Let's part the word.
*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.
*Kath.* Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converse apart.*
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,—
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.
*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.—
[*Exeunt* King, Lords, Musicians, *and* Attendants.
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
*Ros.* Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
*Ros.* O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all suit.
*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
*No point*, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.
*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.
*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!
*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.
*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
*Prin.* Will they return?
*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
*Boyet.* Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you 'll be advis'd,
Let 's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* Princess, ROS., KATH., *and* MARIA.

*Re-enter the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair Sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
*Boyet.* Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?
*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve,—
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalès bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Biron.* See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*Re-enter the* Princess, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and* Attendants.

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam! Russians?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
*Ros.* Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
*Biron.* This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye,—
*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.
*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
*Ros.* All the fool mine?
*Biron.* I cannot give you less.
*Ros.* Which of the visors was it that you wore?
*Biron.* Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
*Ros.* There, then, that visor; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
*King.* We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
*Dum.* Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
*Ros.* Help! hold his brows! he 'll swoon!—Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical;—these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la!
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
*Ros.* Sans "sans," I pray you.
*Biron.* Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—
Write, "Lord have mercy on us" on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
*Biron.* Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
*Biron.* Peace! for I will not have to do with you
*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
*Biron.* Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.
*Prin.* The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but even now, disguis'd?
*King.* Madam, I was.
*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?
*King.* I was, fair madam.
*Prin.* When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.
*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
*King.* Upon mine honour, no.
*Prin.* Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
*Prin.* I will: and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear

As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, Sir, again.
*King.* My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
*Prin.* Pardon me, Sir, this jewel did she wear:
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on 't:—here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn,—in will and error.
Much upon this it is:—[*To* BOYET.] and might not you
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, Sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
*Boyet.* Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace, I have done.

*Enter* COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
*Cost.* O Lord, Sir, they would know

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, Sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not so, Sir; under correction, Sir, I hope, it is not so.
You cannot beg us, Sir, I can assure you, Sir; we know what we know:
I hope, Sir, three times thrice, Sir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

*Cost.* Under correction, Sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord! Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord! Sir, the parties themselves, the actors, Sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man,—Pompion the great, Sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, Sir, we will take some care.

[*Exit.*

*King.* Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say, they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how,
Where zeal strives to content, and the content
Lies in the zeal of those which it present:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter* ARMADO.

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses with the* King, *and delivers a paper to him.*

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God his making.

*Arm.* That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too too vain; too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There are five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceived; 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter* COSTARD *armed, for Pompey.*

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,—"

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am,—"

*Boyet.* With libbard's head on knee.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—"

*Dum.* "The great."

*Cost.* It is "great," Sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in, "great."

*Biron.* My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter Sir* NATHANIEL *armed, for Alexander.*

*Nath.* "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander,—"

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;—"

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* [*To* NATH.] O Sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis, —a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Enter* HOLOFERNES *armed, for Judas; and* MOTH *armed, for Hercules.*

*Hol.* "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canis;*
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus.*
*Quoniam,* he seemeth in minority,
*Ergo,* I come with this apology."—
Keep some state in thy *exit,* and vanish.— [MOTH *retires.*

*Hol.* "Judas I am,"—

*Dum.* A Judas!

*Hol.* Not Iscariot, Sir.—
"Judas I am, yclepèd Maccabeus."

*Dum.* Judas Maccabeus clipt is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved Judas?

*Hol.* "Judas I am,"—

*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, Sir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.

*Hol.* Begin, Sir; you are my elder.

*Biron.* Well follow'd: Judas was hanged on an elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.

*Hol.* What is this?

*Boyet.* A cittern head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.
*Dum.* The carved bone face on a flask.
*Biron.* St George's half cheek in a brooch.
*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.—
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.
*Biron.* False: we have given thee faces.
*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.
*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.—
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.
*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—Jud-as, away.
*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
*Boyet.* A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.
*Prin.* Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter* ARMADO *armed, for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
*King.* Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
*Boyet.* But is this Hector?
*King.* I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
*Long.* His calf is too big for Hector.
*Dum.* More calf, certain.
*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.
*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.
*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
*Arm.* "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—"
*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.
*Biron.* A lemon.
*Long.* Stuck with cloves.
*Dum.* No, cloven.
*Arm.* Peace!—
"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—"

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. [*To the* Princess.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. [BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potenates?

Thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies!

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me: I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason had you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

*Enter* MERCADE.

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrup'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life!

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears but a humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme part of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
*Prin.* I understand you not: my griefs are dull.
*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposèd end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.
*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the embassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.
*Long.* So did our looks.
*Ros.* We did not quote them so.
*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning-house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever, then, my heart is in thy breast.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*Ros.* You must be purgèd too, your sins are rank:
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Kath.* Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

*Long.* What says Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.
*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,—
Without the which I am not be won,—
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death!
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
*Biron.* A twelvemonth! well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.
*Prin.* [*To the* King.] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
*King.* No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*King.* Come, Sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Re-enter* ARMADO.

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

*King.* Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Re-enter* HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

*Spring.* When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

*Winter.* When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl.
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
EGEUS, *Father to* HERMIA.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } *in love with* HERMIA.
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to* THESEUS.
QUINCE, *a Carpenter.*
SNUG, *a Joiner.*
BOTTOM, *a Weaver.*
FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *a Tinker.*
STARVELING, *a Tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to* THESEUS.
HERMIA, *in love with* LYSANDER.
HELENA, *in love with* DEMETRIUS.

OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK, *or* Robin-Goodfellow.
PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } *Fairies.*

PYRAMUS, THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, LION, } *Characters in the Interlude performed by the "rude mechanicals."*

*Other Fairies attending their Queen and King.*

Attendants *on* THESEUS *and* HIPPOLYTA.

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SCENE,—ATHENS; *and a Wood near it.*

# MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—ATHENS. *A Room in the Palace of* THESEUS.

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

*The.* Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Hip.* Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

*The.* Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,—
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter* EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, *and* DEMETRIUS.

*Ege.* Happy be Theseus, our renownèd duke!

*The.* Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

*Ege.* Full of vexation come I, with complaint

Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n th' impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats (messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth):
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—and, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,—
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

*Her.* So is Lysander.

*The.* In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

*The.* Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

*Her.* I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessèd they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*The.* Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship,—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

*Dem.* Relent, sweet Hermia:—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.

*Lys.* You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

*Ege.* Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,—
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
*The.* I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
*Ege.* With duty and desire we follow you.
[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. *and trai.*
*Lys.* How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
*Her.* Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.
*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood,—
*Her.* O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!
*Lys.* Or else misgraffèd in respect of years,—
*Her.* O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
*Lys.* Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—
*Her.* O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
*Lys.* Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
*Her.* If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.
*Lys.* A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revènue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
*Her.* My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
*Lys.* Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

*Enter* HELENA.

*Her.* God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
*Hel.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I 'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
*Hel.* O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
*Her.* I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection move!
*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.
*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.
*Her.* His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.
*Hel.* None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
*Her.* Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!
*Lys.* Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.
*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
*Lys.* I will, my Hermia.—[*Exit.* HERM.] Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*
*Hel.* How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she:
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know, what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A Room in* QUINCE'S *House.*

*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.

*Bot.* First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

*Quin.* Marry, our play is — The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

*Bot.* A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

*Quin.* Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;

And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein;—a lover is more condoling.

*Quin.* Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

*Flu.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You must take Thisby on you.

*Flu.* What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

*Quin.* It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

*Flu.* Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

*Quin.* That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

*Bot.* An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—"Thisne, Thisne"—"Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

*Quin.* No, no; you must play Pyramus:—and, Flute, you Thisby.

*Bot.* Well, proceed.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, the tailor.

*Star.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

*Snout.* Here, Peter Quince.

*Quin.* You, Pyramus's father;—myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

*Quin.* You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

*Quin.* An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

*All.* That would hang us, every mother's son.

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentlemanlike man: therefore, you must needs play Pyramus.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light; there will we rehearse,—for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

*Bot.* We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

*Quin.* At the duke's oak we meet.

*Bot.* Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Wood near* ATHENS.

*Enter a* Fairy *and* PUCK, *from opposite sides.*

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But, room, Fairy! here comes Oberon.

*Fai.* And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

## SCENE II.—*The Same.*

*Enter* OBERON *from one side, with his train; and* TITANIA *from the other, with hers.*

*Obe.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

*Tita.* What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

*Obe.* Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

*Tita.* Then, I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

*Obe.* How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravishèd?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

*Tita.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavèd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachèd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,

distinguishable:
their winter here;
or carol blest:—
governess of floods,
dishes all the air,
noises do abound:
distemperature we see
hoary-headed frosts
of the crimson rose;
's chin, and icy crown,
let of sweet summer buds
set. The spring, the summer,
autumn, angry winter, change
liveries; and the 'mazèd world,
crease, now knows not which is which:
ne progeny of evils comes
ate, from our dissension;
parents and original.
you amend it, then: it lies in you:
Titania cross her Oberon?
a little changeling boy,
henchman.
Set your heart at rest:
and buys not the child of me.
was a votaress of my order:
spicèd Indian air, by night,
hath she gossip'd by my side;
with me on Neptune's yellow sands.
th' embarkèd traders on the flood;
have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
she, with pretty and with swimming gait
(her womb then rich with my young squire)
mitate, and sail upon the land,
me trifles, and return again,
a voyage, rich with merchandize.
, being mortal, of that boy did die;
her sake I do rear up her boy;
her sake I will not part with him.
How long within this wood intend you stay?
Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
will patiently dance in our round,
our moonlight revels, go with us;
shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

*Obe.* Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
*Tita.* Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exit* TITANIA, *with her train.*
*Obe.* Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
*Puck.* I remember.
*Obe.* That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*
*Obe.* Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,

(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

*Hel.* You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

*Dem.* Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

*Hel.* And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

*Dem.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

*Hel.* And I am sick when I look not on you.

*Dem.* You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

*Hel.* Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

*Dem.* I 'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd,—
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger,—bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies!
*Dem.* I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt* DEM. *and* HEL.
*Obe.* Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

*Re-enter* PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
*Puck.* Ay, there it is.
*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
Where sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I 'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
*Puck.* Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter* TITANIA, *with her train.*

*Tita.* Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;—
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* Ye spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

*Chorus.* Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

*Chorus.* Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies.* TITANIA *sleeps.*

*Enter* OBERON.

*Obe.* [*Squeezes the flower on* TITANIA'S *eye-lids.*] What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

*Lys.* Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
*Her.* Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
*Her.* Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie farther off yet; do not lie so near.
*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchainèd with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
*Her.* Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie farther off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,—
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
*Lys.* Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
*Her.* With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*

*Enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despisèd the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground:—

Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy,
[*Squeezes the flower on* LYSANDER'S *eyelids.*
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
*Dem.* I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.
*Hel.* O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
*Dem.* Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessèd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander!—on the ground!
Dead? or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good Sir, awake.
*Lys.* [*Awaking.*] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
*Hel.* Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
*Lys.* Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do,—
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

*Lys.* She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there:
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

*Her.* [*Awaking.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander!—What, remov'd?—Lysander! lord!—
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

# ACT III.

## SCENE I.—*The Wood.* TITANIA *lying asleep.*

*Enter* QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

*Bot.* Are we all met?

*Quin.* Pat, pat; and here 's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our 'tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

*Bot.* Peter Quince,—

*Quin.* What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisby," that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

*Snout.* By'rlakin, a parlous fear.

*Star.* I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

*Bot.* Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

*Quin.* Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

*Bot.* No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

*Star.* I fear it, I promise you.

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, —God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

*Snout.* Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

*Bot.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—"Ladies,—or, fair ladies,—I would wish you,—or, I would request you,—or, I would entreat you, —not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:"—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug, the joiner.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

*Snug.* You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake;—and so every one according to his cue.

*Enter* PUCK *behind.*

*Puck.* What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

*Quin.* Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

*Pyr.* "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,"—

*Quin.* "Odours," "odours."

*Pyr.* —"odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.—
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit.*

*Puck.* [*Aside.*] A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Exit.*

*This.* Must I speak now?

*Quin.* Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

*This.* "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

*Quin.* "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not speak that yet;

that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

*This.* O,—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

*Re-enter* PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

*Pyr.* "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine:"—

*Quin.* O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.—
Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!

[*Exit, with* SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

*Puck.* I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

*Bot.* Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

*Re-enter* SNOUT.

*Snout.* O Bottom! thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

*Bot.* What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you? [*Exit* SNOUT.

*Re-enter* QUINCE.

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

*Bot.* I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill:—

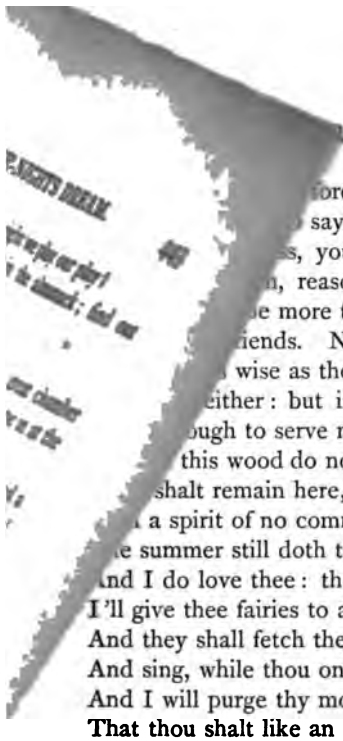
*Tita.* [*Awaking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

*Bot.* [*Sings.*]

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
So is mine eye enthrallèd to thy shape;



orce, perforce doth move me,
say, to swear, I love thee.
s, you should have little reason for that:
, reason and love keep little company to-
e more the pity, that some honest neighbours
iends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.
wise as thou art beautiful.
ither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this
ugh to serve mine own turn.
this wood do not desire to go:
shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
a spirit of no common rate,—
e summer still doth tend upon my state;
nd I do love thee: therefore go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressèd flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

*Enter* PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARD-SEED.

*Peas.* Ready.
*Cob.* And I.
*Moth.* And I.
*Mus.* And I.
*All Four.* Where shall we go?

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*Peas.* Hail, mortal!
*Cob.* Hail!
*Moth.* Hail!
*Mus.* Hail!

*Bot.* I cry your worships' mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

*Cob.* Cobweb.

*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

*Peas.* Peas-blossom.

*Bot.* I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, Sir?

*Mus.* Mustard-seed.

*Bot.* Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef, hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

*Tita.* Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcèd chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

*Enter* OBERON.

*Obe.* I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.—
Here comes my messenger.—[*Enter* PUCK.] How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixèd on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answerèd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,

Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves,—some, hats,—from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*Obe.* This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

*Puck.* I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too,)
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

*Enter* DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

*Obe.* Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

*Puck.* This is the woman; but not this the man.

*Dem.* O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

*Her.* Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I 'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look,—so dead, so grim.

*Dem.* So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

*Her.* What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

*Dem.* I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
*Her.* Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
*Dem.* You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
*Her.* I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.
*Dem.* An if I could, what should I get therefore?
*Her.* A privilege, never to see me more:—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
*Dem.* There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down and sleeps.*
*Obe.* What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.
*Puck.* Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
*Obe.* About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
*Puck.* I go, I go; look how I go,—
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
*Obe.* Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
[*Squeezes the flower on* DEMETRIUS'S *eyelids.*
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

*Re-enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one,—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

*Enter* LYSANDER *and* HELENA.

*Lys.* Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep, and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

*Hel.* You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

*Lys.* I had no judgment when to her I swore.

*Hel.* Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

*Lys.* Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

*Dem.* [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealèd white, high Taurus snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

*Hel.* O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

*Lys.* You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia;—this you know I know:
And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

*Hel.* Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

*Dem.* Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

*Lys.* Helen, it is not so.

*Dem.* Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

*Re-enter* HERMIA.

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

*Lys.* Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

*Her.* What love could press Lysander from my side?

*Lys.* Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,—
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
*Her.* You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
*Hel.* Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
*Her.* I am amazèd at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
*Hel.* Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.
*Her.* I understand not what you mean by this.
*Hel.* Ay, do, persèver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
*Lys.* Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
*Hel.* O excellent!
*Her.* Sweet, do not scorn her so.
*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
*Lys.* Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
*Dem.* I say I love thee more than he can do.
*Lys.* If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
*Dem.* Quick, come!
*Her.* Lysander, whereto tends all this?
*Lys.* Away, you Ethiop!
*Dem.* No, no, Sir:—
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
*Lys.* [*To* HERMIA.] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
*Her.* Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
*Lys.* Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathèd medìcine! O hated potion, hence!
*Her.* Do you not jest?
*Hel.* Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
*Lys.* Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
*Dem.* I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
*Lys.* What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

*Her.* What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?
*Lys.* Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
*Her.* O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
*Hel.* Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
*Her.* Puppet! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
*Hel.* I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
*Her.* Lower! hark, again.
*Hel.* Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him;

But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

*Her.* Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

*Her.* What, with Lysander?

*Hel.* With Demetrius.

*Lys.* Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

*Dem.* No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

*Hel.* O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

*Her.* Little again! nothing but low and little!—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

*Lys.* Get you gone, you dwarf!
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn!

*Dem.* You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

*Lys.* Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,—
Or thine or mine,—is most in Helena.

*Dem.* Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt* LYS. *and* DEM.

*Her.* You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back.

*Hel.* I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*

*Obe.* This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

*Puck.* Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

*Obe.* Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmèd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

*Puck.* My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damnèd spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessèd beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit* OBERON.

*Puck.* Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

*Puck.* Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?

*Lys.* I will be with thee straight.

*Puck.* Follow me, then,
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

*Re-enter* DEMETRIUS.

*Dem.* Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

*Puck.* Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.

*Dem.* Yea, art thou there?

*Puck.* Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* LYSANDER.

*Lys.* He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*] Come, thou gentle day!
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

*Re-enter* PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

*Puck.* Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

*Dem.* Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

*Puck.* Come hither: I am here.

*Dem.* Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Re-enter* HELENA.

*Hel.* O weary night! O long and tedious night!
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Puck.* Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Re-enter* HERMIA.

*Her.* Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Puck.* On the ground sleep sound:
I 'll apply to your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the herb on* LYSANDER'S *eyelids.*
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Naught shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well. [*Exit.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

*Enter* TITANIA *and* BOTTOM; LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *still lying asleep.* PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, *and other Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bot.* Where's Peas-blossom?

*Peas.* Ready.

*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?

*Cob.* Ready.

*Bot.* Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Must.* Ready.

*Bot.* Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Must.* What's your will?

*Bot.* Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*Tita.* What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Tita.* Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

*Bot.* Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

*Tita.* I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bot.* I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.—

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.— [*Exeunt Fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist: the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee, how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

*Enter* PUCK.

*Obe.* [*Advancing.*] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me; and her fairies sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
[*Touching her eyes with a herb.*
Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessèd power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
*Tita.* My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
*Obe.* There lies your love.
*Tita.* How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

*Obe.* Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
*Tita.* Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.
[*Still music.*
*Puck.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
*Obe.* Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
*Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
*Obe.* Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
*Tita.* Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
[*Exeunt. Horns sound within.*

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

*The.* Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds:
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.— [*Exit an* Attendant.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?
*Ege.* My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
*The.* No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
*Ege.* It is, my lord.
*The.* Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[*Exit an* Attendant. *Horns, and shout within.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *awake and start up.*
Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
*Lys.* Pardon, my lord.
[*He and the rest kneel.*
*The.* I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
*Lys.* My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law—
*Ege.* Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,

You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
*Dem.* My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.
*The.* Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We 'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and trai*

*Dem.* These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turnèd into clouds.
*Her.* Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.
*Hel.* So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.
*Dem.* Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
*Her.* Yea; and my father.
*Hel.* And Hippolyta.
*Lys.* And he did bid us follow to the temple.

*Dem.* Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.
[*Exeunt* LYS. DEM. HER. *and* HEL.

*Bot.* [*Awaking.*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: —my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling!—God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—ATHENS. *A Room in* QUINCE'S *House.*

*Enter* QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

*Quin.* Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

*Star.* He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

*Flu.* If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

*Flu.* No, he hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in Athens.

*Quin.* Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

*Flu.* You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

*Enter* SNUG.

*Snug.* Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

*Flu.* O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day in Pyramus, or nothing.

*Enter* BOTTOM.

*Bot.* Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

*Quin.* Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

*Bot.* Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

*Quin.* Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

*Bot.* Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away!

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—ATHENS. *An Apartment in the Palace of* THESEUS.

*Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Hip.* 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*The.* More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:—
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy,
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

*Hip.* But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

*The.* Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

*Enter* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA.

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

*Lys.* More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

*The.* Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

*Philost.* Here, mighty Theseus.

*The.* Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

*Philost.* There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[*Giving a paper.*

*The.* [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."—
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.—
[*Reads.*] "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."—
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.—
[*Reads.*] "The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."—
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.—
[*Reads.*] "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."—
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!

That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

*The.* What are they that do play it?

*Philost.* Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

*The.* And we will hear it.

*Philost.* No, my noble lord;
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

*The.* I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in:—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

*The.* Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

*Hip.* He says they can do nothing in this kind.

*The.* The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposèd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

*Enter* PHILOSTRATE.

*Philost.* So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

*The.* Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter* Prologue.

*Prol.* "If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good-will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider, then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know."

*The.* This fellow doth not stand upon points.

*Lys.* He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

*Hip.* Indeed, he hath played on his prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb show.*

*Prol.* "Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, *and* Moonshine.

*The.* I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

*Dem.* No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many asses do.

*Wall.* "In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

*The.* Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

*Enter* PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet, and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne!

[Wall *holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

*The.* The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

*Pyr.* No, in truth, Sir, he should not. "Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.—Yonder she comes.

*Enter* THISBE.

*This.* "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

*Pyr.* "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.—
Thisby!"

*This.* "My love! thou art my love, I think."

*Pyr.* "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still."

*This.* "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

*Pyr.* "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

*This.* "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

*Pyr.* "O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!"

*This.* "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

*Pyr.* "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

*This.* "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay."

[*Exeunt* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE.

*Wall.* "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go." [*Exit.*

*The.* Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

*Dem.* No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

*Hip.* This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

*The.* The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

*Hip.* It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

*The.* If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.—Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

*Enter* Lion *and* Moonshine.

*Lion.* "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life."

*The.* A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

*Dem.* The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present;"—

*Dem.* He should have worn the horns on his head.

*The.* He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

*Moon.* "This lantern doth the horned moon present;
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

*The.* This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

*Dem.* He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

*Hip.* I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

*The.* It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

*Lys.* Proceed, moon.

*Moon.* All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

*Dem.* Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

*Enter* THISBE.

*This.* "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

*Lion.* [*Roaring.*] "Oh—." [THISBE *runs off.*

*Dem.* Well roared, lion.

*The.* Well run, Thisbe.

*Hip.* Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [*The* Lion *tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

*The.* Well moused, lion.

*Dem.* And then came Pyramus.

*Lys.* And so the lion vanished.

*Enter* PYRAMUS.

*Pyr.* "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

But stay,—O spite!—
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

*The.* This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

*Hip.* Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

*Pyr.* "O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus,—
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:— [*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight! [*Exit* Moonshine.
Now die, die, die, die, die." [*Dies.*

*Dem.* No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

*Lys.* Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*Hip.* How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

*The.* She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

*Re-enter* THISBE.

*Hip.* Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

*Dem.* A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe,

is the better; he for a man, God warrant us,—she for a woman, God bless us.

*Lys.* She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

*Dem.* And thus she moans, *videlicet*:—

*This.* "Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O, sisters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*
And farewell, friends,—
Thus Thisby ends,—
Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

*The.* Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

*Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

*Bot.* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their father. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter* PUCK.

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*Enter* OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their train.*

*Obe.* Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

*Tita.* First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place. [*Song and dance.*

*Obe.* Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despisèd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace:
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
'Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITANIA, *and train.*

*Puck.* If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearnèd luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE,
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *Suitors to* PORTIA.
PRINCE OF ARRAGON,
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of* Venice.
BASSANIO, *his kinsman and friend.*
GRATIANO,
SOLANIO, } *Friends to* ANTONIO *and* BASSANIO.
SALARINO,
LORENZO, *in love with* JESSICA.
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a Clown, servant to* SHYLOCK, *afterwards to* BASSANIO.
Old GOBBO, *Father to* LAUNCELOT.
LEONARDO, *Servant to* BASSANIO.
BALTHAZAR, } *Servants to* PORTIA.
STEPHANO,

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to* SHYLOCK.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, *and other* Attendants.

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SCENE,—*Partly at* VENICE, *and partly at* BELMONT, *the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—VENICE. *A Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That court'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Solan.* Believe me, Sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

*Salar.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let 's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspèct,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Solan.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.

*Salar.* I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

*Salar.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

*Lor.* My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
*Ant.* Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.
*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO.
*Ant.* Is that any thing now?
*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.
*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?
*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.
*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.
*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do:
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the

mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then is there the county Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these:—God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he!—why, he hath horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frown than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a thro sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shad

should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a spunge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Ner.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.

*Por.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Ner.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—[*Enter a* Servant.] How now! what news?

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince his master, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—VENICE. *A public Place.*

*Enter* BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, Sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats:—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your pro-

phet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Bass.* This is signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Curs'd be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To* ANTONIO.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—[*To* BASSANIO.] Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months:—[*To* BASS.] you told me so.
[*To* ANT.] Well then, your bond; and let me see,—But hear you;
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was

(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor;—ay, he was the third,—
*Ant.* And what of him? did he take interest?
*Shy.* No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly, interest:—mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turnèd to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
*Ant.* This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.
*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
*Shy.* Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have monies:"—you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies,
And you'll not hear me: this is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show.—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months,—that's a month before

This bond expires,—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
*Shy.* O father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.—
Give him direction for this merry bond;
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.
*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.
*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and his train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other* Attendants.

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime

Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renownèd prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men!

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—VENICE. *A Street.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

*Laun.* Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this

Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "*Via!*" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to,—he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

*Enter* Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young master Launcelot?—[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No master, Sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.

*Laun.* But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

*Laun. Ergo*, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop?—[*To him.*] Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long,—a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, Sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let 's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

*Laun.* It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am

famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter* BASSANIO, *with* LEONARDO, *and other followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy: wouldst thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, Sir,—as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, Sir, as one would say, to serve—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,—

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both.—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, Sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, Sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee,—if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, Sir: you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire

My lodging out.—[*To his followers.*] Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, [*Looking on his palm;*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune! Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives! alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man! and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed,—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and* Old GOBBO.

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, Sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio,—

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—VENICE. *A Room in* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

*Enter* JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;—
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.— [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,—
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—VENICE. *A Street.*

*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, *and* SOLANIO.

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

*Solan.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.—

*Enter* LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Giving the letter.*
*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.
*Laun.* By your leave, Sir.
*Lor.* Whither goest thou?
*Laun.* Marry, Sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.
*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately;
Go.—[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]—Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this mask to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
*Solan.* And so will I.
*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
*Salan.* 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt* SALAR. *and* SOLAN.
*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—VENICE. *Before* SHYLOCK'S *House.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK *and* LAUNCELOT.

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter* JESSICA.

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house.—I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, Sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conspired together,—I will not say you shall see a mask; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What! are there masks?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, Sir.—[*Low, to* JESSICA.] Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUN.

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find,—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.—*The Same.*

*Enter* GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *masked.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

*Salar.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasèd than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfèd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embracèd by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

*Salar.* Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

*Enter* JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

*Jes.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.
*Jes.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed,—
For whom love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit:
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformèd to a boy.
*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
*Jes.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.
*Lor.* So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.
*Jes.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*
*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.
*Lor.* Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

*Enter* JESSICA *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Who's there?
*Gra.* Signior Antonio?
*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.

No mask to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
*Gra.* I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter* PORTIA, *with the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and their trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.
*Mor.* The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,—
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"
The second, silver, which this promise carries,—
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."—
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.
*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
I will survey th' inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give,—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves!—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that 's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?—

Let 's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that 's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she 's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamp'd in gold,—but that 's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there.
Then I am yours. [*He opens the golden case.*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I 'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] "All that glisters is not gold,—
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."
Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost!—
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Cornet*

*Por.* A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains: go.—
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VIII.—VENICE. *A Street.*

*Enter* SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

*Salar.* Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
*Solan.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
*Solan.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealèd bag, two sealèd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
*Salar.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
*Solan.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
*Solan.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so,—

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

*Solan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracèd heaviness
With some delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

*Enter* NERISSA, *with a* Servant.

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the* PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, *and their trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:—
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire!—that many may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:"
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. [*He opens the silver casket.*

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposèd natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

[*Reads*] "The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss:
Such have but a shadow's bliss;
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.

Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped."
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. [*Exit with his train.*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here: what would my lord?

*Mess.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,—
To wit, (besides commends, and courteous breath,)
Gifts of rich value: yet I have not seen
So likely an embassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—VENICE. *A Street.*

*Enter* SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

*Solan.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Salar.* Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath

ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, Report, be an honest woman of her word.

*Solan.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*Salar.* Come, the full stop.

*Solan.* Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Salar.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.

*Solan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, —for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Salar.* That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Solan.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damned for it.

*Salar.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Solan.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Salar.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish.—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart:—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a mil-

lion; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Solan.* Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SOLAN. SALAR. *and* Servant.

*Enter* TUBAL.

*Shy.* How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them! —Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it:—I'll plague him; I'll torture him:—I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and* Attendants.

*Por.* I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while.
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!

And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcèd do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

[*Curtain drawn from before the caskets.*

*Por.* Away, then. I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crownèd monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With blearèd visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Music, and this* SONG, *whilst* BASSANIO *comments on the caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
*All.* Ding, dong, bell.

*Bass.* So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispèd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,—
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

*Bass.* [*Opening the leaden casket.*] What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive. [*Kissing her.*
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt

Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead!

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

*Gra.* My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.
*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.
*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For wooing here, until I swet again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.
*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?
*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.
*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
*Gra.* We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
*Ner.* What, and stake down?
*Gra.* No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SOLANIO.

*Bass.* Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.
*Por.* So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.
*Lor.* I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

*Solan.* I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*
*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
*Solan.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [BASSANIO *reads the letter.*
*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.—
Your hand, Solanio: what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
*Solan.* I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
*Bass.* O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Solan.* Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jes.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me, three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more!
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [*Reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone!

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—VENICE. *A Street.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, *and* Gaoler,

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him:—tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:—
Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*

*Salar.* It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

*Salar.* I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice: if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt,—and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—BELMONT. *A Room in* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow

To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

*Jes.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,

Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,—
I could not do withal;—then I 'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell;
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school
About a twelvemonth: I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

*Ner.* Why, shall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exe*

## SCENE V.—BELMONT. PORTIA'S *Garden.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

*Laun.* Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are t laid upon the children: therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the ter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are dam There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and th but a kind of bastard hope neither.

*Jes.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*Laun.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you —that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*Jes.* That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins c mother should be visited upon me.

*Laun.* Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Chary your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

*Jes.* I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Chri

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for m

*Jes.* I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he c

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thr my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, Sir; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, Sir; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover, then, Sir?

*Laun.* Not so, Sir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, Sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jes.* Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio lead an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
*Lor.* Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
*Jes.* Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.
*Lor.* I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.
*Jes.* Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.
*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
*Jes.* Well, I 'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—VENICE. *A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the* DUKE; *the* Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?
*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.
*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
*Ant.* I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdùrate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
*Solan.* He 's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bag-pipe,—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?
*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.
*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.
*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer,—shall I have it?
*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
*Salar.* My lord, here stays without

A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.
*Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter* NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
*Ner.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter.*
*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.
*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?
*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.
*Duke.* With all my heart.—Some three or four of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] "Your grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter* PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informèd throughly of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
[*To* ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do you not?

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
*Por.* Why then, thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!
*Por.* For, the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
*Shy.* Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
*Shy.* I have them ready.
*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?
*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?
*Ant.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[*Aloud.*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!

*Por.* Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;—
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
*Shy.* I take this offer, then;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
*Bass.* Here is the money.
*Por.* Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a poumd of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.
*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.
*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?
*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
*Shy.* Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
*Por.* Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
*Gra.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
*Por.* Ay, for the state,—not for Antonio.
*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.
*Duke.* He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.
*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
*Shy.* I am content.
*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.
*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two god-fathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHYLOCK.

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
*Por.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.—
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Magnificoes, *and train.*
*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
*Bass.* Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you farther:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,—
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
*Bass.* This ring, good Sir,—alas, it is a trifle!
I will not shame myself to give you this.
*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
*Bass.* There 's more depends on this, than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
*Por.* I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
*Bass.* Good Sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—VENICE. *A Street.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Por.* Enquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it: we 'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully;
And so, I pray you, tell him: farthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*Aside to* PORTIA.] I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

*Por.* Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good Sir, will you show me to this house?
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—BELMONT. *The Avenue to* PORTIA'S *Mansion.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

*Lor.* The moon shines bright:—in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
*Jes.* In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
*Lor.* In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
*Jes.* In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
*Lor.* In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
*Jes.* In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
*Lor.* In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
*Jes.* I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter* STEPHANO.

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
*Steph.* A friend.
*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.
*Steph.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about

By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT.

*Laun.* Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see master Lorenzo and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man:—here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter:—why should we go in?—
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.— [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter* Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!
*Ner.* It is your music, madam, of the house.
*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*
*Lor.* That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.
*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
*Por.* Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*
*Lor.* Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
*Por.* This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter* BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend;
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.
*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
*Gra.* [*To* NERISSA.] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was

For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."
*Ner.* What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death:
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.
*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbèd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:
I could not for my heart deny it him.
*Por.* You were to blame,—I must be plain with you,—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
*Bass.* [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.
*Gra.* My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.
*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it,—it is gone.
*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
*Bass.* Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
*Bass.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.
*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
*Gra.* Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
*Ant.* I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.
*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
*Por.* Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
*Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
*Ant.* Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
*Bass.* By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!
*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbèd boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?
*Por.* Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome:
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancèd on this letter.
*Ant.* I am dumb.
*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
*Gra.* Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
*Ner.* Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.
*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
*Por.* How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvèd people.
*Por.* It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
*Gra.* Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *Senior, living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *his Brother, usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *Lords, attending upon the exiled* DUKE.
LE BEAU, *a Courtier, attending upon* FREDERICK.
CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *Servants to* OLIVER.
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with* AUDREY.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the exiled* DUKE.
CELIA, *daughter to* FREDERICK.
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords, Pages, Foresters, *and* Attendants.

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SCENE,—*First, near* OLIVER'S *House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of* ARDEN.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*An Orchard near* OLIVER'S *House.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Now, Sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, Sir?

*Orl.* Marry, Sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, Sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, Sir?

*Orl.* O, Sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, Sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, Sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no farther offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Hola, Dennis!

*Enter* DENNIS.

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter* CHARLES.

*Cha.* Good-morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, Sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, Sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, Sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, Sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the

stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion: I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee,—and almost with tears I speak it,—there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles.—[*Exit* CHARLES.] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of: and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in

affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Cel.* No; when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?—Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE.

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear

by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.—[*Enter* LE BEAU.] *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport! Of what colour?

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

*Ros.* Thou losest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

*Ros.* With bills on their necks,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents,"—

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter Duke* FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young Sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent

ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, Sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.*] What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED., *train, and* LE BEAU.

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.
*Cel.* Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.
*Ros.* Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?
*Cel.* Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
*Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, Sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
*Cel.* Will you go, coz?
*Ros.* Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*Re-enter* LE BEAU.

*Le Beau.* Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.
*Orl.* I thank you, Sir: and, pray you, tell me this,—
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [*Exit* LE BEAU.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

*Duke F.* Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;

It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke* FREDERICK *and* Lords.

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle
In the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The Forest of* ARDEN.

*Enter* DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, *and other* Lords, *in the dress of Foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;

"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company:" anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;

And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Before* OLIVER'S *House.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM, *meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master?—O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service swet for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we 'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*The Forest of* ARDEN.

*Enter* ROSALIND *dressed like a youth,* CELIA *like a shepherdess, and* TOUCHSTONE.

*Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I can go no farther.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter* CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I

took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,
Till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond' man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Hola, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he 's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, Sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say.—
Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle Sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair Sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do now shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

SONG.

*Ami.*

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you them stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request, than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

[*All together here.*]

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see,
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that "ducdame?"

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no farther: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end; I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but ift hou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Forest. The same as Scene V.*

*A Table set out. Enter* DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, Lords, *and others.*

*Duke S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Enter* JAQUES.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, Sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool!—Motley 's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.
*Jaq.* It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossèd sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.
*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.
*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?
*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet I am inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answerèd.
*Jaq.* An you will not be answerèd with reason,
I must die.
*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.
*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
*Orl.* Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
*Duke S.* Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
*Orl.* I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*
*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play in.
*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter* ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need:—
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, &c.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Duke* FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, *and* Attendants.

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, Sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Forest of* ARDEN.

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crownèd queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and

fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope,—

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country, is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep: and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear: owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter* ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

*Ros.* [*Reads.*]

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind."

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter* CELIA, *reading a paper.*

*Ros.* Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Cel.* [*Reads.*]

"Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave."

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

*Cel.* How now! back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:—I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who?

*Cel.* O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both, in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? —What did he, when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me?

Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt tho see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word to great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to thes particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it wit good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth suc fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes th ground.

*Cel.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseason ably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest m out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I mus speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[ROSALIND *and* CELIA retir

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as h have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion' sake, I thank you too f your society.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in th barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was ch tened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit* JAQUES. ROSALIND *and* CELIA *come forward.*

*Ros.* [*Aside to* CELIA.] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, Sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not

the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacki burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no b of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as soi foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religio uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inla man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal: they were all like one anoth as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fel fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our y plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon thorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the na Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taug how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am su are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye, and s —which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,—which yo

not; a beard neglected,—which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man,—you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] A material fool!

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of

them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.—Here comes Sir Oliver.—

*Enter Sir* OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good master What-ye-call 't: how do you, Sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, Sir:—nay, pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, Sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.—
Farewell, good master Oliver:—not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:—

but,— Wend away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*A part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he was.

*Cel.* "Was" is not "is:" besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Mistress, and master, you have oft enquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness:—[*To* SILVIUS.] and

she 'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—[*To* PHEBE.] Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill-will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe,—

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I 'll employ thee too:
But do not look for farther recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black:
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The Forest of* ARDEN.

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter* ORLANDO.

*Orl.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. —[*Exit* JAQUES.] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail!

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando,"—

*Cel.* Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts,—they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wilt?"

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so, —come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit* ORLANDO.

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* JAQUES *and* Lords.

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, Sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?
And here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain,
He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—
To sleep. Look, who comes here?

*Enter* SILVIUS.

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.
*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.
*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.
*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.
*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?
*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
*Ros.* She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
[*Reads.*]

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?
*Sil.* Call you this railing?
*Ros.* [*Reads.*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"—

Did you ever hear such railing?—
[*Reads.*]

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning me a beast.—
[*Reads.*]

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!

He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die."

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her: —that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin:—Are you he?

*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But to Orlando:—did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel.* Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?—

*Oli.* By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,

Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place ;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* [ROSALIND *swoons.*] Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth :—you a man? You lack
A man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited : I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit : there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do : but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler : pray you, draw homewards. —Good Sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him :—will you go? [*Exeunt.*

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—*The Forest of* ARDEN.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter* WILLIAM.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, Sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, Sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, Sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, Sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, Sir, so so.

*Touch.* So so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, Sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying,—"The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, Sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, Sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, Sir?

*Touch.* He, Sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come away, away!

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:

You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obedience;
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* [*To* ROSALIND.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Sil.* [*To* PHEBE.] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Whom do you speak to,—"why blame you me to love you?"

*Orl.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—[*To* SILVIUS.] I will help you, if I can:—[*To* PHEBE.] I would love you, if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—[*To* PHEBE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—[*To* ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—[*To* SILVIUS.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—[*To* ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind, meet:—[*To* SILVIUS.] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two* Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crownèd with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceived, Sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices!—Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter* ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* [*To* PHEBE.] You say, you 'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* [*To* SILVIUS.] You say, that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscurèd in the circle of this forest.

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, Sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, Sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—a poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, Sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, Sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, Sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed: bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, Sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck quarrelsome: and so to the Lie circumstantial, and the Lie direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no farther than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck

quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Still music. Enter* Hymen, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

*Ros.* [*To* DUKE *S.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.—
[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

*Ros.* [*To* DUKE *S.*] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.] You and you no cross shall part:—
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.] You and you are heart in heart:—
[*To* PHEBE.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
*Phe.* [*To* SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter* JAQUES DE BOIS.

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returnèd fortune,

According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
[*To* DUKE *S.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it:—
[*To* ORLANDO.] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
[*To* OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies:—
[*To* SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:—
[*To* TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

## EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them,) that between you

and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make court'sy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

# TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord,
CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a Tinker*,
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, *and* Servants, } *Persons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich Gentleman of* Padua.
VINCENTIO, *an old Gentleman of* Pisa.
LUCENTIO, *son to* VINCENTIO; *in love with* BIANCA.
PETRUCHIO, *a Gentleman of* Verona; *suitor to* KATHARINA.
GREMIO, } *suitors to* BIANCA.
HORTENSIO, }
TRANIO, } *servants to* LUCENTIO.
BIONDELLO, }
GRUMIO, } *servants to* PETRUCHIO.
CURTIS, }
Pedant.

KATHARINA, *the Shrew*, } *daughters to* BAPTISTA.
BIANCA, }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, *and* Servants *attending on* BAPTISTA *and* PETRUCHIO.

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SCENE,—*Sometimes in* PADUA; *and sometimes in* PETRUCHIO'S *House in the Country.*

# TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## INDUCTION.

### SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

*Enter* Hostess *and* SLY.

*Sly.* I 'll pheese you, in faith.

*Host.* A pair of stocks, you rogue!

*Sly.* Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: *Sessa!*

*Host.* You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

*Sly.* No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy,—
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Host.* I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough.
[*Exit.*

*Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law: I 'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.
[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

*Wind Horns. Enter a* Lord *from hunting, with* Huntsmen *and* Servants.

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Trash Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

*Lord.* [*Sees* SLY.] What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!—
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,—
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

*Lord.* Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distillèd waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle Sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
*Lord.* Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.—
[SLY *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:— [*Exit* Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

*Re-enter* Servant.

How now! who is it?
*Serv.* An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.
*Lord.* Bid them come near.

*Enter* Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
*Players.* We thank your honour.
*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.
*Lord.* With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
*Lord.* 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, Sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.
*Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servants *and* Players.
[*To a* Servant.] Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplishèd:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then,—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemèd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit* Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the* Lord's *House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and appurtenances, others with wine and sweetmeats.* Enter Lord, *dressed like a servant.*

*Sly.* For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

*Sly.* I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give

me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet,—nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

*Lord.* Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infusèd with so foul a spirit!

*Sly.* What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteenpence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

*Lord.* Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth!
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing: [*Music.*
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,

And how she was beguilèd and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
*Lord.* Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
*Sly.* Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours; and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants *present a ewer, bason, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
*Sly.* These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
*Sly.* Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
3 *Serv.* Why, Sir, you know no house, nor no such maid:
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.
*Sly.* Now, Lord be thankèd for my good amends!

*All.* Amen.

*Sly.* I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the* Page, *as a lady, with* Attendants.

*Page.* How fares my noble lord?

*Sly.* Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

*Page.* Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her?

*Sly.* Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

*Page.* My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

*Sly.* I know it well.—What must I call her?

*Lord.* Madam.

*Sly.* Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

*Lord.* Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

*Sly.* Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

*Page.* Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

*Sly.* 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

*Page.* Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

*Sly.* Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*Sly.* Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

*Page.* No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

*Sly.* What, household stuff?
*Page.* It is a kind of history.
*Sly.* Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.
[*They sit down.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—PADUA. *A public Place.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

*Luc.* Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
*Tra.* *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's ethics,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

*Luc.* Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

*Tra.* Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter* BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

*Bap.* Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

*Gre.* To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

*Kath.* [*To* BAP.] I pray you, Sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

*Hor.* Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

*Kath.* I' faith, Sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!

*Tra.* Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour, and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

*Tra.* Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
*Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
*Kath.* A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.
*Bian.* Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.
*Luc.* Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.
*Hor.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good-will effects
Bianca's grief.
*Gre.* Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
*Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca:— [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up:
And so, farewell.—Katharina, you may stay:
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*
*Kath.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave, ha? [*Exit.*

*Gre.* You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.—Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

*Hor.* So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

*re.* What's that, I pray?
*or.* Marry, Sir, to get a husband for her sister.
*re.* A husband! a devil.
*or.* I say, a husband.
*re.* I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father ery rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?
*or.* Hush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to ire her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the d, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, money enough.
*re.* I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this con- n,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.
*or.* 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to sband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't sh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs st gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?
*re.* I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in ua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

*ra.* [*Advancing.*] I pray, Sir, tell me,—is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
*uc.* O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
*ra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so,—
*Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.*
*uc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
*ra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
*uc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
*Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
*Tra.* Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, Sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.
*Luc.* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
*Tra.* Ay, marry, am I, Sir; and now 'tis plotted.
*Luc.* I have it, Tranio.
*Tra.* Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
*Luc.* Tell me thine first.
*Tra.* You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
*Luc.* It is: may it be done?
*Tra.* Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
*Luc. Basta;* content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house:
Nor can we be distinguish'd, by our faces,
For man, or master: then, it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should;
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*Tra.* So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting,—
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.—[*Enter* BIONDELLO.] Sirrah, where have you been?

*Bion.* Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

*Luc.* Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

*Bion.* I, Sir! ne'er a whit.

*Luc.* And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Bion.* The better for him: 'would I were so too!

*Tra.* So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

*Luc.* Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute,—
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. [*Exeunt.*

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1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

*Sly.* Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

*Page.* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Sly.* 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done!

## SCENE II.—PADUA. *Before* HORTENSIO'S *House.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

*Pet.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

*Gru.* Knock, Sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

*Gru.* Knock you here, Sir! why, Sir, what am I, Sir, that I should knock you here, Sir?

*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

*Pet.* Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.
[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Pet.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter* HORTENSIO.

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter!—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
*Con tutto il core ben trovato,* may I say.

*Hor.* *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*—
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

*Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, Sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, Sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, Sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

*Pet.* A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

*Gru.* Knock at the gate!—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?" And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

*Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Hor.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me,—were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*Gru.* Nay, look you, Sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

*Hor.* Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Pet.* Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Hor.* Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Pet.* I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gru.* I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: she may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, Sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, Sir.

*Hor.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more,
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

*Gru.* Katherine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

*Hor.* Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Gru.* Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!—

*Enter* GREMIO; *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

*Hor.* Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

*Gru.* A proper stripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

*Gre.* O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, Sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess:—take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

*Luc.* Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, Sir.

*Gre.* O this learning! what a thing it is!

*Gru.* O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

*Pet.* Peace, Sirrah!

*Hor.* Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward.*] God save you, signior Gremio!

*Gre.* And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
*Gre.* Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.
*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.
*Hor.* Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me; and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
*Gre.* So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
*Pet.* I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
*Pet.* Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.
*Gre.* O Sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
*Pet.* Will I live?
*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitchèd battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.
*Gru.* For he fears none.
*Gre.* Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

*Hor.* I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
*Gre.* And so we will,—provided that he win her.
*Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter* TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
*Bion.* He that has the two fair daughters:—[*To* TRANIO.] is 't
he you mean?
*Tra.* Even he, Biondello.
*Gre.* Hark you, Sir; you mean not her to—
*Tra.* Perhaps him and her, Sir; what have you to do?
*Pet.* Not her that chides, Sir, at any hand, I pray.
*Tra.* I love no chiders, Sir.—Biondello, let 's away.
*Luc.* [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.
*Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?
*Tra.* An if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
*Gre.* No; if without more words you will get you hence.
*Tra.* Why, Sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
*Gre.* But so is not she.
*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?
*Gre.* For this reason, if you 'll know,—
That she 's the choice love of signior Gremio.
*Hor.* That she 's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
*Gre.* What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!
*Luc.* Sir, give him head: I know he 'll prove a jade.
*Pet.* Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
*Tra.* No, Sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
*Pet.* Sir, Sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
*Tra.* If it be so, Sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
*Hor.* Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.
*Tra.* Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
*Gru. Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.
*Hor.* The motion's good indeed, and be it so:—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—PADUA. *A Room in* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Kath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
*Kath.* Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?
*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
*Kath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
*Bian.* Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
*Kath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA.

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
*Kath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.
*Bap.* What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.
*Kath.* What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
*Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter* GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

*Gre.* Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
*Bap.* Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!
*Pet.* And you, good Sir. Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
*Bap.* I have a daughter, Sir, call'd Katharina.

*Gre.* You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

*Pet.* You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave.—
[*To* BAP.] I am a gentleman of Verona, Sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

*Bap.* You 're welcome, Sir: and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

*Pet.* I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

*Bap.* Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, Sir? what may I call your name?

*Pet.* Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

*Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

*Gre.* Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

*Pet.* O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

*Gre.* I doubt it not, Sir; but you will curse your wooing.—
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO,] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

*Bap.* A thousand thanks, signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio.—[*To* TRANIO.] But, gentle Sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tra.* Pardon me, Sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

*Bap.* Lucentio is your name,—of whence, I pray?

*Tra.* Of Pisa, Sir; son to Vincentio.

*Bap.* A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, Sir.—
[*To* HOR.] Take you the lute; [*To* LUC.] and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.—
Hola, within!

*Enter a* Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

*Pet.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Bap.* After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

*Pet.* And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

*Bap.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*Bap.* Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter* HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

*Bap.* How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

*Hor.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Bap.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Hor.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

*Bap.* Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

*Hor.* Why no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering:
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them:
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazèd for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Pet.* Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

*Bap.* [*To* HOR.] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfit
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Pet.* I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENS

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter* KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

*Kath.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

*Pet.* You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates,—and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

*Kath.* Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

*Pet.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Kath.* A joint-stool.

*Pet.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

*Kath.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Pet.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Kath.* No such jade as you, if me you mean.

*Pet.* Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

*Kath.* Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

*Pet.* Should be! should buz.

*Kath.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

*Pet.* O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

*Kath.* Ay, for a turtle,—as he takes a buzzard.

*Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

*Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Pet.* My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

*Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
*Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
*Kath.* In his tongue.
*Pet.* Whose tongue?
*Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
*Pet.* What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
*Kath.* That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
*Pet.* I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
*Kath.* So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
*Pet.* A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
*Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?
*Pet.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
*Kath.* No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
*Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
*Kath.* It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
*Pet.* Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
*Kath.* There is, there is.
*Pet.* Then show it me.
*Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.
*Pet.* What, you mean my face?
*Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one.
*Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
*Kath.* Yet you are wither'd.
*Pet.* 'Tis with cares.
*Kath.* I care not.
*Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
*Kath.* I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
*Pet.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
*Kath.* Go, fool; and whom thou keep'st, command.
*Pet.* Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
*Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?
*Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
*Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.
*Pet.* Am I not wise?
*Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.
*Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

*Bap.* Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
*Pet.* How but well, Sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
*Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katherine! in your dumps?
*Kath.* Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
*Pet.* Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
*Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
*Gre.* Hark, Petruchio: she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.
*Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part!
*Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.
*Bap.* I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
*Gre. Tra.* Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
*Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA, *severally*.
*Gre.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
*Bap.* Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
*Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
*Bap.* The gain I seek is quiet in the match.
*Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
*Tra.* And I am one that love Bianco more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
*Gre.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
*Tra.* Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gre.* But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
*Tra.* But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
*Bap.* Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold;
Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
*Tra.* That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?
*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?
*Tra.* Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.
*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.
*Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.
*Bap.* I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
*Tra.* That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.
*Gre.* And may not young men die, as well as old?
*Bap.* Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—on Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
*Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit* BAP.] Now I fear thee
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool [not:
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit*
*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—PADUA. *A Room in* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

*Luc.* Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, Sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;

And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

*Hor.* You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[HORTENSIO *retires.*

*Luc.* That will be never:—tune your instrument.

*Bian.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Here, madam:—

*Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bian.* Construe them.

*Luc.* *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

*Hor.* [*Coming forward.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

*Bian.* Let's hear.— [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. [HOR. *again retires.*

*Bian.* Now let me see if I can construe it:—*Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

*Hor.* [*Again coming forward.*] Madam, 'tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hor.* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
[*Aside.*] Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

*Bian.* In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
*Luc.* Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
*Bian.* I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
*Hor.* [*To* LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave
My lessons make no music in three parts. [awhile:
*Luc.* Are you so formal, Sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
*Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
*Bian.* Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
*Hor.* Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
*Bian.* [*Reads.*]

" *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord,
*A re*, to plead Hortensio's passion,
*B mi*, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
*C fa ut*, that loves with all affection:
*D sol re*, one cliff, two notes have I:
*E la mi*, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
*Bian.* Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant. [Exit.
*Luc.* 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
*Hor.* But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—PADUA. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

*Bap.* [*To* TRANIO.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*Kath.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends invited, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—"Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!"

*Tra.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

*Kath.* Would Katharine had never seen him though!
[*Exit weeping, followed by* BIANCA *and others.*

*Bap.* Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Master, master! old news, and such news as you never heard of!

*Bap.* Is it new and old too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

*Bap.* Is he come?

*Bion.* Why, no, Sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is coming.

*Bap.* When will he be here?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But, say, what to thine old news?

*Bion.* Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and The humour of forty fancies pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

*Bion.* Why, Sir, he comes not.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say, he comes?

*Bion.* Who? that Petruchio came?

*Bap.* Ay, that Petruchio came.

*Bion.* No, Sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

*Bap.* Why, that 's all one.

*Bion.* Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

*Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Bap.* You are welcome, Sir.
*Pet.* And yet I come not well.
*Bap.* And yet you halt not.
*Tra.* Not so well apparell'd,
As I wish you were.
*Pet.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
*Bap.* Why, Sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!
*Tra.* And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
*Pet.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforcèd to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
*Tra.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.
*Pet.* Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.
*Bap.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.
*Pet.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

*Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
*Bap.* I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt* BAP. GRE. *and* BION.

*Tra.* But, Sir, to love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

*Tra.* That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter* GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tra.* And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?

*Gre.* A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

*Tra.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*Gre.* Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns!" quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

*Tra.* What said the wench when he arose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: "A health!" quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm: quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before:—
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and train.*

*Pet.* Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

*Bap.* Is't possible you will away to-night?

*Pet.* I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.—
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

*Tra.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

*Pet.* It may not be.

*Gre.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* It cannot be.

*Kath.* Let me entreat you.

*Pet.* I am content.

*Kath.* Are you content to stay?

*Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

*Kath.* Now, if you love me, stay.

*Pet.* Grumio, my horse!

*Gru.* Ay, Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

*Kath.* Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow; not till I please myself.

The door is open, Sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

*Pet.* O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

*Kath.* I will be angry: what hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

*Gre.* Ay, marry, Sir, now it begins to work.

*Kath.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO.

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches never was the like!

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in* PETRUCHIO'S *Country House.*

*Enter* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Hola, ho! Curtis!

*Enter* CURTIS.

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot: and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

*Gru.* Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching!—

*Gru.* Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* [*Striking him.*] There.

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

*Curt.* Both of one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them court'sy with their left legs: and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.* Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

*Gru.* Why, she hath a face of her own.

*Curt.* Who knows not that?

*Gru.* Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

*Curt.* I call them forth to credit her.

*Gru.* Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter several* Servants.

*Nath.* Welcome home, Grumio!

*Phil.* How now, Grumio?

*Jos.* What, Grumio!

*Nich.* Fellow Grumio!

*Nath.* How now, old lad?

*Gru.* Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

*Nath.* All things is ready. How near is our master?

*Gru.* E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

*Pet.* Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

*All Serv.* Here, here, Sir; here, Sir.

*Pet.* Here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir! here, Sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

*Gru.* Here, Sir; as foolish as I was before.

*Pet.* You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

*Gru.* Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

*Pet.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
[*Sings.*] "Where is the life that late I led"—

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

*Re-enter* Servants, *with supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
[*Sings.*] "It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walkèd on his way:"—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: [*Strikes him.*
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:— [*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

*Enter a* Servant, *with a bason and ewer.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.* PETRUCHIO *strikes him.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

*Kath.* Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

*Pet.* A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
[*Throws the meat, &c. at them.*
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Kath.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

*Nath.* Peter, didst ever see the like?

*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter* CURTIS.

*Gru.* Where is he?

*Curt.* In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* PETRUCHIO.

*Pet.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I 'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I 'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—PADUA. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

*Tra.* Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, Sir, she bears me fair in hand.
*Hor.* Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

*Enter* BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

*Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
*Bian.* What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
*Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
*Bian.* And may you prove, Sir, master of your art!
*Luc.* While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire.*

*Hor.* [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
*Tra.* O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
*Hor.* Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, Sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
*Tra.* Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.
*Hor.* See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
*Tra.* And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
*Hor.* Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

*Tra.* Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

*Tra.* Mistress, we have.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of Licio.

*Tra.* I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God give him joy!

*Tra.* Ay, and he 'll tame her.

*Bian.* He says so, Tranio.

*Tra.* 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

*Bian.* The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

*Tra.* Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I 'm dog-weary! but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

*Tra.* What is he, Biondello?

*Bion.* Master, a mercatantè, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Luc.* And what of him, Tranio?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

*Enter a* Pedant.

*Ped.* God save you, Sir!

*Tra.* And you, Sir: you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

*Ped.* Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
*Ped.* Of Mantua.
*Tra.* Of Mantua, Sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
*Ped.* My life, Sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
*Ped.* Alas, Sir, it is worse for me than so!
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
*Tra.* Well, Sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
*Ped.* Ay, Sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
*Tra.* Among them, know you one Vincentio?
*Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
*Tra.* He is my father, Sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
*Bion.* [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
*Tra.* To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd:—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, Sir:—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, Sir, accept of it.
*Ped.* O Sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you:
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* PETRUCHIO'S *House.*

*Enter* KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

*Gru.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
*Kath.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
*Gru.* What say you to a neat's foot?
*Kath.* 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.
*Gru.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
*Kath.* I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
*Gru.* I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
*Kath.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.
*Gru.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
*Kath.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
*Gru.* Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
*Kath.* Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
*Gru.* Why then, the mustard without the beef.
*Kath.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat; and* HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheer?
*Kath.* 'Faith, as cold as can be.
*Pet.* Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.
*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.
*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
*Kath.* I thank you, Sir.
*Hor.* Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
*Pet.* [*Aside to him.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter* Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—[*Enter* Haberdasher.] What news wit you, Sir?
*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
*Kath.* I 'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
*Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not till then.
*Hor.* [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.
*Kath.* Why, Sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
*Pet.* Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
*Kath.* Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
*Hor.* [*Aside.*] I see, she 's like to have neither cap nor gown.
*Tai.* You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
*Pet.* Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I 'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.
*Kath.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
*Pet.* Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.
*Tai.* She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.
*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, Sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast faced many things.

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:"—

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "With a small compassed cape:"—

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "With a trunk sleeve:"—

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* [*Reads.*] "The sleeves curiously cut."

*Pet.* Ay, there's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, Sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*Tai.* This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

*Gru.* I am for thee straight; take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

*Hor.* God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

*Pet.* Well, Sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

*Gru.* You are i' the right, Sir: 'tis for my mistress.

*Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

*Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

*Pet.* Why, Sir, what 's your conceit in that?

*Gru.* O, Sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

*Pet.* [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

[*To* Tailor.] Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

*Hor.* [*Aside to* Tailor.] Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exeunt* Tailor *and* Haberdasher.

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

*Kath.* I dare assure you, Sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

*Pet.* It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Hor.* Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—PADUA. *Before* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

*Enter* TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* VINCENTIO.

*Tra.* Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call?

*Ped.* Ay, what else? and, but I be deceivèd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

*Tra.* 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*Ped.* I warrant you. But, Sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

*Enter* BIONDELLO.

*Tra.* Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.
*Bion.* Tut! fear not me.
*Tra.* But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
*Bion.* I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.
*Tra.* Thou 'rt a tall fellow: [*Gives money.*] hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—Set your countenance, Sir.—

*Enter* BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
[*To the* Pedant.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
*Ped.* Soft, son!—
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.
*Bap.* Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
*Tra.* I thank you, Sir. Where, then, do you know best,

We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

*Tra.* Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You 're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

*Bap.* It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Luc.* [*Aside.*] I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

*Tra.* [*Aside to* LUC.] Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, Sir; we will better it in Pisa.

*Bap.* I follow you. [*Exeunt* TRANIO, Pedant, *and* BAPTISTA.

*Bion.* Cambio!—

*Luc.* What say'st thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

*Luc.* Biondello, what of that?

*Bion.* 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

*Luc.* I pray thee, moralize them.

*Bion.* Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

*Luc.* And what of him?

*Bion.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

*Luc.* And then?—

*Bion.* The old priest at St Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

*Luc.* And what of all this?

*Bion.* I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm:* to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [*Going.*

*Luc.* Hearest thou, Biondello?

*Bion.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, Sir: and so, adieu, Sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

## SCENE V.—*A public Road.*

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Kath.* The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far.
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so, it shall be so for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft! company is coming here.

*Enter* VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good-morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

*Pet.* Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travell'st: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

*Vin.* Fair Sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

*Pet.* What is his name?

*Vin.* Lucentio, gentle Sir.

*Pet.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vin.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

*Hor.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

*Pet.* Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

*Hor.* Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—PADUA. *Before* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

*Enter on one side* BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

*Bion.* Softly and swiftly, Sir; for the priest is ready.

*Luc.* I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

*Bion.* Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

*Gre.* I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

*Pet.* Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, Sir.

*Vin.* You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

*Gre.* They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

*Enter* Pedant *above, at a window.*

*Ped.* What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

*Vin.* Is signior Lucentio within, Sir?

*Ped.* He's within, Sir; but not to be spoken withal.

*Vin.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

*Ped.* Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

*Pet.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, Sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

*Ped.* Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

*Vin.* Art thou his father?

*Ped.* Ay, Sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

*Pet.* [*To* VINCEN.] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

*Ped.* Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

*Vin.* [*Seeing* BION.] Come hither, crack-hemp.

*Bion.* I hope I may choose, Sir.

*Vin.* Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

*Bion.* Forgot you! no, Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

*Vin.* What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

*Bion.* What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, Sir: see where he looks out of the window.

*Vin.* Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

*Bion.* Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

*Ped.* Help, son! help, signior Baptista! [*Exit from the window.*

*Pet.* Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter* Pedant *below;* BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and* Servants.

*Tra.* Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

*Vin.* What am I, Sir! nay, what are you, Sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

*Tra.* How now! what's the matter?

*Bap.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tra.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, Sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

*Vin.* Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

*Bap.* You mistake, Sir, you mistake, Sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

*Vin.* His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

*Ped.* Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

*Vin.* Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tra.* Call forth an officer.

*Enter one with an* Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Vin.* Carry me to the jail!

*Gre.* Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

*Bap.* Talk not, signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

*Gre.* Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

*Ped.* Swear, if thou darest.

*Gre.* Nay, I dare not swear it.

*Tra.* Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

*Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

*Bap.* Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

*Vin.* Thus strangers may be haled and abused:—O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO, *with* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

*Bion.* O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*Luc.* [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, sweet father.

*Vin.* Lives my sweet son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and* Pedant *run out.*

*Bian.* [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, dear father.

*Bap.* How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

*Luc.* Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

*Gre.* Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

*Vin.* Where is that damnèd villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

*Bap.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Bian.* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

*Luc.* Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrivèd at the last
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Vin.* I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

*Bap.* [*To* LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, Sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

*Vin.* Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [*Exit.*

*Bap.* And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.
[*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIAN.

*Gre.* My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

*Kath.* Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

*Pet.* First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

*Kath.* What, in the midst of the street?

*Pet.* What, art thou ashamed of me?

*Kath.* No, Sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

*Pet.* Why then, let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

*Kath.* Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

*Pet.* Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* LUCENTIO'S *House.*

*A Banquet set out. Enter* BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and others, attending.*

*Luc.* At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*

*Pet.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*Bap.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
*Pet.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
*Hor.* For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
*Pet.* Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
*Wid.* Then never trust me, if I be afeard.
*Pet.* You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.
*Wid.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
*Pet.* Roundly replied.
*Kath.* Mistress, how mean you that?
*Wid.* Thus I conceive by him.
*Pet.* Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
*Hor.* My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
*Pet.* Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.
*Kath.* He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
*Wid.* Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
*Kath.* A very mean meaning.
*Wid.* Right, I mean you.
*Kath.* And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
*Pet.* To her, Kate!
*Hor.* To her, widow!
*Pet.* A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
*Hor.* That's my office.
*Pet.* Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.
*Bap.* How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
*Gre.* Believe me, Sir, they butt together well.
*Bian.* Head and butt! a hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
*Vin.* Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
*Bian.* Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.
*Pet.* Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.
*Bian.* Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all. [*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* Widow.
*Pet.* She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
*Tra.* O Sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

*Pet.* A good swift simile, but something currish.
*Tra.* 'Tis well, Sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
*Bap.* O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
*Luc.* I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
*Hor.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
*Pet.* 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
*Bap.* Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
*Pet.* Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
*Hor.* Content. What is the wager?
*Luc.* Twenty crowns.
*Pet.* Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
*Luc.* A hundred then.
*Hor.* Content.
*Pet.* A match! 'tis done.
*Hor.* Who shall begin?
*Luc.* That will I.—
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
*Bion.* I go. [*Exit.*
*Bap.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
*Luc.* I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
*Bion.* Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
*Pet.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
*Gre.* Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, Sir, your wife send you not a worse.
*Pet.* I hope, better.
*Hor.* Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
*Pet.* O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

*Hor.* I am afraid, Sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Re-enter* BIONDELLO.

Now, where 's my wife?

*Bion.* She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

*Pet.* Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

*Hor.* I know her answer.

*Pet.* What?

*Hor.* She will not.

*Pet.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Bap.* Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

*Re-enter* KATHARINA.

*Kath.* What is your will, Sir, that you send for me?

*Pet.* Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

*Kath.* They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

*Pet.* Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [*Exit* KATHARINA.

*Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

*Pet.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that 's sweet and happy.

*Bap.* Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

*Re-enter* KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

*Wid.* Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

*Bian.* Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
*Luc.* I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.
*Bian.* The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
*Wid.* Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
*Pet.* Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
*Wid.* She shall not.
*Pet.* I say she shall:—and first begin with her.
*Kath.* Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sov'reign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*Pet.* Why, there 's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

*Luc.* Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

*Vin.* 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

*Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

*Pet.* Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, [*To* LUCENTIO.] though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATE

*Hor.* Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

*Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt*

VERBAL AND SENTENTIAL

# GLOSSARY,

*INDEXED.*

# GLOSSARY.

## A

ABATE. To cast down in spirit, Corio. iii. 3; to curtail, Mids. N. iii. 2.

ABATED. Depressed, subdued, Corio. iii. 3.

ABHOR. To reject, Henry VIII. ii. 4.

ABODE. To bode or forebode, 3 Hen. VI. v. 6, Hen. VIII. i. 1.

ABRIDGMENT. A term for a dramatic performance, Mids. N. v. 1. Applied in a similar sense to an actor, Ham. ii. 2.

ABSEY-BOOK. An A B C-book, John i. 1.

ABY. To abide, Mids. N. iii. 2.

ACCITE. To summon, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2 & v. 2.

ACCUSE. For accusation, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

ACKNOWN. Acknowledgly acquainted, Oth. iii. 3.

ACONITUM. Aconite; wolfsbane. A poisonous herb, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

ACROSS. Used upon a failure in attempt at repartee; an allusion to jousting, All's W. ii. 1.

ACTURE. Action, Lovers' Comp. 27.

ADAMANT. The old term for the magnet, Mids. N. ii. 2, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

ADDICTION. Inclination; being given or addicted to, Oth. ii. 2.

ADDITION. Title, or mark of distinction, Tr. Cr. i. 2, Ham. i. 4, Lear ii. 2.

ADDREST. Ready, prepared, Mids. N. v. 1.

ADVICE. Consideration, Two Gen. V ii. 4.

ADVISED. Sometimes used for cautious, circumspect, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4. At others, used for aware, informed, conscious of, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 1. Mrs Quickly says—"A.e you *avised* o' that?" in the same sense, Merr. Wives i. 4.

AFFECTION. Affectation, Love's L. L. v. 1.

AFFECTION. Used for constitutional inclination, tendency; involuntary sympathy or antipathy, Mer. Ven. iv. 1.

AFFECTIONED. Affected, Tw. N. ii. 3.

AFFECTS. Affections, passions, Oth. i 3, Rich. II. i. 4. [In some editions "effects."]

AFFEER'D. Confirmed, substantiated, Macb. iv. 3.

AFFIN'D. Joined by affinity, bound, Tr. Cr. i. 3, Oth. i. 1 & ii. 3, Ham. iv. 1.

AFFRONT. To confront; meet face to face, Win. T. v. 1, Cymb. v. 3, Ham. iii. 1. "Affronted," Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

AFFY. To betroth; trust, or confide in, 2 Hen. VI. iv. i, Tit. And. i. 1.

AGATE. Used in allusion to a small person; referring to the figures cut upon agates for rings, Much Ado iii. 1, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

AGLET-BABY. A point for fastening dress, from Fr. *Aiguillette*, a tag; and from the tags, or points, being frequently in the form of small figures, Tam. S. i. 2.

AGNIZE. To recognize, or acknowledge, Oth. i. 3.

A-GOOD. In good earnest, heartily, Two Gen. V. iv. 4.

AIERY. (Spelt also Eyry, from Teutonic *Eyren*, eggs.) A brood of eagles, or hawks, Rich. III. i. 3, Ham. ii. 2.

AIM. "Cry aim;" a term in archery of encouragement, Mer. W. ii. 3 & iii. 2.

AIM. Guess, conjecture, Two Gen. V. iii. 1, Jul. Cæs. i. 2, Oth. i. 3.

ALDERLIEFEST. Most dearly beloved, 2 Hen. VI. i. 1.

A'-LIFE. Exceedingly; as my life, Win. T. iv. 3.

ALL-HALLOWN SUMMER. A late Summer; All-Hallows, or All-Saints, occurring on the 1st Nov., 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

ALLOW. To approve, Lear ii. 4.

ALLOWANCE. Approbation, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

ALL-THING. Every way, Macb. iii. 1.

ALTHEA. Johnson was the first of the commentators to tell us that "Shakespeare is here mistaken in his mythology;" as it was not Althea, but Hecuba, who dreamed that she was delivered of a firebrand. It is not Shakespeare, but (most appropriately and characteristically,—a boy who has picked up a smattering of knowledge) the page, who trips; as Prince Hal points out by ironically paying the lad for his "good interpretation," 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2. That

**Shakespeare knew the story of Althea, witness the passage in the earlier-written play, 2 Hen. VI. i. 2.**

**Amaimon.** The name of a Fiend, Mer. W. ii. 2, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

**Ambo-ace.** The two Aces; from the Lat. *Ambo*, both, All's W. ii. 3.

**Amort.** Dead, dispirited, Tam. S. iv. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

**Anchor.** Abbreviation of Anchoret, Hermit, Ham. iii. 2.

**Ancient.** Ensign; also ensign-bearer, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 2, Oth. i. 2 & ii. 3.

**Andrew.** Holinshed (Shakespeare's authority) gives this as the name for the valley of Ardres; which, lying between Guynes and Ardres (the former then belonging to the English, and the latter to the French), was a fitting spot for the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I., Hen. VIII. i. 2.

**Angel.** A coin, value near ten shillings. Used punningly in 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. Used in Tam. S. iv. 2 ("ancient Angel") for a good old soul.

**Angle.** Fishing apparatus; used metaphorically, Win. T. iv. 2, Ham. v. 2.

**Antre.** A cavern, Oth. i. 3.

**Appeach.** To impeach, accuse, Rich. II. v. 2.

**Appeal.** To accuse, Rich. II. i. 2.

**Appeared.** Made manifest, Corio. iv. 3.

**Appears.** Shows, makes manifest or apparent, Cymb. iv. 2.

**Apperil.** Peril, Tim. A. i. 2.

**Applejohn.** A favourite apple, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 3, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

Apprehension. Used in the sense of brain-conceit, or faculty for sarcastic sayings, Much Ado iii. 4. Sarcasm, taunting imputation, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

Apprehensive. Quick in understanding, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3.

Approbation. Used in the sense of proving, or establishing by proof, Win. T. ii. 1, Hen. V. i. 2.

Approof. Approbation, Mea. M. ii. 4, All's W. i. 2, Ant. Cl. iii. 2.

Aqua-vitæ. An old term for Brandy, or other spirituous liquor, Tw. N. ii. 5, Rom. J. iii. 2 & iv. 5.

Arch. Principal, leader, chief, Lear ii. 1.

Argal. A corruption of the Lat. word *Ergo*, therefore, Ham. v. 1.

Argier. The old name for Algiers, Temp. i. 2.

Argosies. Merchant vessels, Mer. Ven. i. 1 & v. 1, Tam. S. ii. 1.

Arm-gaunt. Probably a misprint for "rampant," formerly spelt "rampaunt," Ant. Cl. i. 5.

Aroint. Avaunt, Macb. i. 3, Lear iii. 4, (Song.)

Articulate. To enter into articles of agreement, Corio. i. 9, 1 Hen. IV. v. 1.

Ascaunt. Aslant, across, Ham. iv. 7.

As much to say, as. An old form of the modern phrase, "As much as to say," Tw. N. i. 5, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

Assinico. An ass, a fool; from a Spanish word for a little ass, Tr. Cr. ii. 1.

Astringer. A Falconer, All's W. v. 1.

Atomies. Atoms, As You L. iii. 2 & iii. 5, Rom. J. i. 4.

Atomy. Corruption of anatomy; a skeleton, 2 Hen. IV. v. 4.

Atone. To make at one, to agree, to reconcile, As You L. v. 4, Ant. Cl. ii. 2, Corio. iv. 6.

Atonement. Reconciliation, Mer. W. i. 4, Rich. III. i. 3.

Attaint. Taint, or any thing hurtful, as weariness, Hen. V. iv. (Chor.), Lucrece 134.

Attached with. Overpowered by, Temp. iii. 3, Tr. Cr. v. 2.

Attended. Awaited, waited for, expected. Fr. *Attendre*, 3 Hen. VI. iv. 6, Corio. i. 10.

Attorney. Shakespeare uses "by attorney" for by deputy, As You L. iv. 1, Rich. III. v. 3. He uses "attorney" for intervention or interpretation by proxy, Rich. III. iv. 4. And "attorney" for the agent or proxy thus acting, Com. E. v. 1, 1 Hen. VI. v. 3. "Attorneyship," 2 Hen. VI. v. 3.

Aunt. A slang term for a bad woman, Win. T. iv. 2, (Song.)

Avouch. Proof, testimony, Ham. i. 2.

Away with. To endure, bear with, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

Awful. For lawful, under the awe of authority, Two Gen. V. iv. 1, 2 Hen. IV. v. 2.

Awkward. Used in the sense of contrary, unfavourable, untoward, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

## B

Baccare. A cant phrase, meaning, "Go back!" Tam. S. ii. 1.

Baffle. A punishment of recreant knights, by hanging them up by the heels, and beating them with sticks. From the Fr. *Baffouer*, or *Baffoier*, Tw. N. ii. 5, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

Baldrick. A belt, Much Ado i. 1.

Bale. Harm, evil, injury, grief, destruction, Corio. i. 1. "Baleful" is harmful, injurious, destructive, poisonous, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4, Rom. J. ii. 3.

Balk. To bandy words as a disputant; to altercate. To "balk logic" was used as we now say to "chop logic." Tam. S. i. 1. [In some editions, "talk."]

Balked. To pile up in ridges, 1 Hen. IV. i. 1.

Ballow. A provincial word for a pole or staff, Lear iv. 6.

Ban. (Spelt also Bann.) To curse, Tim. A. iv. 1, Lear ii. 3, Ham. iii. 2.

Band. Used for Bond, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2, Ant. Cl. iii. 2, Ham. i. 2.

Bandog. A fierce dog, 2 Hen. VI. i. 4.

**Bandy.** To strike to and fro; a term used in the game of Tennis, Rom. J. ii. 5.

**Barbason.** The name of a Fiend, Mer. W. ii. 2, Hen. V. ii. 1.

**Barbed.** A corruption of barded; barbe (or more properly barde) being a term for horse-armour, Rich. II. iii. 3, Rich. III. i. 1.

**Barn.** (Spelt also Barne.) A child, Much Ado iii. 4, Win. T. iii. 3.

**Base.** Prison-Base, or Prison-bars; a rustic or school game, Cymb. v. 3.

**Bases.** A garment, worn from the waist by knights on horseback, Peric. ii. 1.

**Basilisco.** A character in an old drama, who protests his rank, in the words Faulconbridge quotes:—"Knight, knight," John i. 1.

**Basilisk.** A species of ordnance, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3. The allusion is two-fold,—to the cannon, and to the serpent which is said to kill by its look, Hen. V. v. 2.

**Basta.** An Italian term for enough, Tam. S. i. 1.

**Bastard.** In ancient times not a term of reproach. Used as a title, 1 Hen. VI. i. 1 & 2, Tr. Cr. v. 8.

**Bastard.** A sweet Spanish wine, Meas. M. iii. 2, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

**Bat.** A large stick, or club, Corio. i. 1, Lovers' Comp. 10.

**Bate.** Dispute, contention, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

**Bated.** Bating, a term in falconry; to flutter, to beat the wings, from the Fr. *Battre*, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1, Rom. J. iii. 2.

**Batlet.** A small bat, used in clothes-washing, As You L. ii. 4.

**Batten.** To feed, or fatten, Corio. iv. 5, Ham. iii. 4.

**Bauble.** The fool's toy-badge of office, All's W. iv. 5, Rom. J. ii. 4.

**Bavin.** A small brush-wood faggot; readily combustible, and used for lighting fires, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

**Bawbling.** Insignificant, like a bauble, Tw. N. v. 1.

**Bawcock.** From the Fr. *Beau-coq*. A fine, dashing fellow, Tw. N. iii. 4, Win. T. i. 2, Hen. V. iii. 2 & iv. 1.

**Bay.** Bay-window, or bow-window, Meas. M. ii. 1, Tw. N. iv. 2.

**Baynard's.** A residence of Rich. III. in London, and still gives name to one of the wards in that city—"Castle Baynard Ward," Rich. III. iii. 5.

**Beads-man.** From *Bede*, a prayer, and from counting the beads of a rosary while praying, Two Gen. V. i. 1, Rich. II. iii. 2.

**Beard.** To dare face to face, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1.

**Bearing-cloth.** The cloth in which a child was carried to church to be baptized, Wint. T. iii. 3, 1 Hen. VI. i. 3.

**Bear in hand.** To lure on, to keep in false expectation, Much Ado iv. 1, Tam. S. iv. 2, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

**Bearns.** (In Scotch, Bairns.) Children, All's W. i. 3. See **Barn.**

**Bear-ward.** Bear-keeper; also Bear-herd, 2 Hen. VI. v. 1.

**Beaver.** The front of the helmet, used for covering the face. Fr. *Baviere*, the vizor, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1, Ham. i. 2.

**Beck.** A bow of salutation, Tim. A. i. 2.

**Beck.** A signal for citing and summoning, Ham. iii. 1, Tam. S. 2, (Ind.)

**Become.** In the sense of embellish, adorn, As You L. iii. 2, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 7. Shakespeare, by right of his genius, uses this verb arbitrarily for make appear becoming, seemly, or graceful, Com. E. iii. 2, Ant. Cl. ii. 2.

**Bed-fellow.** A term implying great intimacy, formerly men of the highest grade often sleeping together, Hen. V. ii. 2.

**Bedlam.** A corruption of Bethlehem, an asylum for lunatics; hence the term was applied to the individuals, Lear i. 2 & ii. 3 & iii. 7.

**Behave.** Used for govern, control, discipline, or subdue. [In which sense Spenser has employed it.] Tim. of A. iii. 5. But the original word in the Folio is "behoove;" and it is just possible that in Shakespeare's despotic way of using verbs with large meaning condensed into one word (a despotism that was his by right of his dominant genius), he may have written "did behoove his anger," for "did make his anger do that which was behooveful, or becoming."

**Behest.** Command, Love's L. L. v. 2, Cymb. v. 4. See also **Hest.**

**Bell, book, and candle.** The form of excommunication used in the Romish Church: the bell being tolled, the book of offices for the occasion being read, and three candles extinguished, John iii. 3.

**Benefit.** A law term, signifying as a beneficiary, 1 Hen. VI. v. 4.

**Benison.** Blessing, Macb. ii. 4, Peric. ii. (Gower), Lear i. 1 & iv. 6.

**Bent.** Stern glance; the eyes bent angrily on the object they behold, Hen. V. v. 2. Moral force; strength of inclination, Much Ado ii. 3 & iv. 1, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

**Bergomask.** A clownish Italian dance; in imitation of the people of *Bergomasca*, a district in the Venetian States, Mids. N. v. 1.

**Bermoothes.** The old name for Bermudas, Temp. i. 2.

**Beshrew.** To curse. A shrewish woman was called a curst woman, Mid. N. ii. 3, Love's L. L. v. 2, Oth. iv. 3.

**Besmirch.** To soil, Ham. i. 3, Hen. V. iii. 3.

**Besort.** To suit, or befit, Lear i. 4.

**Besort.** Attendance, escort, Oth. i. 3.

**Bested.** "Worse bested," in a worse plight, or condition, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 3.

**Bestraught.** Distracted, Tam. S. 2, (Ind.)

**Beteem.** To allow, afford, Ham. i. 2, Mid. N. i. 1.

**Bevis.** A hero of chivalry; for whose marvellous exploits (amounting to the incredible) William the Conqueror created him Earl of Southampton, Hen. VIII. i. 1.

**Bevy.** A flock of birds; applied to a company of ladies, Hen. VIII. i. 4.

**Bewray.** To betray, to discover, Lear ii. 1, 3 Hen. VI. i. 1.

**Bezonian.** From the Ital. *Bisogno*, want. A beggar; also a rogue, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 1.

**Bias.** "Sphered bias cheek" means a cheek rounded like the bias of a bowl, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

**Bid.** Past tense of bided, or abided, endured, Rich. III. iv. 4.

**Bid.** Invited, Mer. Ven. ii. 5, Titus A. i. 1.

**Biggin.** A head-band of coarse cloth; so called because worn by the *Beguines*, an order of Nuns, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

**Bilbo.** A sword; from Bilboa, a town in Spain famous for steel manufacture, Mer. W. i. 1 & iii. 5.

**Bilboes.** Fetters, used at sea to confine prisoners; same derivation as above, Ham. v. 2.

**Bill.** A halbert, used by watchmen, Much Ado iii. 3.

**Bill.** A placard, publicly set up by challengers, Much Ado i. 1.

**Bird-bolt.** A short, thick arrow, blunt at the end, to kill birds by the blow only, Much Ado i. 1, Love's L. L. iv. 3.

**Bisson.** Blind, Corio. ii. 1, Ham. ii. 2.

**Bite the ear.** Formerly used as a playful expression of loving kindness, Rom. J. ii. 4.

Bite the thumb. An insulting action, performed by letting the thumb-nail jerk from the upper teeth with a clicking noise, as a challenge to quarrel, Rom. J. i. 1.

Bitter sweeting. See Sweeting, Rom. J. ii. 4.

Black-Monday. Easter Monday. So named from the bitter cold of that day, on the 14th Ap. 1360, which carried off many of Edward III.'s soldiers, then before Paris, (Stowe,) Mer. Ven. ii. 5.

Blank. The centre of the target, Lear i. 4, Oth. iii. 4.

Blanks. "A mode of extortion (says Nares) by which 'blank' papers were given to the agents of the crown, which they were to fill up as they pleased, to authorize the demands they chose to make. No wonder they were thought oppressive," Rich. II. ii. 1.

Blench. To flinch, or start off, Mea. M. iv. 5. Also, a swerving, deviation, Sonnet 110.

Blent. Blended, Tw. N. i. 5, Mer. Ven. iii. 2.

Blind-worm. A small snake, believed to be venomous; but it is harmless, Mid. N. ii. 3, (Song,) Macb. iv. 1.

Block. Formerly used for the shape or fashion of a hat, Much Ado i. 1, Lear iv. 6.

Blood. "In blood" was a term of the chase, applied to deer; meaning in good condition, vigorous, full of courage, Love's L. L. iv. 2, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

Blood. Used for disposition, impulse, Tim. A. iv. 2, Cymb. i. 1, Lear iv. 2.

Blood-bolter'd. "Boltered," or baltered, is a provincial term for the hair being matted by exudation from a wound or disease. Clotted with gore, Macb. iv. 1.

Blown. Swollen, overcharged, puffed up, turnid, Lear iv. 4, Oth. iii. 3, Ant. Cl. v. 2, Corio. v. 4.

Blows. Swells to bursting, Ant. Cl. iv. 6.

Blue-bottle. A term of reproach given to servants; also to Beadles, from the colour of their livery, 2 Hen. IV. v. 4.

Bob. To cheat, or obtain by fraud, Tr. Cr. iii. 1, Oth. v. 1. Also, a taunt, or scoff, As You L. ii. 7.

Bodge. To budge, to give way, Fr. *Bouger*, 3 Hen. VI. i. 4.

Bodkin. A small dagger, Ham. iii. 1. In Stowe's Chron. it is said that Jul. Cæsar was slain with "bodkins."

Boggler. A swerver from the right path; a vicious woman, Ant. Cl. iii. 11.

Bolins. Emboldens, Lear v. 1.

Bolins. Bowlines; ropes governing the sails of a ship, Peric. iii. 1.

Bollen. Swollen, Lucrece 203.

Bolt. A peculiar kind of arrow, pointed instead of blunted, like the bird-bolt, Cymb. iv. 2, Mids. N. ii. 2.

Bolted. Sifted, Hen. V. ii. 2, Corio. iii. 1.

Bolting-hutch. The trough into which meal is sifted, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

Bombard. (Sometimes spelt Bumbard.) A species of cannon; also (on account of its similar appearance) a huge drinking vessel, made of leather, Temp. ii. 2, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Hen. VIII. v. 3.

Bombast. Stuffing. Doublets were stuffed out with cotton; hence applied metaphorically, Love's L. L. v. 2, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Oth. i. 1.

Bona-roba. Ital. A courtezan, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

Book. Nares says every kind of composition was called a "book." Shakespeare uses the word for a bond, or article of agreement, in 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

Boot. Something given over and above, Rich. III. iv. 4.

Boot. To "give the boots." An old proverbial expression for mocking, making game of; also a rustic sportive punishment, Two Gen. V. i. 1. To boot, to avail, Two Gen. V. i. 1, Rich. II. iii. 4.

Bore. The calibre of a cannon; used metaphorically, Ham. iv. 6, Cymb. iii. 2. Also, to pierce, to injure, Hen. VIII. i. 1.

Bore, *or* borne in hand. Kept in expectation, Mea. M. i. 5, Ham. ii. 2.

Bosky. Low Latin, *Boscus:* Ital. *Bosco*

woody, (sometimes spelt Busky,) Temp. iv. 1, 1 Hen. IV. v. 1.

Bosom. Used by Shakespeare in the sense of desire or revenge, Mea. M. iv. 3.

Bosom. Signifying stomach, 2 Hen. IV. i. 3, Corio. iii. 1.

Bosom, to the. A not unusual address upon letters to ladies, Ham. ii. 2, (Let.) Ladies formerly wore pockets in front of their stays, in which they put their love-letters and tokens, Two Gen. V. iii. 1.

Bossed. Embossed, or studded, Tam. S. ii. 1.

Bottle of hay. A truss of hay, Mid. N. iv. 1.

Bought and sold. To be over-reached, or disposed of out-and-out, Com. E. iii. 1, Rich. III. v. 3, (Scroll.)

Bourn. Boundary, limit, Temp. ii. 1, Ant. Cl. i. 1. Also a rivulet, Lear iii. 6, (Song.)

Bow. A yoke for oxen; called still, oxbow, As You L. iii. 3.

Brabble. Brawl, quarrel, Tw. N. v. 1, Tit. A. ii. 1.

Brach. A scent-hound, Tam. S. 1, (Ind.) 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1, Tr. Cr. ii. 1, Lear i. 4 & iii. 6.

Braid. Crafty, deceitful, All's W. iv. 2.

'Braid. Abbreviation of upbraid, Peric. i. 1.

Brain. To beat out the brains, Temp. iii. 2. Used metaphorically, ("brained,") Mea. M. v. 1.

Brake. A thicket, or thorny path, Mea. M. ii. 1, Hen. VIII. i. 2.

Brave, Braved, Bravery. Finely apparelled; also, flouted, dared; used punningly, Tam. S. iv. 3.

Bravery. Bravado, Oth. i. 1.

Brawl. From the Fr. *Branle*. A lively, bustling dance, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

Break up. To carve. Used metaphorically for opening a letter, Love's L. L. iv. 1, Mer. Ven. ii. 4.

Breast. Used to signify a musical voice, Tw. N. ii. 3.

Breath. Breathing, exercise, relaxation, Tr. Cr. ii. 3. In the same sense, as a slight passage of arms, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

Breathed. Well exercised; kept in breath, Tam. S. 2, (Ind.)

Breathing. Action, exertion, exercise, All's W. i. 2, Ham. v. 2.

Breed-bate. A hatcher of quarrels, Mer. W. i. 4. See Bate.

Brief. A short writing, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 4. Also, speech, All's W. v. 3.

Bring. "I'll be with you to bring," seems to have been a cant phrase in use formerly, from its occurring more than once in the pages of our early authors; but its precise signification has become unknown. Possibly, somewhat answering to the modern idiom, "I'll be even with you." Tr. Cr. i. 2.

Bring on the way. To accompany, Mea. M. i. 1, Oth. iii. 4.

Brize. The gad-fly, (also spelt Breese,) Ant. Cl. iii. 8, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

Broach. To spit, or transfix; Fr. *Broche*, Hen. V. v. (Chor.), Tit. A. iv. 2.

Brock. Badger; frequently used as a term of abuse, Tw. N. ii. 5.

Brogues. "Clouted brogues," nailed shoes, Cymb. iv. 2.

Broke cross. It was reckoned disgraceful, at tilting, to have the lance broken across the person of the antagonist, instead of by a straight thrust, Much Ado v. 1.

Broken. For broken their minds to, communicated, Hen. VIII. v. 1. "Break with" is used for break the matter to, Two Gen. V. i. 3.

Broken mouth. A mouth that has lost some of its teeth, All's W. ii. 3.

Broken music. Mr Chappell, in his valuable work on "English Minstrelsy," states that "broken music" meant what we now term a "stringed band;" probably because stringed instruments (being formerly played without a bow) were incapable of giving *sustained* notes. It affords the poet punning allusion, As You L. i. 2, Hen. V. v. 2. This explanation informs us that the musicians, heard by Pandarus, are playing on stringed instruments, Tr. Cr. iii. 1.

Broker. A procurer, Two Gen. V. i. 2, Tr. Cr. iii. 2 & v. 11.

Brokes. Deals, or acts as an agent, or procurer, All's W. iii. 5.

Brooch. An ornament, Rich II. v. 5.

Brooch'd. Ornamented, Ant. Cl. iv. 13.

Brooded. For brooding; used figuratively, in the sense of vigilant as birds while brooding, John iii. 3

Brownist. A religious sectarian, Tw. N. iii. 2.

Bruit. Rumour, report, Fr. *Bruit*, noise, 3 Hen. VI. iv. 7, Tim. A. v. 2.

Bruited. Noised abroad, proclaimed, Macb. v. 7.

Bubukles. A humorous corruption of carbuncle, Hen. V. iii. 6.

Buck. Liquor, or lye, for washing linen. Hence, used for the quantity of linen washed at a time, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

Buck-basket. The basket used for carrying linen to be washed, Mer. W. iii. 3 & 5.

Bucking. Washing, Mer. W. iii. 3.

Buckle. To cope, to engage with, 1 Hen. VI. i. 2 & v. 3.

Bucklers. "To give the bucklers," to yield the victory, Much Ado v. 2.

Bucklersbury. A street in London, in former times chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold medicinal herbs, or simples, Mer. W. iii. 3.

Buff jerkin. A leather waistcoat of ox-hide; Fr. *Bœuf*. A dress worn by catch-poles, or sheriffs' officers, Com. E. iv. 2, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

Bug, Bug-bear. Hob-goblin, Tam. S. i. 2,

Cymb. v. 3, 3 Hen. VI. v. 2, Ham. v. 2, Tr. Cr. iv. 2.

BULK. The chest; the region of the breast, Rich. III. i. 4, Ham. ii. 1, Lucrece 67.

BUNG. A term of abuse and disgust for a sharper or thief, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

BUNTING. A small bird, resembling a lark, All's W. ii. 5.

BURGONET. A species of helmet, 2 Hen. VI. v. 2, Ant. Cl. i. 3.

BURN DAY-LIGHT. A proverbial phrase, meaning, to use superfluous actions, Mer. W. ii. 1, Rom. J. i. 4.

BURST. Formerly used for to break, Tam. S. 1, (Ind.) 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

BUT. In the sense of only, unless, except, Temp. i. 2, Mach. i. 7, Ant. Cl. iii. 9, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3, Peric. iii. 1.

BUTT-SHAFT. An arrow, without a barb, to shoot at butts; so that it may be easily drawn out, Love's L. L. i. 2, Rom. J. ii. 4.

BUTTERY-BAR. The place where the meat and drink were dispensed, Tw. N. i. 3.

BUXOM. Frank, lively, jolly, Hen. V. iii. 6, Peric. i. (Gower.)

'BY. Abbreviation of aby; to abide the consequences, to pay the penalty, Mids. N. iii. 2.

BY AND BY. Immediately, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 1. Soon, Rom. J. iii. 4.

## C

CADDIS. Coarse ferret, or worsted lace, Win. T. iv. 3. "Caddis-garter," 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

CADE. A barrel ("of herrings,") 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

CADENT. Falling. Lat *Cadens*, Lear i. 4.

CAKE. "My cake is dough," an old proverb; meaning, a cake from the oven spoiled; and implying defeated expectation, Tam. S. i. 1 & v. 1.

CALF'S-SKIN. The fools, in great families, were frequently clad in calf's-skin jerkins. Constance, therefore, means to call Austria a fool, John iii. 1.

CALIPOLIS. A character in an inflated drama of the time, quoted by Pistol, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

CALIVER. A musket; a small gun used at sea, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 2, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

CALLAT, *or* CALLET. A worthless woman, Win. T. ii. 3, 2 Hen. VI. i. 3, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2, Oth. iv. 2.

CALLINO CASTORE ME. The beginning of an old Irish song, supposed to be quoted by Pistol, on hearing himself addressed in a language he does not understand, Hen. V. iv. 4.

CALL TO YOU. Call on you; visit you, Tim. A. i. 2.

GAMELOT. A town in Somersetshire (now called Camel, or rather, Queen Camel) where King Arthur held his court. Shakespeare's allusion to the place refers to its being famous for a breed of geese, Lear ii. 2.

CAN. To be capable, able. To know, to be skilful in, Ham. iv. 7, Phœnix and turtle, Peric. iii. (Gower), [some editions, in the last passage, have "'gan."]

CANARY, *or* CANARIES. A sprightly dance, All's W. ii. 1, Love's L. L. iii. 1. Mrs Quickly confuses it with "Quandary,"—a vulgar word for perplexity, Mer. W. ii. 2. The name of a wine (from the Canary Islands), Mer. W. iii. 2, Tw. N. i. 3.

CANDLES' ENDS. Idiots formerly swallowed "candles' ends for flap-dragons," to show their devotion to their sweethearts, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

CANDLE-WASTERS. Night-revellers, Much Ado v. 1.

CANE-COLOURED. A farther definition of the "*yellow* beard," mentioned as Master Slender's; yet some editors print "Cain-coloured," explaining it to mean *red*: that hue of hair being popularly ascribed to both Cain and Judas, as the colour held to be ugliest, Mer. W. i. 4.

CANKER. The dog-rose, or common single wild rose, Much Ado i. 3, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3, Sonnet 54.

CANKER. A caterpillar, Mids. N. ii. 3, Sonnet 35 & 70.

CANON. Law, or rule, Love's L. L. i. 1, (Letter,) Corio. iii. 1, Ham. i. 2.

CANSTICK. Candlestick, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

CANTLE. A portion, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1, Ant. Cl. iii. 8.

CANTONS. Songs, Tw. N. i. 5.

CANVASS. To sift, scrutinize, bring to the test, 1 Hen. VI. i. 3.

CAPABLE. Susceptible, Love's L. L. iv. 2, Hen. VIII. v. 2.

CAPITULATE. To draw up into heads articles of remonstrance; to resist by protest, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2. To treat with, to defer to by entering into stipulations or conditions with, Corio. v. 3.

CAPOCCHIA. A fabricated feminine of the Ital. *Capocchio:* a fool, a simpleton, Tr. Cr. iv. 2.

CAPON. A cant word for a love-letter; originating in a French custom of conveying letters of gallantry in fowls, sent as presents, Fr. *Poulet*, Love's L. L. iv. 1.

CAPRICIOUS. Goat-like, whimsical, wanton, Lat. *Caper*, As You L. iii. 3.

CAPTAIN. Chief; more excellent, or valuable. Used adjectively, Tim. A. iii. 5, Sonnet 52.

CAPTIOUS. Capable to take, All's W. i. 3.

CARBONADO. A slice of meat, scored, for cooking on the coals, 1 Hen. IV. v. 3, Corio. iv. 5.

CARDED. Debased by mixing, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

CARD OF TEN. An old proverbial term, im-

plying success; ten being the highest card, Tam. S. ii. 1.

CARDUUS BENEDICTUS. The blessed thistle, Much Ado iii. 4.

CAREIRES. To pass the carriere, was a military phrase for running a charge, or career, in a tournament. Used metaphorically—say whimsically, Mer. W. i. 1.

CARKANET. A necklace, Com. E. iii. 1, Sonnet 52.

CARL. Clown, peasant, boor, Cymb. v. 2.

CARLOT. The same meaning, As You L. iii. 5.

CARPET CONSIDERATION. A carpet knight was one created during a time of peace, and by favour, Tw. N iii. 4.

CARPET-MONGER. The same sort of person, Much Ado v. 2.

CARPING. Querulously catching at trifles; petulantly censuring, Much Ado iii. 1, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 1, Rich. III. iii. 5.

CARRACK. A ship, a Spanish galleon: named so from *Carico*, a lading or freight, Com. E. iii. 2, Oth. i. 2.

CARRIAGE. Import, intention, Ham. i. 1.

CART. Formerly used for car, or chariot, Ham. iii. 2.

CARRY. Used in the sense of prevail over, carry off the prize or victory, Mer. W. iii. 2, Tr. Cr. ii. 3 & v. 6.

CARVE. To carve seems to have been an accomplishment of peculiar significance in gallantry, Mer. W. i. 3, Com. E. ii. 2, Love's L. L. v. 2.

CASE. "In such a case,"—Shakespeare has frequently used this phrase: thus, "Case" is perhaps the best word that can be placed in the text for that of the old editions, "Scarre;" which makes no sense, and seems to be a misprint, All's W. iv. 2.

CASE. Used for skin, Tw. N. v. 1. To flay off the skin, All's W. iii. 6.

CASE OF LIVES. A case of daggers meant two daggers, Hen. V. iii. 2.

CASK. Spelt in the old copies "caske;" a casket, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

CASSOCK. A military loose coat, All's W. iv. 3.

CASTALIAN. In the Folio, this word is printed "Castalion," which the majority of editors change to "Castilian," explaining it to have been popular as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. But the context ("Hector of Greece, my boy,") makes it probable that there is an intended reference to the *Castalian* spring; as the host's rodomontade contains a purposely confused mixture of complimentary and contemptuous, classical and coarse, allusion, Mer. W. ii. 3.

CASTILIANO VULGO. Possibly a hint from Sir Toby to Maria, to put on a grave, or "Castilian" manner, at the approach of Sir Andrew; the Castilians being famed for staid bearing, Tw. N. i. 3.

CASTLE. A close helmet, Tit. And. iii. 1, Tr. Cr. v. 2.

CATAIAN. A thief, or sharper. Cataia, or Cathay, the old name for China; the Chinese being reputed acute thieves, Mer. W. ii. 1. Sir Toby calls his niece thus, as we playfully call those we like "rogue,' Tw. N. ii. 3.

CATER-COUSINS. From the Fr. "*quatre-cousin:*" a word in ridicule of claiming kindred even to remotest degree, Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

CATES. Delicate viands, Tam. S. ii. 1, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

CATLING. A small violin string made of catgut, Tr. Cr. iii. 3. Simon Catling is the name for a fiddler, Rom. J. iv. 5.

CAVALEROES. Cavaliers; gay, dashing fellows, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3. "Cavalero-justice," Mer. W. ii. 1.

CAVIARE. A delicacy made of the roe of sturgeon, salted and dried. It comes from Russia; and being a rarity in Shakespeare's time, he applied the word metaphorically, as being unknown to the generality of people, Ham. ii. 2.

CAUSE. Motive, impellent, incitement, Macb. v. 2, Ham. v. 2.

CAUSE, FIRST AND SECOND. A term used in the science of duelling, Love's L. L. i. 2, Rom. J. ii. 4. "The Seventh Cause," As You L. v. 4.

CAUTEL. From the Roman law-term, *Cautela*, a caution, or security. Used in a crafty sense, Ham. i. 3, Lover's Comp. 44.

CAUTELOUS. Cautious, artful, deceitful, Corio. iv. 1, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

CENSER. The censer was used by barbers to perfume their shops, Tam. S. iv. 3.

CENSURE. Judgment, opinion, Two Gen. V. i. 2, 2 Hen. VI. i. 3, Rich. III. ii. 2. A judicial sentence, Oth. v. 2.

CENTURY. A company of a hundred men, Lear iv. 4, Corio. i. 7.

CEREMENTS. Waxed cloths, in which embalmed bodies were wrapped, Ham. i. 4.

CEREMONIES. Regal and pompous ornaments, Jul. Cæs. i. 1. Also prodigies, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1 & 2.

CERTES. Of a truth, certainly, Temp. iii. 3.

CESS. Rule, or measure; "Out of all cess," 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

CESSE. An old form of cease; used here for the sake of rhyme, All's W. v. 3.

CHAIN. A chain was a badge of various dignities and callings, Much Ado ii. 1, Tw. N. ii. 3.

CHAIR. Public rostrum for orations; from the Fr. *Chairr*, pulpit, Corio. iv. 7, Jul. Cæs. iii. 2. Seat of office, Corio. iii. 2. Throne, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 6.

CHAMBER. Mr Payne Collier says London was called "The King's Chamber," "*Camera Regis*," from the time of the Conquest

downwards, Rich. III. iii. 1. A piece of ordnance, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

CHAMBERER. A dangler, an idler, Oth. iii. 3.

CHAMBERLAIN. A servant who has the care of chambers, Macb. i. 7, Tim. A. iv. 3, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

CHAMPAIGN, CHAMPAIN, CHAMPIAN. Open country, Tw. N. ii. 5, Lear i. 1.

CHANNEL. An old word for a kennel, or gutter, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

CHAPE. The hook by which a dagger or sword hangs, All 's W. iv. 3.

CHARACT. A distinctive mark, Mea. M. v. 1.

CHARACTER. Hand-writing, Lear i. 2, Tw. N. v. 1. Also, to imprint, Ham. i. 3.

CHARACTERY. That which is legible by characters, marks, or traces, Mer. W. v. 5, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

CHARE. Char-work, common, casual, task-labour. Still used in the form of char-woman, Ant. Cl. iv. 13 & v. 2.

CHARGE-HOUSE. A common school; to distinguish it from the free-school, Love's L. L. v. 1.

CHARIEST. The most reserved and scrupulous, Ham. i. 3.

CHARINESS. Discretion, caution, Mer. W. ii. 1.

CHARLES' WAIN. The constellation of seven stars, wheeling round the north pole, called the Great Bear, *Ursa major*, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

CHARM. To conjure, invoke, or evoke by fascinating means, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, Cymb. i. 7.

CHARMED. Magically preserved, Cymb. v. 3.

CHARMING. Magically inspiring, Cymb. v. 3.

CHARNECO. A Spanish, or Portuguese wine, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 3.

CHASES. "A chase at Tennis is the duration of a contest between the players, in which the strife on each side is kept up by the ball," (PAYNE COLLIER), Hen. V. i. 2.

CHAUDRON. The entrails of a beast, Macb. iv. 1.

CHEATER. Used punningly for escheater: an officer in the Exchequer, whose duty was to exact forfeitures, Mer. W. i. 3.

CHECK. A term in falconry. To change from one prey to another, Tw. N. iii. 1.

CHER. Aspect, countenance, Mer. Ven. iii. 2, Mids. N. iii. 2, 1 Hen. VI. i. 2.

CHERRY-LIT. A boy's game, consisting of pitching cherry-stones into a hole, Tw. N. iii. 4.

CHEVERIL. Leather made from kid's skin, Fr. *Chevreau*. Being pliable, the term was used metaphorically, Tw. N. iii. 1, Rom. J. ii. 4, Hen. VIII. ii. 3.

CHEW. To ruminate, Jul. Cæs. i. 2.

CHEWET. Fr. *Chouette*; a chough, a jack-daw, 1 Hen. IV. v. 1.

CHIDING. Resounding; the cry of hounds, Mids. N. iv. 1.

CHILD. A youth trained to arms. Used as a title, Lear iii. 4, (Song.)

CHILDING. Bearing children, or offspring; fruitful, Mids. N. ii. 2.

CHILDNESS. Childishness, Win. T. i. 2.

CHOPINE. A high shoe, or clog, Ham. ii. 2.

CHOUGH. A sea-side crow, Lear iv. 6, Temp. ii. 1, Mids. N. iii. 2.

CHRISTENDOM. A term used for the Christian part of the world, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1. For Christianity, John iv. 1. For Christian names, All's W. i. 1.

CHRISTOM. Mrs Quickly's corruption, for Chrisome, Chrysom, or Chrisme; the cloth put upon a child newly baptized, Hen. V. ii. 3.

CHUFF. A fat, swinish, and avaricious person, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 2.

CINQUE-PACE. A dance, (called also a Galiard;) the steps of which were regulated by the number five, Much Ado ii. 1.

CIRCUMSTANCE. Particulars of argument, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

CIRCUMSTANCED. Submissive to circumstances, Oth. iii. 4.

CITAL. Recital, citation, 1 Hen. IV. v. 2.

CITIZEN. Used adjectively, for town-nurtured, Cymb. iv. 2.

CITTERN. A musical instrument resembling the guitar, Love's L. L. v. 2.

CLACK-DISH *or* CLAP-DISH. The beggar's wooden dish, with a cover; which he used to clack, to draw attention, Mea. M. iii. 2.

CLAMOUR. The concluding crash in a peal of bell-ringing, called by abbreviation the "Clam;" also technically termed "Firing." The silence that ensues makes Shakespeare's use of "Clamour your tongues," peculiarly appropriate, Win. T. iv. 3.

CLAW. To flatter; from to scratch, or tickle, Much Ado i. 3.

CLEAN. Entirely, completely, Rich. II. iii. 1.

CLEAR STORIES. A term in architecture for a row of windows running along the upper part of the wall of an apartment, Tw. N. iv. 2.

CLEPE. To call, to name, Macb. iii. 1, Ham. i. 4.

CLIFF. From the Fr. *Clef*, a key. A term in music, Tr. Cr. v. 2.

CLING. To shrivel, to shrink up, to waste, consume, Macb. v. 5.

CLINQUANT. Glittering. Fr. *Clinquant*, tinsel, Hen. VIII. i. 1.

CLIP. To enfold, to embrace, Corio. i. 6, Jul. v. 2, Win. T. v. 2.

CLIPPER. A debaser of coin, by cutting or clipping the edges, Hen. V. iv. 1.

CLOSE. To conciliate by agreeing with: to comply; to come round to the same opinion with: to finally assent, Mea. M. v. 1, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4, Jul. Cæs. iii. 1. [In the passage from Measure for Measure, the word "glose" has been substituted in some editions; but the other passages show "close" (as in Folio edition) to be right.] To join, to unite, Rom. J. ii. 6. "Closing," Hen. IV. (Chorus.)

CLOUD IN HIS FACE. Said of a horse that has a dark-coloured spot between the eyes; a mark supposed to be indicative of bad temper, Ant. Cl. iii. 2.

CLOUT. A cloth, or towel, John iii. 4, Rich. III. i. 3, Ham. ii. 2.

CLOUT. The centre of the butt at which archers aim, Love's L. L. iv. 1, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

CLOV. An old form of the word claw; to stroke with the claw, Cymb. v. 4.

CLUBS. In an affray in London, the cry used to be, "Clubs! clubs"—whether to part, or join the combatants, As You L. v. 2, Hen. VIII. v. 3.

COACH-FELLOW. A horse employed to draw with another. By metaphor, a close companion, Mer. W. ii. 2.

COALS. "To carry coals;" to submit to any degradation; the lowest menials being the carriers of wood and coal, Hen. V. iii. 2, Rom. J. i. 1.

COASTING. Sideling, conciliating, enticing, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

COBLOAF. Minshew says: "It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons, which support the fire," Tr. Cr. ii. 1.

COCK. A subterfuge oath, used instead of the name of the Deity, Ham. iv. 5, (Song.)

COCK. The name of a small boat; a cockboat, Lear iv. 6.

COCKATRICE. A fabulous serpent, crested like a cock; supposed to kill with its looking, Tw. N. iii. 4, Rom. J. iii. 2, Rich. III. iv. 1.

COCKLE. A weed in corn-fields, Love's L. L. iv. 3.

COCKLED. Used by Shakespeare for enshelled. Fr. *Coquille*, Love's L. L. iv. 3.

COCKLE HAT. A cockle shell worn in the hat was the distinction of a pilgrim, Ham. iv. 5, (Song.)

COCKNEY. The ordinary use of the word is as a cant name for a Londoner. Shakespeare uses the word for a cook, Lear ii. 4; and for an affected, conceited fellow, Tw. N. iv. 1.

COCKREL. A young cock, Temp. ii. 1, Rom. J. i. 3.

COCK-SHUT TIME. Twilight. The time for ensnaring woodcocks, that then come out to feed, Rich. III. v. 3.

COCTUS. Cooked, boiled, sodden, Love's L. L. iv. 2.

COFFIN. The raised crust of a pie, Tit. A. v. 2. "Custard-coffin," Tam. S. iv. 3.

COG. To cheat, to play falsely with dice, Mer. W. iii. 3, Love's L. L. v. 2.

COIGNE. The corner-stone of a building, Macb. i. 6, Corio. v. 4.

COIL. Bustle, tumult, confusion, Temp. i. 2, Two Gen. V. i. 2, Much Ado v. 2.

COLBRAND. A Danish giant, overcome by Guy Earl of Warwick, John i. 1, Hen. VIII. v. 3.

COLLECT. To gather by observation, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

COLLECTION. Conclusion, or consequence drawn, Ham. iv. 5, Cymb. v. 5.

COLLIED. Smudged with coal, blackened, discoloured, darkened, Mids. N. i. 1, Oth. ii. 3.

COLLIER. Formerly a word of insult, Tw. N. iii. 4, Love's L. L. iv. 3, Rom. J. i. 1.

COLLOP. A piece of meat. Used metaphorically for a portion, Win. T. i. 2, 1 Hen. VI. v. 4.

COLMES-KILL. An island in the Hebrides, Macb. ii. 4.

COLOURS. "Fear no colours." A military term, meaning, Fear not the enemy, Tw. N. i. 5.

COLT. To trick, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 2.

CO-MART. Bargain, covenant, treaty, Ham. i. 1.

COMBINATE. Contracted, betrothed, Mea. M. iii. 1.

COME OFF. In modern vulgar parlance, to "come down with" [money], Mer. W. iv. 3. Used in the modern artistic sense of "come out," "stand forth clearly," Tim. A. i. 1.

COMFORTING. Used in its legal sense, "comforting and abetting," Win. T. ii. 3.

COMMA. Used to indicate the minutest stop, Tim. A. i. 1. As a link of amicably harmonious connexion, Ham. v. 2. In the latter instance, commentators have explained the allusion as being to the smallest point in punctuation; but we take it to be "comma," the term applied by theoretical musicians to "the least of all the sensible intervals in music" showing the exact proportions between *concords*. Tuners of organs and pianofortes use the word thus to the present day. For a farther explanation of "comma," as a musical term, see Hawkins's Hist. of Music, pp. 28, 122, and 410, Novello's edition, 1853. The context of the passage in "Hamlet," shows the far greater probability that Shakespeare had in view a term referring to *concord*, than one alluding to the method of stopping.

COMMODITY. Convenience, advantage, interest, John ii. 2.

COMMUNICATION. Used in the sense of comment, animadversion upon, Hen. VIII. i. 1.

COMPANION. Used as a term of contempt, Corio. iv. 5, Jul. Cæs. iv. 3.

COMPARATIVE. Dealer in comparisons and witticisms of analogy, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2 & iii. 2.

COMPASSED WINDOW. A recessed, or bow-window, Tr. Cr. i. 2.

COMPASSIONATE. Used in the sense of complaining, Rich. II. i. 3.

COMPETITOR. Used in the sense of a confederate, a colleague, Ant. Cl. i. 4, & ii. 7, & v. 1.

COMPLEMENT. Full observance, Mer. W. iv. 2. Accomplishment, completeness, Love's L. L. i. 1 & iii. 1.

COMPLEXION. Temperament, constitutional tendency, Ham. i. 4.

COMPOSURE. Combination, agreement, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

COMPROMISED. Used in the sense of promised with each other, or mutually agreed, Mer. Ven. i. 3.

COMPTIBLE. Sensitive, susceptible, Tw. N. i. 5.

CON. To know, to learn, Tw. N. i. 5, Mids. N. i. 2. To study to express, Tim. A. iv. 3.

**Conceal.** Simple's blunder for "reveal." It would be gratuitous to explain this, but that one of the commentators gravely proposed inserting what he called the correct word,—to the despoiling us of that pleasant passage, Mer. W. iv. 5.

**Conceit.** Fanciful contrivance, thought, Mids. N. i. 1, Love's L. L. ii. 1, Ham. v. 2.

**Concent.** Harmony, agreement, Hen. V. i. 2.

**Conclusion.** Experiment. Used for that whence conclusion may be drawn, Cymb. i. 6, Ham. iii. 4.

**Conduct.** Used as conductor, Temp. v. 1, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4, Rom. J. iii. 1 & v. 3.

**Coney-catching.** Swindling, cheating. From Coney, the name of a rabbit, esteemed a simple animal, Mer. W. i. 1. Used also for jocular tricking, Tam. S. iv. 1.

**Confect.** Sweetmeat. "Count Confect," a sugary gentleman, Much Ado iv. 1.

**Confineless.** Boundless, Mach. iv. 3.

**Confiner.** One who lives on the confines of another country; a borderer, Cymb. iv. 2.

**Confusions.** Launcelot's blunder for "Conclusions," Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

**Congest.** To heap together, Lover's Comp. 37.

**Congreeing** *or* **Congruing.** Concurring, or agreeing in, Ham. V. i. 2.

**Contain.** Used in the sense of retain, Mer. Ven. v. 1.

**Contemptible.** Commonly used formerly for contemptuous, or scornful, Much Ado ii. 3.

**Continent.** That which contains, or encloses, Ham. iv. 4.

**Continuate.** Uninterrupted, Oth. iii. 4.

Contrive. To pass, spend, or wear away, Tam. S. i. 2, Lover's Comp. 35.

Contrive. In the sense of scheme, plot, devise injuriously, Mer. Ven. iv. 1, As You L. iv. 3. "Contrived," Hen. V. iv. 1.

Convents. Comes together, accords, agrees, suits, Tw. N. v. 1.

Convented. Summoned, Mea. M. v. 1, Hen. VIII. v. 1, Corio. ii. 2.

Convey. A polite verb, for, to steal, Mer. W. i. 3.

Convevance. Fraud, manœuvring, 3 Hen. VI. iii. 3.

Conveyed. Passed off, made appear, Hen. V. i. 2.

Convicted. Overpowered, defeated, destroyed, John iii. 4.

Convince. To overcome, overwhelm, Macb. i. 7 & iv. 3, Peric. i. 2.

Convive. To be convivial, to carouse, or feast together, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

Cooling Card. A card, in gaming, that cools an adversary's courage. Applied metaphorically, 1 Hen. VI. v. 4.

Copatain hat. A tall, high-crowned hat, Tam. S. v. 1.

Cope. To engage, As You L. ii. 1, Lear v. 3, Tr. Cr. ii. 3, Ham. iii. 2.

Cope. Covering; the canopy of heaven, Peric. iv. 6.

Cope. To requite, Mer. V. iv. 1.

Cophetua. An ideal African king. See Ballad in Percy's Reliques, Love's L. L. iv. 1, (Letter,) 2 Hen. IV. v. 3, Rom. J. ii. 1.

Copy. The main source, abundance; Lat. *Copia*, Com. E. v. 1.

Coragio. From the Ital.; an encouraging exclamation, Temp. v. 1, All's W. ii. 5.

Coranto. A brisk dance, Tw. N. i. 3, All's W. ii. 3, Hen. V. iii. 5.

Corinthian. A debauchee. The city of Corinth was proverbial for being a licentiousciy, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

Corky. Dry, withered, Lear iii. 7.

Corollary. A crowning number or quantity; amply, or even more than enough, Temp. iv. 1.

Corporal. Used for corporeal, Love's L. L. iv. 3, All's W. i. 2, Macb. i. 3 & 7, Hen. V. i. 1, Jul. Cæs. iv. 1, Cymb. ii. 4.

Corroborate. Probably Pistol's mistake for "corollarie" (from corollary); in which case, he would mean brought to a conclusion, "done for," Hen. V. ii. 1.

Corse'. Used for corses, for the sake of the metre, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1.

Cost. May be used elliptically; meaning "cost me." Some editors think it a misprint for "coast," explaining that word, to hover over or about in pursuit of. But possibly "cost" is a misprint for "foot," in the sense of "to clutch," as it is used in "Cymbeline," where the allusion is also to an eagle, 3 Hen. VI. i. 1.

Costard. The head, Mer. W. iii. 1, Lear iv. 6.

Coted. Overtook; came side by side with. From Fr. *Coté*, Ham. ii. 2.

Coted. A form of "quoted," Love's L. L. iv. 3.

Cot-quean. A coddler, a potterer in household affairs, Rom. J. iv. 4.

Cotsall. Cotswold, in Gloucestershire, Mer. W. i. 1.

Coulter. Lat. *Culter*, cutter; a ploughshare, Hen. V. v. 2.

Countenance. Specious appearance, deceptive show, Mea. M. v. 1. To do honour to, to pay hospitable attention to, Tam. S. iv. 1. Patronage, favouring support, Corio. v. 5.

Counter. To "run counter," in hunting, is to trace the scent backwards, Com. E. iv. 2, Ham. iv. 5.

Counterfeit. Resemblance, likeness, portrait, Mer. Ven. iii. 2, Tim. A. v. 1, Ham. iii. 4.

Counterpoints. Counterpanes, Tam. S. ii. 1.

Counters. These were formerly used as aids in reckoning and casting accounts, Win. T. iv. 2, Tr. Cr. ii. 2, Cymb. v. 4. "Counter-caster," Oth. i. 1.

County. Count, or Earl, All's W. iii. 7, Tw. N. i. 5, Rom. J. i. 3.

Courage. Used in the sense of spirit, resolution, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2, Corio. iii. 3.

Courser's hair. An allusion to the superstition that horse-hair laid in water would become alive and turn to venomous reptiles, Ant. Cl. i. 2.

COURT-CUPBOARD. A movable buffet, or closet, Rom. J. i. 5.

COURT HOLY-WATER. A proverbial expression, signifying flattery; also, words, not deeds, Lear iii. 2.

COY. To smooth, or caress, Mids. N. iv. 1.

COYSTRIL, *or* COISTREL. A low fellow, Tw. N. i. 3, Peric. iv. 6.

COZIER. A cobbler, a tailor; also, a botcher, Tw. N. ii. 3.

CRAB. A wild apple roasted, and put into ale; a favourite old indulgence, Mids. N. ii. 1.

CRACK. A sprightly, forward boy, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2, Corio. i. 3.

CRANTS. Garlands, Ham. v. 1.

CRARE. Craft, small sailing-vessel, Cymb. iv. 2.

CRAVEN. A dastard, a recreant, Tam. S. ii. 1, Hen. V. iv. 7, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4 & iv. 1.

CREDENT. Credible, to be believed, Mea. M. iv. 4, Win. T. i. 2, Ham. i. 3.

CREDIT. Used formerly for oral intelligence; what we now call "a verbal message," Tw. N. iv. 3.

CRESSET. Fr. *Croissette*. A light, or beacon; so called, because it was fixed upon a cross, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

CRESCIVE. Growing, increasing, Hen. V. i. 1.

CRESTLESS. Those who have no right to armorial bearings, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

CRISP. Winding, curled, curved, Temp. iv. 1, Mer. Ven. iii. 2. 1 Hen. IV. i. 3, Tim. A. iv. 3.

CRONE. An old woman, Win. T. ii. 3.

CROSSES. Coin. So called because stamped with the cross, As You L. ii. 4, Love's L. L. i. 2.

CROSS-ROW. The Alphabet was formerly printed in the form of a cross; and used to be called the Christ-cross, cris-cross, or cross-row, Rich. III. i. 1.

CROW-KEEPER. A scare-crow, Rom. J. i. 4, Lear iv. 6.

CROWNER'S-QUEST. The grave-digger's corruption of coroner's inquest, Ham. v. 1.

CRUSH A CUP. A drinking phrase. As we now say, "Crack a bottle," Rom. J. i. 2.

CRUZADO. A Portuguese gold coin; stamped with a cross, and varying in value at different periods, Oth. iii. 4.

CRY. Pack. "Cry of curs," Corio. iii. 3 & iv. 6. Used in this sense, and in that of yelping complaint, Oth. ii. 3.

CRY AIM. See AIM.

CRY ON. To cry on Victory, to cry on Havock, to cry on Murder, are used by Shakespeare; and the verb seems to stand for hailing, invoking, or proclaiming, Rich. III. v. 3, Ham. v. 2, Oth. v. 1.

CRYSTALS. A term for eyes, Hen. V. ii. 3.

CUBICULO. An affectation of Sir Toby's for chamber, or lodging, Tw. N. iii. 2.

CUE. Theatrical term. The last word of a preceding speech, Mids. N. iii. 1.

CUISSES. Armour for the thighs, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1.

CULLION. A despicable fellow, a stupid lout, Tam. S. iv. 2, Hen. V. iii. 2, 2 Hen. VI. i. 3.

CULLIONLY. Base, rascally, Lear ii. 2.

CUNNING. Skill, skilful, knowing, Ham. iv. 7, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Peric. iii. 2.

CURB. To crouch, truckle, bend; Fr. *Courber*, Ham. iii. 4.

CURFEW. The 8 o'clock evening bell (Fr. *Couvre feu*) instituted by William I. of England, Temp. v. 1, Rom. J. iv. 4, Lear iii. 4, Mea. M. iv. 2.

CURIOSITY. Scrupulousness, Lear i. 2.

CURIOUS. Scrupulous, precise, Tam. S. iv. 4.

CURIOUS-KNOTTED GARDEN. Ancient gardens were laid out in "Knots," or beds, cut into quaint and fantastical shapes, disposed with formal symmetry, Love's L. L. i. 1, (Letter.)

CURSORARY. Used for cursory; hasty, Hen. V. v. 2.

CURST. Ill-tempered, cross, vicious, Tam. S. i. 1 & 2, Much Ado ii. 1, Lear ii. 1, Rich. III. i. 2.

CURTAIL DOG. Primarily, a dog belonging to one not qualified for the chase; and therefore obliged to have its tail docked; subsequently, applied to a dog unfit for sport, Mer. W. ii. 1, Com. E. iii. 2, Pass. Pilg. xiii.

CURTAL. The same word, slightly altered, applied to a horse, All 's W. ii. 3.

CURTLE-AX. A cutlass, or short, broad-bladed sword; Fr. *Coutelas*, As You L. i. 3, Hen. V. iv. 2.

CUSTOMER. A name for a common woman, All 's W. v. 3, Oth. iv. 1.

CUT. A term of contempt, Tw. N. ii. 3. A docked horse was called a "Cut," 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

CUT AND LONG TAIL. Meaning every sort of dog. Used metaphorically for men of all degrees under that of Esquire, Mer. W. iii. 4.

CUTLERS' POETRY. Mottoes inscribed by cutlers on their knives, Mer. Ven. v. 1.

CUT-PURSE. A thief; the purse formerly hung from the girdle, Ham. iii. 4.

CUTS. "To draw cuts," was to draw lots, or papers cut into lengths; the longest being the prize, Com. E. v. 1.

CUTTLE. A cant name for a cut-purse's knife; and applied to the thief himself, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

CYPRUS. Spelt also, Cypress. The stuff which is now called crape, Tw. N. iii. 1, Win. T. iv. 3, (Song.)

## D

DAFF. A form of "Doff." To dash off, to put away, Much Ado ii. 3 & v. 1, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1, Lover's Comp. 43.

DAGGER. The dagger was formerly worn behind the back, Rom. J. v. 3.

DAGGER OF LATH. The wooden weapon used by the "Vice" in the old "Moralities," Tw. N. iv. 2, (Song,) 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

DAGONET. Sir Dagonet was the clown, or fool to King Arthur, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

DAINTY. To "make dainty," was to be delicate or fastidious in consenting, Rom. J. i. 5.

DAMASCUS. Said to be the spot where Cain killed Abel, 1 Hen. VI. i. 3.

DAMN. To condemn to death, Jul. Cæs. iv. 1, Ant. Cl. i. 1.

DANGER. To be in a person's "danger," meant to be in his debt, Mer. Ven. iv. 1.

DANK. Damp, moist, Mids. N. ii. 3, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, Rom. J. ii. 2.

DANSKERS. Danes, Ham. ii. 1.

DARE. To daunt, to scare. Larks are frightened or bewildered, and caught by a mirror put upon a piece of scarlet cloth, Hen. VIII. iii. 2. Also used in the sense of a challenge, or defiance, Ant. Cl. i. 2.

DARNEL. A pertinacious weed, believed to injure the sight. Botanice *Lolium perenne:* called also "Ray grass," Hen. V. v. 2, Lear iv. 4.

DARRAIGN. To make ready to fight, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2.

DATES. Used in cookery, All's W. i. 1, Tr. Cr. i. 2.

DAUB. To smear, 1 Hen. IV. i. 1, Lear ii. 2. Also to feign, to put on a manner, Lear iv. i. "Daub'd," Rich. III. iii. 5.

DAUBERY. Imposture by trumpery shows, Mer. W. iv. 2.

DAW. Used to signify a silly fellow, as well as the bird so called, Corio. iv. 5, Oth. i. 1.

DAY-BED. A couch or sofa, Tw. N. ii. 5, Rich. III. iii. 7.

DAY-WOMAN. The dairy-maid. The "Dey," or "Day," formerly meant the dairy, Love's L. L. i. 2.

DEAL. Simply a quantity, whether great or small. "No deal," is no quantity, none at all, Pass. Pilgrim xiii.

DEAR. From the Sax. *Pere*,—dire, or hurtful, Tim. A. v. 3, Tw. N. v. 1.

DEAR. Momentous, most important. "Dear account," Rich. II. i. 1, Rom. J. i. 5. "Dear cause," Lear iv. 3.

DEAREST. *Direst*, direst, Ham. i. 2, Sonnet 37.

DEARN. (Spelt also, Derne.) Variously used by old writers for dreary, lonely, melancholy; dark, secret; earnest, eager, Peric. iii. (Gower.)

DEARTH. Formerly was used for dearness, Ham. v. 2. Elsewhere, in its usual sense of scarcity, Ant. Cl. ii. 7, Corio. i. 1.

DEATHSMAN. The Executioner, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2, 3 Hen. VI. v. 5, Lear iv. 6.

DEATH TOKENS. Spots on the skin indicating the plague, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

DEBATE. Contention, fighting; Fr. *Débattre*, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

DEBTOR-AND-CREDITOR. The title of certain old treatises upon commercial book-keeping, Cymb. v. 4. Used as a sneering nickname, Oth. i. 1.

DEBOSHED. Debauched, degraded, Temp. iii. 2, All's W. ii. 3 & v. 3.

DECEIVABLE. Deceptious, Tw. N. iv. 3, Rich. II. ii. 3.

DECK OF CARDS. A pack, 3 Hen. VI. v. 1.

DECKED. Sprinkled. To deg is still in provincial use for to sprinkle. *Daeg*, Icelandic, means a shower, Temp. i. 2.

DECLINE. To pass through various forms, as in the grammar, Rich. III. iv. 4, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

DEEM. Surmise, notion, Tr. Cr. iv. 4.

DEFEAT. "Defeat thy favour," is, obliterate thy natural look, Oth. i. 3.

DEFEATURES. Defects or injuries of feature, Com. E. ii. 1 & v. 1.

DEFEND. To forbid; Fr. *Défendre*, Much Ado ii. 1, Oth. i. 3.

DEFIANCE. Denial, rejection, Mer. M. iii. 1.

DEFTLY. Dexterously, cleverly, Mach. iv. 1.

DEFY. To disdain, refuse, renounce, Mer. W. ii. 2, John iii. 4, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3, As You L. (Epil.)

DEGREES. It is not easy to assign a precise meaning to the word in this passage; and Mr Collier's MS. corrector alters it to "diseases," which gives a meaning—but does not seem to be the right word here, from its having a bald, flat effect, and from its being used twice immediately after. Had the present editors felt justified in substituting a word, they would have been disposed to print "decrees," as nearest to that in the original editions, and affording the exact required sense, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

DELATIONS. Intimations, informations, Oth. iii. 3.

DELIGHTED. For delightful, Oth. i. 3, Cymb. v. 4.

DELIGHTED. This word, which affords an inconsistent sense here, we take to be a misprint in the Folio for "delated," a word that—in Shakespeare's way of using words for his own purpose derived from the Latin, and in his way of combining various significations in a single term,—would imply "conveyed and accused." *Delatus* is explained in Ainsworth's Lat. Dictionary to mean both "carried" and "accused;" and Bacon speaks of the "time wherein sound is *delated*." If this were the Poet's word here, we should feel the passage to mean "a spirit accused of sin and whirled through space 'to bathe in fiery floods,' &c." In confirmation of our conjecture, we may refer to Shakespeare's expression, "extravagant and erring spirit," in "Hamlet," where "extravagant" is used in its classical sense of wandering out of bounds, and "erring" is used in the combined sense of straying, erratic, and of sinful, guilty, given to error.

DEMERITS, and "Merits," formerly had sometimes the same signification: Demerit being classically derived from *demereo*, which had an even stronger meaning than *mereo*. Com. i. 1, Oth. i. 2. Shakespeare uses the word in

its more ordinary and modern sense, Macb. iv. 3.

**Demise.** To grant, Rich. III. iv. 4.

**Demurely.** Gravely, solemnly, Ant. Cl. iv. 9.

**Demuring.** Looking demurely, with sobriety, Ant. Cl. iv. 13.

**Den.** "Good den," a corruption of "Good e'en." It was formerly proper to say "evening" any time after mid-day, John i. 1, Much Ado iii. 2, Rom. J. ii. 4.

**Denay.** To deny, 2 Hen. VI. i. 3. Denial, Tw. N. ii. 4.

**Denier.** A French piece of money of lowest value, Tam. S. i. (Ind.), 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3, Rich. III. i. 2.

**Depart.** For departure, Two Gen. V. v. 4, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 1. Depart and part were formerly used indiscriminately, Love's L. L. ii. 1, Rom. J. iii. 1.

**Departing.** Severing, separation, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 6.

**Depose.** To cite, to make deposition, Rich. II. i. 3.

**Deprive.** To disinherit, Lear i. 2.

**Derogate.** To lower oneself, Cymb. ii. 1. Degenerate, degraded, Lear i. 4.

**Descant.** An antiquated term in music, meaning to make variations upon a given theme, or ground, Two Gen. V. i. 2, Rich. III. i. 1 & iii. 7.

**Design.** To distinguish, point out, Rich. II. i. 1.

**Desire.** For desire the delay of. To pray for a longer or more distant day, is still a term in legal use, Hen. VIII. ii. 4.

**Despatched.** Despoiled, bereft, Ham. i. 5.

**Determinate.** Brought to a crisis, or conclusion, Oth. iv. 2, Rich. II. i. 3, Sonnet 87.

**Devesting.** Undressing; Lat. *Devestio*, Fr. *Devêtir*, Oth. ii. 3.

**Dibble.** A gardener's tool to set plants, Win. T. iv. 3.

**Dich.** A peculiar form of "do it," or "may it do." An expression not met with elsewhere, Tim. A. i. 2.

**Dickon.** The familiar of Richard; like the modern, "Dick," Rich III. v. 3, (Scroll.)

**Die.** Used in the sense of suffer, undergo, Lear v. 3.

**Diet.** To pursue a regimen by abstinence, Two Gen. V. ii. 1.

**Diffused.** Irregular, disorderly, Mer. W. iv. 4, Hen. V. v. 2, Lear i. 4.

**Direct.** Used in the sense of to delegate, Peric. i. 2.

**Directitude.** A blunder of the servant (who wishes to use a fine word) for discreditude—simply, discredit, Corio. iv. 5.

**Disable.** Disparage, undervalue, As You L. iv. 1, 1 Hen. VI. v. 3.

**Disappointed.** Unappointed, not prepared, Ham. i. 5.

**Discandying.** Melting like sugar, uncandying, Ant. Cl. iii. 11 & iv. 10.

**Discern.** This is the word in the original; which Theobald altered to "deserve,"—an alteration adopted by all editors since. But in restoring the word "discern," we feel that it gives the sense consistent both with what Malcolm has previously said of Macbeth's having "once been thought honest," and with what he afterwards says in taxing himself with vices. Moreover, it supplies the verb required before "wisdom," which all the editors miss,—they themselves having banished it. Shakespeare often makes one verb do double duty in a sentence; thus the present passage appears to us to mean "you may discern something of Macbeth's once-believed virtue in me, and [may discern] the wisdom of betraying me to him," Macb. iv. 3.

**Disclosed.** Hatched, Ham. v. i.

**Discontents.** Malcontents, 1 Hen. IV. v. 1.

**Discourse.** Used for power of discursive ratiocination, Ham. iv. 4, Tw. N. iv. 3.

**Disease.** Uneasiness, inconvenience, discomfort, discontent, Lear i. 1, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 5.

**Disedged.** The edge of the appetite blunted; sated, Cymb. iii. 4.

**Dislimns.** Obliterates, dissolves, Ant. Cl. iv. 12.

**Dismes.** Tenths, or tens, Tr. Cr. ii. 2.

**Disnatured.** Unnatural, Lear i. 4.

**Dispose.** Disposal, John i. 1. Order, arrangement, Tr. Cr. ii. 3. Disposition, deportment, Oth. i. 3.

**Disposed.** In the mood for mirth, Tw. N. ii. 3, Love's L. L. ii. 1.

**Disposer.** As, of old, "to be disposed" meant to be gaily inclined, so, by "my disposer" Paris probably means to call Cressida his inciter to gaiety and merriment, Tr. Cr. iii. 1.

**Dispunge.** Discharge, spunge-like, Ant. Cl. iv. 9.

**Disseat.** To unseat, dethrone, Macb. v. 3.

**Distemperature.** Disorder, sickness, Com. E. v. i, Peric. v. 1. Disarrangement, perturbation, Mids. N. ii. 2, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1 & v. 1, Rom. J. ii. 3.

**Distractions.** Detachments, separate parties, Ant. Cl. iii. 7.

**Distraught.** The old participle for distracted, Rom. J. iv. 3, Rich. III. iii. 5.

**Dividant.** Divisible, Tim. A. iv. 3.

**Division.** A term in music. A florid passage of sequent notes, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1, Rom. J. iii. 5.

**Divulged.** Publicly reported, or spoken of, Tw. N. i. 5.

**Doff.** To do off, or put off, Tam. S. iii. 2, John iii. 1.

**Dole.** A lot or portion dealt out, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1, Mer. W. iii. 4. In the sense of grief or dolour, Ham. i. 2.

**Dolphin.** Dauphin was anciently so written, 1 Hen. VI. i. 4.

**Do me right.** A pledge used in drinking. Part of an old catch, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3, (Song.)

**Dotant.** One doting; a dotard, Corio. v. 2.

**Do to death.** To kill, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 1.

**Don.** Do on, put on, Tit. A. i. 2, Ham. iv. 5. (Song.) Ant. Cl. ii. 1.

**Double-dealer.** Formerly applied to those who played false in love or marriage. Punningly used, Much Ado v. 4, Tw. N. v. 1.

**Dout.** Do out, put out, Hen. V. iv. 2, Ham. i. 4 & iv. 7.

**Dowle.** A feather; the downy fibre of a feather, Temp. iii. 3.

**Down-gyved.** Hanging like fetters, or gyves about the ankles, Ham. ii. 1.

**Doxy.** A wench, Win. T. iv. 2, (Song.)

**Drabbing.** Following bad women, Ham. ii. 1.

**Draff.** Refuse, hog-wash, Mer. W. iv. 2, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 2.

**Draught.** A common sewer, Tim. A. v. 2, Tr. Cr. v. 1.

**Draw.** A sporting word, to track game by the scent. "To draw dryfoot," means to track without the scent, Com. E. iv. 2. "Drawn fox," hunted fox, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.

**Drest.** For addressed; in the sense of prepared, making ready, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

**Dribbling.** A depreciating term in archery, Mea. M. i. 4.

**Drollery.** A puppet-show, Temp. iii. 3.

**Drug.** An old form of the word drudge, a scullion, Tim. A. iv. 3.

**Drum.** "John, or Tom Drum's entertainment;" a proverbial phrase for ill usage, All's W. iii. 6 & v. 3.

**Drumble.** To boggle, to dawdle, Mer. W. iii. 2.

**Duc dame.** Jaques' parody-burden of *Duc ad me*,—"lead him to me,"—as a sneer at the "Come hither" of Amiens' song, As You L. ii. 5.

Dudgeon. The handle of a dagger, made of box-wood, Macb. ii. 1.

Duello. The code of laws for duelling, Tw. N. iii. 4, Love's L. L. i. 2.

Duke. Leader, or captain; Lat. *Dux*, Hen. V. iii. 2.

Dullard. An insensible lout, Cymb. v. 5, Lear ii. 1.

Dumb. To make dumb, Peric. v. (Gower,) Ant. Cl. i. 5.

Dump. A mournful song, Two Gen. V. iii. 2, Much Ado ii. 3, (Song.)

Dun's the mouse. A proverbial saying, of which the meaning is obsolete, and remains "dun," or dark to all the commentators. In the line following, there is an allusion to an old rural sport called "Dun is in the mire;" where Dun is the name for a cart-horse, represented by a log of wood, hauled at by the company to extricate him from his supposed sticking in the mire, Rom. J. i. 4.

Dung. Used contemptuously to signify productions of earth needful for the nourishment of man, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

Dungy. Employed with similar signification; the one passage serving to elucidate the other, in the poet's use of the words "dung" and "dungy" in this play, Ant. Cl. i. 1.

Dup. To do up, to lift open; some doors formerly requiring to be raised in opening, like port-cullises, Ham. iv. 5, (Song.)

Durance. "A robe of durance:" a garment made of durable stuff. There is also a punning reference to durance, as meaning imprisonment, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2, Com. E. iv. 3.

## E

Each. "At each" here stands for "each at end of each;" and has the sense of the word Eche, Lear iv. 6.

Eager. Sour; Fr. *Aigre*, Ham. i. 5. Keen, piercing, Ham. i. 4. Sharp, tart, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 6.

Eaning. The season for producing offspring, Mer. Ven. i. 3.

Eanlings. Young lambs just born, Mer. Ven. i. 3.

Ear. To till, or plough, Rich. II. iii. 2. Metaphorically used, Ant. Cl. i. 4.

Earing. Cultivation; figuratively employed, Ant. Cl. i. 2.

Earth. Used for the body, the corporeal or material part of man, Rom. J. i. 2 & ii. 1, Sonnet 146. There is probably an allusion also to the sense "earth" bears as *land*, in the first of the above passages; old Capulet meaning to say that, having lost all his other children, his daughter Juliet is now his sole offspring and sole heiress.

Eche. The same as eke; to lengthen out, Peric. iii. (Gower.)

Ecstasy. Madness, Mach. iv. 3, Temp. iii. 3, Com. E. iv. 4, Ham. iii. 1 & 4.

Edward Shovel-board. A shilling of Edward the Sixth's reign; a broad coin; and used in playing the game of Shovel-board, Mer. W. i. 1. See Shovel-groat.

Effects. Intended actions, Ham. iii. 4.

Eftest. Readiest, quickest, easiest, Much Ado iv. 2.

Egal. Equal; Fr. *Egal*, Tit. A. i v. 4.

Eggs for money. A proverbial expression, meaning "Will you submit to be cheated or bullied?" Win. T. i. 2.

Eglantine. The sweet brier, Mids. N. ii. 2, Cymb. iv. 2.

Egma. A wilful alteration of enigma, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

Egyptian thief. An allusion to the story of Thyamis, a robber-chief and native of Memphis; who, knowing he must die, would have stabbed his captive, Charicles, the woman he loved, Tw. N. v. 1.

Eisel. (Spelt also, Eysil.) According to some authorities, vinegar; to others, wormwood. Used by Shakespeare to signify a repugnant draught, Sonnet 111.

Eke. To add to, As You L. i. 2., Hen. V. iii. (Chor.)

Eke. Also, likewise, Mer. W. i. 3 & ii. 3.

Eld. Old age, Mea. M. iii. 1, Mer. W. iv. 4, Tr. Cr. ii. 2.

ELEMENT. Used formerly to express the whole visible expanse of air and heaven, Tw. N. i. 1, Jul. Cæs. i. 3.

ELEMENT. Elementary knowledge, initiation, Hen. VIII. i. 1. Shakespeare has satirised the fantastic use of the word "element" in his time, Tw. N. iii. 1, and has given an instance of that fashionable whim, Tw. N. iii. 4. He alludes to another then prevailing idea respecting the "elements" as forming (morally and physically) component parts of human beings, Tw. N. ii. 3, Jul. Cæs. v. 5, Ant. Cl. v. 2, Sonnets 44 & 45.

ELF. To twist or entangle the hair, Lear ii. 3. "Elf locks," hair thus matted, Rom. J. i. 4.

EMBALLING. Carrying the ball at a coronation, Shakespeare's invented word, Hen. VIII. ii. 3.

EMBARQUEMENT. Embargo, or impediment, Corio. i. 10.

EMBOSSED. Run down, foaming, swollen, raised, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3, Ant. Cl. iv. 11, All's W. iii. 6, Tim. A. v. 2.

EMBOWELLED. Exhausted, emptied, All's W. i. 3, Rich. III. v. 2. Embalmed, 1 Hen. IV. v. 4.

EMBRASURES. For embraces, Tr. Cr. iv. 4.

EMMANUEL. Formerly prefixed to deeds and letters, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

EMPERY. Sovereign command, empire, kingdom, Cymb. i. 7, Tit. A. i. 1 & 2, Hen. V. i. 2, Rich. III. iii. 7.

EMPIRICUTIC. For empirical. Charlatanish, quackish. One of Menenius's characteristically coined words, Corio. ii. 1.

EMULOUS. Jealous of superior authority, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

ENACTURE. Action or effect, Ham. iii. 2.

ENCAVE. To hide, Oth. iv. 1.

ENFEOFF. To grant as a feoff, to yield possession, to give up, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

ENGINE. A warlike machine; also of torture, the rack, Tr. Cr. ii. 3, Corio. v. 4. Lear i. 4.

ENGROSS. To enlarge, heap up together, or make fat, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4. Rich. III. iii. 7

ENGROSSMENTS. Accumulations, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

ENKINDLE. To excite, to stimulate, Macb. i. 3, Lear iii. 7.

ENMEW. To confine in a mew, or cage, Mea. M. iii. 1.

ENSCONCE. To hide; to protect as with a fort, Mer. W. ii. 2 & iii. 3, Com. E. ii. 2, All's W. ii. 3, Sonnet 49.

ENSEAMED. Gross, rank. The fat, or grease of an animal is called seam; and a hawk was said to be enseamed, when too fat for flight, Ham. iii. 4.

ENSEAR. To sere, or dry up, Tim. A. iv. 3.

ENSHIELD. For enshielded; covered, as with a shield, Mea. M. ii. 4.

ENTERTAIN. To keep in service, Two Gen. V. ii. 4 & iv. 4, Mer. W. i. 3.

ENTERTAINMENT. In military pay, All's W. iv. 1, Corio. iv. 3.

ENTRANCE. This word is explained by the commentators to mean here, trance, reverie, musing; but it may be a misprint for "countenance," which suits sense and rhythm better, Peric. ii. 3.

ENTREAT. Frequently used, formerly, for to treat well, or ill, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4, Rich. II. iii. 1, Tr. Cr. iv. 4.

ENTREAT. Used also in the sense of to invite, to entertain, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

ENVIOUS. Formerly was used for hating, bearing ill will, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

ENVIOUSLY. Pettishly, wrathfully, Ham. iv. 5.

ENVY. In sense of hatred, or ill will, Hen. VIII. ii. 1 & iii. 1, Mer. Ven. iv. 1, Corio. iii. 3.

EPHESIANS. Jolly comrades, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2, Mer. W. iv. 5.

EQUIPAGE. Supposed to be a cant term for stolen goods, Mer. W. ii. 2.

ERRING. In its Latin sense of erratic, wandering, Ham. i. 1, Oth. i. 3.

ERST. Heretofore, As You L. iii. 5, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

ESCHEWED. Shunned, avoided, Mer. W. v. 5.

ESCOTED. Paid. From the Fr. *Escot*, a shot, or reckoning, Ham. ii. 2.

ESIL. By some supposed to mean Yssell, Issell, or Izel, a river near Denmark; by others to be the same word as Eisel. (See EISEL.) But, in both instances, used by the poet to indicate a difficult or disagreeable draught, Ham. v. 1.

ESPERANCE. Hope, Fr., regularly adopted by Shakespeare, Tr. Cr. v. 2, Lear iv. 1. Percy's motto and battle-cry, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3 & v. 2.

ESPIALS. Spies, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 3, Ham. iii. 1.

ESTATE. Used as a verb. To confer, bestow, or endow, Temp. iv. 1, Mid. N. i. 1, As You L. v. 2.

ESTRIDGE. Ostrich; which was formerly spelt Ostridge, and previously Estridge, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1, Ant. Cl. iii. 11. In both passages peculiarly appropriate: in the one, as the badge of the Prince of Wales,—and what Old Fuller calls the "Gallant's feather;" in the other, as the largest of birds.

ETERNE. Eternal, Macb. iii. 2, Ham. ii. 2.

EVEN. To level, to make equal, or plain, All's W. i. 3, Lear iv. 7, Cymb. iii. 4.

EVEN CHRISTIAN. A term used for Fellow-Christian, Ham. v. 1.

EVER. "Not ever;" not always; not on all occasions, Hen. VIII. v. 1.

EVERLASTING. The Buff jerkin, on account of its durability, was called "Everlasting," Com. E. iv. 2.

EVIL. The "Evil," or "King's Evil," a scrofulous disease, supposed to be cured by the royal touch.—Dr Johnson, when a child, was touched by Queen Anne. The pretension to the power is said to have originated with Edward the Confessor, Macb. iv. 3.

EXCREMENT. From the Lat. *Excresco*, to grow out of. Applied to the hair, and the

beard, Love's L. L. v. 1, Mer. Ven. iii. 2, Win. T. iv. 3, Com. E. ii. 2, Ham. iii. 4.

EXEMPT. Removed, apart, Com. E. ii. 2.

EXERCISE. The week-day sermon of the Puritans was called an "Exercise," Rich. III. iii. 2.

EXHIBITION. A college term. A stipend, an allowance of money, or maintenance, Two Gen. V. i. 3, Oth. i. 3 & iv. 3, Lear i. 2.

EXIGENT. For exigence, Jul. Cæs. v. 1. Termination, or extremity, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 5.

EXORCISMS. Conjurations. To exorcise was used (in its strict sense, to summon out of) for to conjure; and as often applied to raising as to laying spirits, or casting them out, 2 Hen. VI. i. 4. "Exorcist," All's W. v. 3, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

EXPECT. For expectation, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

EXPEDIENCE. Haste, celerity, expedition, Rich. II. ii. 1, Hen. V. iv. 3. Enterprise, undertaking, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2, Ant. Cl. i. 2.

EXPEDIENT. Quick, expeditious, Rich. II. i. 4, John ii. 1, As You L. iii. 1.

EXPIATE. Elapsed, closed, Rich. III. iii. 3. To close, to conclude, Sonnet 22.

EXPOSTULATE. To question, to discuss, Two Gen. V. iii. 1, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 5, Ham. ii. 2.

EXSUFFLICATE. Despicable, contemptible, abhorred, Oth. iii. 3.

EXTENDED. Law term. Seized, Ant. Cl. i. 2.

EXTENT. Ditto. Seizure, As You L. iii. 1. Assault, Tw. N. i. 5.

EXTERN. For external, Oth. i. 1.

EXTIRP. For extirpate; to root out, Mea. M. iii. 2, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 3.

EXTRACTING. Shakespeare uses this word (as he frequently uses words) in the strict sense of its classical derivation. By an "extracting frenzy," Olivia means a frenzy (her infatuation for Viola) which *drew her out of* all thoughts but one, Tw. N. v. 1.

EXTRAUGHT. Extracted, derived, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2.

EXTRAVAGANT. Used in its strict etymological sense; wandering out of, Ham. i. 1, Oth. i. 1.

EYASES. Nestling hawks, Ham. ii. 2.

EYAS-MUSKET. A young sparrow-hawk, Mer. W. iii. 3.

EYE OF GREEN. A tender hint of green, Temp. ii. 1.

EYELIADS. Eye-glances; Fr. *Œillades*, Mer. W. i. 3, Lear iv. 5.

EYNE. Eyes, Mids. N. i. 1, Peric. iii. (Gower.)

## F

FACED. Patched. A "faced Ancient" was a patched standard, or ensign, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 2.

FACINOROUS. Rebellious, factious, turbulent, contumacious. Ital. *facinoroso*, All's W. ii. 3.

FACT. Deed, guilt, Mea. M. iv. 2 & v. 1, Win. T. iii. 2, Peric. iv. 4. [In some editions "feat."]

FACTIONARY. A partizan; and adherent to a faction, Corio. v. 2.

FACULTIES. Medicinal powers, All's W. i. 3.

FADGE. To answer, suit, fit, Tw. N. ii. 5, Love's L. L. v. 1.

FADING. The burden of a song, Win. T. iv. 3.

FAIL. For failure, Win. T. ii. 3 & v. 1, Cymb. iii. 4.

FAIN. Glad, gladly, Temp. i. 2, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 1 & iii. 1.

FAIR. Frequently used for fairness, beauty, Com. E. ii. 1, Venus & Ad. 118.

FAIR-BETROTHED. Fairly plighted, honourably affianced, Peric. v. 3.

FAIRING. Making fair, or beautiful, Sonnet 127

FAITHED. Believed, given credence to, Lear ii. 1.

FAITORS. Malefactors, ill-doers, traitors, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

FALL. As an active verb. To let drop, As You L. iii. 5, Rich. II. iii. 4, Ant. Cl. iii. 9.

FALSE. To falsify, to be untrue to, Cymb. ii. 3.

FAMILIAR. A demon or spirit; supposed to attend at call, Love's L. L. i. 2, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 2 & v. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 7.

FANCIES. A name for favourite ballads, gay and fanciful, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

FANCY. Love, Mids. N. iv. 1, Mer. Ven. iii. 2, (Song,) Tw. N. v. 1. A love-sick person, Lover's Comp. 9.

FANCY-FREE. Love-free, Mids. N. ii. 2.

FANG. To lay hold of, gripe, Tim. A. iv. 3.

FANGLED. Insignificant, frivolous, Cymb. v. 4.

FANTASTICAL. Fanciful, imaginary, Mach. i. 3, Tw. N. i. 1.

FANTASTICOES. Coxcombs, Rom. J. ii. 4.

FAP. Cant term for drunk, Mer. W. i. 1.

FARCED. Literally, stuffed; Fr. *Farci*. Swollen, pompous, Hen. V. iv. 1.

FARDEL. A burden; Ital. *Fardello*, Ham. iii. 1. A parcel or bundle, Win. T. iv. 3.

FASHIONS. A corruption from Fr. *Farcin*. Farcy, a sort of leprosy in horses, Tam. S. iii. 2.

FAST AND LOOSE. A cheating game, practised by vagrants and gipsies, Ant. Cl. iv. 10.

FAT. Used for distasteful, nauseous, Tw. N. v. 1.

FATHOM. Depth, capacity, Oth. i. 1.

FATIGATE. Fatigued, exhausted, Corio. ii. 2.

FAVOUR. Countenance, feature, appearance, look, Tw. N. ii. 4, Rich. II. iv. 1, Jul. Cæs. i. 2, Macb. i. 5, Oth. i. 3.

FAY. Faith. "By my fay," a common oath, Tam. S. 2, (Ind.), Rom. J. i. 5, Ham. ii. 2.

FEALTY. Fidelity, Two Gen. V. ii. 4.

FEAR. Alluding to the personage so called in some of the old Moralities, Tr. Cr. ii. 4, Ant. Cl. ii. 3.

FEAR. Used actively. To scare, to frighten, Mea. M. ii. 1, Ant. Cl. ii. 6, Venus & Ad. 183.

FEAT. Dexterous, neat, elegant, Cymb. v. 5, Lover's Comp. 7.

FEATED. Made feat, elegant, well-fashioned, Cymb. i 1.

FEATLY. Cleverly, Temp. i. 2, (Song,) Win. T. iv. 3.

**Feature.** Countenance, general appearance, As You L. iii. 3, Ant. Cl. ii. 5.

**Federary.** An accomplice, a confederate, Win. T. ii. 1.

**Fee.** A regular stipend, Ham. ii. 2.

**Feeders.** Servants, retainers, Ant. Cl. iii. 11, Tim. A. ii. 2. Caterer, or provider of food, As You L. ii. 4.

**Feeding.** Pasture-land, Win. T. iv. 3.

**Fee-farm.** For ever. A grant in fee-farm, is a grant in perpetuity, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

**Fee-grief.** A sorrow peculiar to one person exclusively, Macb. iv. 3.

**Feere.** (Spelt also, Fere, and Phere.) Companion, husband, or wife, Tit. A. iv. 1.

**Fee-simple.** A tenant in fee-simple, was one holding lands and tenements, and to his heirs for ever, Mer. W. iv. 2.

**Fell.** Hide, or skin with hair, As You L. iii. 2, Lear v. 3. The skin of the head, the scalp, Macb. v. 5.

**Fell.** Savage, inhuman, Tw. N. i. 1, Mids. N. v. 1, 1 Hen. VI. v. 3.

**Fellies.** The outer circles of wheels, Ham. ii. 2.

**Fellow.** Equal in companionship, whether male or female, Temp. iii. 1, Tw. N. iii. 4.

**Fellowly.** Sympathetic, Temp. v. 1.

**Fennel.** An inflammatory herb. Conger eel being also considered a hot food, to eat the two together was considered an act of dissolute sociality, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. Fennel was also held to be emblematic of flattery, Ham. iv. 5.

**Feodary.** (Spelt also, Fedary.) A feudal vassal, a dependant, a subordinate agent, a confederate, Mea. M. ii. 4, Cymb. iii. 2.

**Fern-seed.** It was thought to render people invisible. The seed of the plant is said to be so; perhaps from its growing at the back of the leaf, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

**Festinate.** Quick, speedy; Lat. *Festinatus*, Lear iii. 7. "Festinately," Love's L. L. iii. 1.

**Festival terms.** Holiday, or florid language, Much Ado v. 2.

**Fet.** Fetched, derived, Hen. V. iii. 1, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4, Rich. III. ii. 2.

**Fetch of warrant.** A sanctioned trick or pretence, Ham. ii. 1.

**Fettle.** To prepare, to make ready; to adjust, to put in order; still in provincial use, Rom. J. iii. 5. [In most editions, "settle."]

**Fewness and truth.** Briefly and veritably; or, in few words and truly, Mea. M. i. 5.

**Fico,** *or* **Figo.** Fig. A term of contempt and defiance; said to be of Spanish origin, Mer. W. i. 3, Hen. V. iii. 6 & iv. 1.

**Fifteen.** A tax; a fifteenth part of each subject's personal property, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 7.

**Fig.** To show contempt for, 2 Hen. IV. v. 4.

**Fights.** Cloths hung round a ship when in action, to conceal the men, Mer. W. ii. 2.

**File.** Number, list, catalogue, Mea. M. iii. 2, Macb. iii. 1 & v. 2.

**Filed.** Contraction of defiled, Macb. iii. 1. Also, kept an equal pace with, Hen. VIII. iii. 2.

**Fill.** Now called Thill. Fill-horse, or Phill-horse, the shaft-horse, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

**Filly.** A young mare; opposed to colt, a young horse, Mids. N. ii. 1.

**Find forth.** Used formerly for find out, Com. E. i. 2, Mer. V. i. 1.

**Fine.** To end, conclude, Lucrece 134. To adorn, Hen. V. i. 2.

**Fine.** Conclusion, Much Ado, i. 1.

**Fine.** Evasive, prevaricating; wily, crafty; Fr. *Trop fine*, "too fine," All's W. v. 3. Used in this sense, and in its more usual one of refined, elegant, polished, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1.

**Fine and recovery.** This was formerly the strongest assurance known to the English law, Mer. W. iv. 2.

**Fineless.** Endless, Oth. iii. 3.

**Finsbury.** A space of ground adjoining the city of London, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

**Firago.** For Virago. A double wilful blunder of Sir Toby's, applying the term to a man; instead of, as is usual, to a turbulent woman, Tw. N. iii. 4.

**Fire-drake.** A fiery dragon. Humorously, a man with a flaming nose, Hen. VIII. v. 3.

**Firk.** To beat, to thrash, Hen. V. iv. 4.

**First complaint.** This has been objected to, as affording no meaning; and Mr Collier's MS. corrector gives "thirst complaint." But, "first" refers to the former of Menenius's self-accusations,—his being a "humorous patrician;" humorous signifying, as he himself goes on to explain, "hasty and tinder-like," Corio. ii. 1.

**Fit.** A division in a song. There is a play upon the word here; in its musical sense, and in its other one, of "fits and starts," Tr. Cr. iii. 1.

**Fit of the face.** An affected look, a grimace, Hen. VIII. i. 3.

**Fitchew.** A pole-cat, Tr. Cr. v. 1. Applied to a musk-scented, bad woman, Oth. iv. 1.

**Fives.** A corruption of the Fr. *Avives*. An inflammatory disease in the neck of horses, Tam. S. iii. 2.

**Flamen.** A pagan priest, Corio. ii. 1, Tim. A. iv. 3.

**Flap-dragon.** A small combustible body in a glass of liquor; to be swallowed while alight; a toper's prank, Love's L. L. v. 1.

**Flap-jacks.** Pancakes, Peric. ii. 1.

**Flaunts.** Finery, showy dresses, Win. T. iv. 3.

**Flaw.** A sudden wind-storm, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1, Ham. v. 1, Peric. iii. 1. A breach, fault, or defect, Love's L. L. v. 2.

**Flecked.** Spotted, speckled, Rom. J. ii. 3.

**Fleet.** For float, Ant. Cl. iii. 11.

**Fleshment.** Pride, stimulated by newly-achieved success. A soldier is said to "flesh his sword" when first he draws blood with it, Lear ii. 2.

FLEWED. Having overhanging chaps, like a hound; called 'Flews,' Mids. N. iv. 1.

FLIBBERTIGIBBET. The name of a fiend, Lear iii. 4.

FLICKERING. Fluttering, as flame, Lear ii. 2.

FLIGHT. A light, slender arrow, for shooting at long distances, Much Ado i. 1.

FLIRT-GILL. A light-charactered wench, Rom. J. ii. 4.

FLOTE. A poetical name for the sea, as waves; Fr. *Flot*, a wave, Temp. i. 2.

FLUSH. Ripe, full, luxuriant, Ant. Cl. i. 4, Tim. A. v. 5, Ham. iii. 3.

FLUSHING. Springing; and, moreover, the redness occasioned by weeping, Ham. i. 2.

FLUXIVE. Flowing with tears, Lover's Comp. 8.

FOB. A check, a balk, Com. E. iv. 3. "Fobbed;" checked, balked, baffled, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2. Cheated, tricked, defrauded, Oth. iv. 2.

FOIN. To thrust fiercely in fencing, Mer. W. ii. 3, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1, Lear iv. 6.

FOISON. Abundance, especially applicable to harvest, Temp. ii. 1 & iv. 1, (Song,) Mea. M. i. 5, Macb. iv. 3, Ant. Cl. ii. 7.

FOND. Weakly loving, foolish, Rom. J. iii. 3, Ham. i. 5, Lear i. 4 & iv. 7.

FOND AND WINNOWED. Esteemed and choice, Ham. v. 2.

FOOLS' ZANIES. Fools' baubles; which had a fool's head on them, Tw. N. i. 5. See BAUBLE.

FOOT. To clutch, Cymb. v. 4. To kick, to spurn, Mer. Ven. i. 3, Cymb. iii. 5.

FOOT-CLOTH. The housing to a horse; used on state occasions, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 7, Rich. III. iii. 4.

FOR. Used in the sense of "because," or "since," Cymb. iv. 2, Oth. i. 3.

FORAGE. To go forth abroad; from the Lat. *Foris*, John v. i. To range for provender, Love's L. L. iv. 1, Hen. V. i. 2.

FORCE. To care for, to heed, Love's L. L. v. 2. Also, to urge, Coriol. iii. 2. Likewise to cram or stuff. Still in modern use as "force-meat," Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

FORCED. Stuffed, Tr. Cr. v. 1. Supplied with forces, manned, strengthened, Macb. v. 5.

FORDO. To undo, to destroy, Ham. v. 1, Oth. v. 1, Lear v. 3.

FORE-END. The first part, Cymb. iii. 3.

FORFEND. To forbid, prohibit, Wint. T. iv. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

FORHAND. Previous, Much Ado iv. 1.

FORHAND SHAFT. A particularly constructed arrow, for shooting straight, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

FORMAL. Sedate, rational, sane, Com. E. v. 1, Tw. N. ii. 5.

FORESAY. To foretell, predict, Cymb. iv. 2.

FORESLOW. To loiter, delay, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 3.

FORFEITS. Rules hung in a barber's shop, to maintain regularity and good order, Mea. M. ii. 2.

FORGETIVE. From to forge, or to make; imaginative, inventive, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3

FORMER. Used for foremost, Jul. Cæs. v. 1.

FORMER. Fore, foremost, first in rank, Jul. Cæs. v. 1.

FORSPOKE. Anticipated, forbidden, Ant. Cl. iii. 7.

FORTHRIGHT. A direct path, Temp. iii. 3, Tr. Cr. iii. 3.

FORTY. Used anciently to express an indefinite number; as now, fifty, a hundred, or a score, 1 Hen. VI. i. 3, Coriol. iii. 1.

FOR WHY. Used as because, Two Gen. V. iii. 1, Com. E. iii. 2, Rich. II. v. 1, Tit. A. iii. 1, Pass. Pilgrim 7 & 11.

FOUR. This word (like "forty") seems to have been occasionally used to express an indefinite number, Hen. V. v. 1, Coriol. i. 6, Ham. ii. 2, Ant. Cl. ii. 6 & 7.

FOX. A cant term for a sword, Hen. V. iv. 4.

FRACTED. Broken, Hen. V. ii. 1, Tim. A. ii. 1.

FRAMPOLD. Vexatious, uncomfortable, Mer. W. ii. 2.

FRANK. A place to fatten hogs, a sty, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2.

FRANKED UP. Styed, like swine, Rich. III. i. 3 & iv. 5.

FRANKLIN. A freeholder, Win. T. v. 2, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1, Cymb. iii. 2.

FRAY. An affray, a fight, Mer. W. ii. 1, Much Ado v. 1, Mids. N. iii. 2.

FRAYED. Frightened, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

FREE. Shakespeare, Chaucer, and other early poets, use this word for free from vicious taint, pure, chaste, Mea. M. i. 2, Tw. N. ii. 4, Win. T. ii. 3.

FREE TOWN. The name of a place said to be the Capulets' castle, in Brookes's Romeus and Juliet, 1562, Rom. J. i. 1.

FRENCH CROWN. The term has three significations:—a piece of French money, the head of a Frenchman; and a disease in the scalp, said to be French. Shakespeare plays upon the words, Mea. M. i. 2, Mids. N. i. 2, Hen. V. iv. 1.

FRETS. The stopping points in a lute or guitar, Tam. S. ii. 1, Ham. iii. 2.

FRIPPERY. Originally meaning an old clothes-shop; now confined to its contents, Temp. iv. 1.

FRIZE. A coarse woollen cloth, made in Wales, Mer. W. v. 5, Oth. ii. 1.

FRONTLET. A fore-head band, metaphorically meaning a scowling look, Lear i. 4.

FRUSH. To bruise, or break in pieces; Fr. *Froisser*, Tr. Cr. v. 6.

FULLAMS. Loaded dice so named. They were called "high fullams," or "low fullams," according as they were required. They were chiefly made at Fulham, in Middlesex; hence the name, Mer. W. i. 3.

FUMITER. A rampant weed in corn, Lear iv. 4. Called "Fumitory," Hen. V. v. 2.

FURNISHINGS. Appendages, Lear iii. 1.

FUST. To mould, or grow fusty, Ham. iv. 4.

FUSTILARIAN. A Falstaffism for a fusty fellow, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

## G

GABERDINE. A coarse cloak, or gown; Span. *Gavardina*, Temp. ii. 2, Mer. Ven. i. 3.

GAD. A sharp point, a spur. "Upon the gad," on the spur of the occasion, Tit. A. iv. 1, Lear i. 2.

GAGE. Pledge. The glove, or gauntlet thrown down, was called a gage or defiance, Rich. II. iv. 1. Used also for "gauge," to measure, Mer. Ven. i. 1.

GAGED. Laid as a wager, Ham. i. 1.

GAIN-GIVING. Uncertainty of mind, misgiving, Ham. v. 2.

GAIT. Procedure, Ham. i. 2.

GALLIAN. For Gallic, or French, Cymb. i. 7, 1 Hen. VI. v. 4.

GALLIARD. A French dance, lively and nimble, Tw. N. i. 3, Hen. V. i. 2.

GALLIASSES. Galleys of large construction, Tam. S. ii. 1.

GALLOW. To scare, to frighten, Lear iii. 2.

GALLOWAY NAGS. Common hack horses, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

GALLOWGLASSES. Heavy-armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles, Macb. i. 2, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 9.

GALLY-MAWFRY. A heterogeneous jumble, Win. T. iv. 3, Mer. W. ii. 1.

GAMESTER. A familiar term for a debauchee of either sex, All's W. v. 3, Hen. VIII. i. 4.

GAPING. Bawling, Hen. VIII. v. 3.

GARBOILS. Uproars, commotions, Ant. Cl. i. 3 & ii. 2. Fr. *Garbouille.*

GARDEN-HOUSE. Now called a summer-house, Mea. M. v. 1.

GARDON. Costard's mispronunciation of guerdon, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

GASKINS. Wide hose, or breeches, Tw. N. i. 5.

GASTED. Ghasted, made aghast, affrighted, Lear ii. 1.

GASTNESS. Ghastness, or ghastliness, Oth. v. 1.

GAUDY NIGHT. A "gaudy day" is a day of rejoicing and festivity. Still used in the English universities and inns of court, Ant. Cl. iii. 11.

GAWDS. Toys, finery, gew-gaws, Mids. N. i. 1, John iii. 3, Tr. Cr. iii. 3.

GEAR. Matter in hand, Mer. Ven. i. 1, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1. Dress, Love's L. L. v. 2.

GECK. A fool, a dupe, Tw. N. v. 1. A butt, a laughing-stock, Cymb. v. 4.

GENERAL. The populace, Mea. M. ii. 4, Ham. ii. 2.

GENERAL GENDER. The common race of people, Ham. iv. 7.

GENEROUS. Noble in birth and rank, Mea. M. iv. 6, Oth. iii. 3.

GENNET. A Jennet, a Spanish or Barbary horse, Oth. i. 1.

GENTILITY. High birth, and breeding, Love's L. L. i. 1, As You L. i. 1.

GENTLE. Belonging to gentry, noble, high-minded, Temp. i. 2, Cymb. iv. 2.

GENTLE. To put in the rank of a gentleman, Hen. V. iv. 3.

GENTLES. Gentlemen, Love's L. L. iv. 2, Tam. S. iii. 2.

GENTRY. Used for urbanity, politeness, Ham. ii. 2.

GENTRY. Rank or degree as gentlemen, Merry W. ii. 1, Win. T. i. 2, Corio. iii. 1.

GERMAN CLOCK. A notoriously fantastical piece of machinery, and as notoriously incomplete and disorderly, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

GERMANE *or* GERMAN. Akin, allied, Win. T. iv. 3, Ham. v. 2.

GERMANS. Relations, Oth. i. 1.

GERMINS. Seeds, germinations, Macb. iv. 1, Lear iii. 2.

GEST. The stage of progress, as well as resting-place in a journey. Likewise the time for resting. Old Fr. *Giste*, Win. T. i. 2.

GESTS. Deeds, exploits; Lat. *Gesta*, Ant. Cl. iv. 7. [In some editions, given "guests."]

GHOST. Sometimes used for corse, dead body. The word occurs three times in this scene: first, meaning dead body; second and third, meaning spirit, or soul of the departed, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

GHOSTED. Haunted, ghost-like, Ant. Cl. ii. 6.

GIB. A male cat. The gib cat is now called the tom cat; gib being the abbreviation of Gilbert, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2, Ham. iii. 4.

GIBBET. To hang; not only on a gallows, but to hang any thing up, or on, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

GIG. A small whipping-top, made of horn, Love's L. L. iv. 3 & v. 1.

GIGLOT. A dissolute woman, Mea. M. v. 1, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 7, Cymb. iii. 1.

GILLYFLOWER. Gillyvor, Gillofer, or Gelofre; a flower of the stock, or carnation tribe, Win. T. iv. 3.

GIMMAL. Spelt likewise Gimmer. A double ring, from the Lat. *Gemellus*, a twin. Also, machinery, or clock-work, 1 Hen. VI. i. 2.

GIMMAL BIT. A linked, or double bit, Hen. V. iv. 2.

GING. A gang, Mer. W. iv. 2.

GIRD. To cut, or lash with sarcasm, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2, Corio i. 1.

GIRDED. Besieged, Hen. V. iii. (Chor.)

GIRDLE. To turn the girdle, meant, that when a man intended to challenge another at wrestling, he turned the buckle of his belt behind; that his adversary might have a good gripe of his girdle, Much Ado v. 1.

GIS. Supposed to be a substituted form of asseveration for "Jesus," Ham. iv. 5, (Song.)

GLEEK. To joke, to scoff, or beguile, Mids. N. iii. 1, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 2, Rom. J. iv. 5, Hen. V. v. 1.

GLOVE. In the days of chivalry the glove was worn on the helmet, as the favour of a lady; and at times, as a challenge, Hen. V. iv. 1 & iv. 7.

GLOVES. They used formerly to be daintily scented, Win. T. iv. 3, (Song.)

GLOZE. To sophisticate, wheedle, or cajole, Rich. II. ii. 1, Hen. V. i. 2, Tit. A. iv. 4, Tr. Cr. ii. 2, Peric. i. 2.

GLUT. To swallow up, to englut; Fr. *Engloutir*, Temp. i. 2.

GNARLED. Knotted, snaggy, Mea. M. ii. 2.

GNARLING. Snarlingly gnawing, Rich. II. i. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

GO TO THE WORLD. Meaning to be married, All's W. i. 3, Much Ado ii. 1.

GODFATHERS. Formerly the twelve jurymen used to be jocosely called the prisoner's godfathers, Mer. Ven. iv. 1.

GOD 'ILD, *or* 'IELD. Corruption of God yield, or reward you, As You L. iii. 3, Ham. iv. 5.

GOD'S SONTIES. Thought to be a corruption of God's saints; anciently written *sanctes*, Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

GONGARIAN. Pistol's more sonorous form of "Hungarian," Mer. W. i. 3.

GOOD CHEAP. Ital. *Buon mercato*, Fr. *Bon marché*. A phrase formerly in common use for a good bargain. There was even the expression "better cheap;" while "cheap" and "cheaping" came to signify a market. Hence Cheapside and Eastcheap, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.

GOOD-DEED. Truly, in very deed, Win. T. i. 2.

GOOD DEN. Good even, or evening. (See DEN.) Much Ado iii. 2.

GOOD MY LORD, *and* GOOD MADAM. A form of polite acknowledgment, equivalent to our modern, "You are very good," Ham. ii. 1 & ii. 2 & v. 2.

GOOD-NIGHTS. Last-dying-speeches made into ballads, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

GORBELLIED. Fat, corpulent, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 2.

Goss, *or* GORSE. Furze. A heath plant, bearing yellow blossoms, Temp. iv. 1.

GOSSAMER. (Spelt also, Gossomer.) The webs of a particular kind of spider, that float in the air during the latter summer season, Lear iv. 6, Rom. J. ii. 6.

GOSSIPS. To act as gossip, or sponsor in giving a name, All's W. i. 1.

GOURDS. False dice. (See FULLAM.) Mer. W. i. 3.

GOUTS. Drops; Fr. *Gouttes*, Macb. ii. 1.

GOVERNMENT. Mildness and gentle submission, with self-control and reticence, 3 Hen. VI. i. 4, Hen. VIII. ii. 4.

GRACE AT MEAT. Sometimes said in metre, Mea. M. i. 2, Tim. A. i. 2.

GRAMERCY. Great thanks; Fr. *Grand merci*, Mer. Ven. ii. 2, Rich. III. iii. 2, Tim. A. ii. 2. "Gramercies," Tam. S. i. 1.

GRANGE. Originally the farm-house, or granary to a monastery: since used for a lone house, Mea. M. iii. 1, Win. T. iv. 3, (Song,) Oth. i. 1.

GRAVE. Deadly, fatal, Ant. Cl. iv. 10.

GRAVE. To bury, Tim. A. iv. 3. "Graved," Rich. II. iii. 2.

GRAVE. The original folio word; in some editions altered to "grace." But "grave," as a poetical embodiment of buried beauties, forms an antithesis with the subsequent phrase, "What's seen now," Win. T. v. 2.

GREASILY. Grossly, Love's L. L. iv. 2.

GREAVES. Leg-armour. In some editions spelt "graves;" in others, changed to "glaives," 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1.

GREEK. The Greeks being a jovial people, "As merry as a Greek" became proverbial; and has been corrupted into a 'merry Gig,' Tr. Cr. i. 2 & iv. 4.

GREEN. Unripe. Metaphor for unexperienced, John iii. 4.

GREGORY. Gregory VIIth became a byword with the early reformers for violence, and enormity of every description; hence Falstaff applies the epithet-title of "Turk" to a Christian Pope, 1 Hen. IV. v. 3.

GRIPE. A vulture. The original meaning was griffin, Lucrece 78.

GRISE. (Spelt also Grize.) A step, a degree, Tw. N. iii. 1, Tim. A. iv. 3, Oth. i. 3.

GRISLY. Frightful, hideous, Peric. iii. (Gower.) [In some editions grizzled.]

GROUND. A term in music. The subject, or air upon which variations, or descants are made, Rich. III. iii. 7.

GROUNDLINGS. The audience in the pit of a theatre, which was also called the 'Ground;' and the seats, 'groundstands,' Ham. iii. 2.

GROWING. Accruing, Com. E. iv. 1.

GUARDED. Ornamented with trimmings, Mer. Ven. ii. 2, Hen. VIII. (Prol.)

GUARDS. Embroideries, or lace trimmings on dress, Much Ado i. 1, Love's L. L. iv. 3, Mea. M. iii. 1.

GUDGEON. The Gudgeon is a common bait for fish. It is itself, also, easily caught; and therefore esteemed foolish, Mer. Ven. i. 3.

GUERDON. Recompense. Much Ado v. 3. (Scroll.) Costard, who does not comprehend the word, blunders it into "gardon," Love's L. L. iii. 1.

GUERDONED. Rewarded, 2 Hen. VI. i. 4, 3 Hen. VI. iii. 3.

GUINEA HEN. A cant term for a purchasable woman, Oth. i. 3.

GUINEVER. King Arthur's queen, Love's L. L. iv. 1.

GULES. A term in heraldry for the colour of red, Tim. A. iv. 3, Ham. ii. 2.

GULF. Throat, gullet; that which gulps, or engulfs, Macb. iv. 1.

GULL. A trick, Much Ado ii. 3. To dupe, to trick, Tw. N. ii. 3.

GUMMED VELVET. Velvets used to be gummed to make them stiff; and consequently they soon fret into shreds, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 2.

GUNSTONES. Cannon balls of stone, Hen. V. i. 2.

GURNET, SOUSED. A common fish of the piper kind; supposed to be vulgar food when so prepared, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 2.

GUST. To taste, to be aware of, Win. T. i. 2. Also zest, relish, Tw. N. i. 3.

GUST. Used elliptically and figuratively to express violent burst of passion, storm of wrath, Tim. A. iii. 5.

GYVE. To fetter, Oth. ii. 1.

H.

HAGGARD. An untrained hawk, Tw. N. iii. 1. Much Ado iii. 1, Tam. S. iv. 1 & iv. 2. In the sense of irreclaimable, Oth. iii. 3.

HAIR. Quality, texture, character, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1. "Against the hair," is a saying equivalent to 'Against the grain,' Mer. W. ii. 3, Tr. Cr. i. 2.

HALCYON. The kingfisher. It was believed that when hung up in a room, this bird would always turn its beak to the point of the wind, Lear ii. 2.

HALF-CAPS. Slight salutations, half-bows with the cap, Tim. A. ii. 2.

HALF-FACED GROAT. A coin with the face in profile: some coins about that period being stamped with a full-face on them, John i. 1.

HALF-KIRTLE. A short, loose dress, worn by courtezans, 2 Hen. IV. v. 4.

HALIDOM. Holiness, faith, sanctity. Literally Holy-dom, formed like Kingdom. A term of asseveration, Two Gen. iv. 2.

A HALL, A HALL! An exclamation, to clear a space in a crowd, Rom. J. i. 5.

HALLOWMAS. All-hallows, or All Saints. The poor people, and beggars at Hallowmas went from door to door begging in a lacrymose tone for so-termed "Soul-cakes," Two Gen. V. ii. 1.

HAND. "At any hand;" or "In any hand." A phrase or idiom for 'At all events,' 'In any case,' Tam. S. i. 2, All's W. iii. 6. "Of all hands," is equivalent to 'In every way,' Love's L. L. iv. 3. "Of his hands," was a technical phrase, for 'Of his height,' Mer. W. i. 4, Win. T. v. 2.

HANDFAST. Contract, marriage-engagement, Cymb. i. 6. [In some editions printed as two words, "Hand fast," to the destruction of the meaning.]

HAND-FAST. "In hand-fast" is 'in mainprise;' which means, in the custody of a friend on bail, or on security given, Win. T. iv. 3.

HANGER. The loop of the belt in which the sword was suspended, Ham. v. 2.

HAPPILY. Used for haply, perchance, Oth. iii. 3, Ham. i. 1, Mea. M. iv. 2.

HARDIMENT. Bravery, stoutness, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3, Cymb. v. 4.

HARE. Said to be a melancholy animal, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

HARLOCK. Supposed to be Charlock, the wild mustard,—a common field weed, Lear iv. 4.

HARLOT. A hireling; applied to both base men and base women, Com. E. v. 1, Win. T. ii. 3.

HARLOTRY. Used both as adjective and noun by Shakespeare, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4 & iii. 1.

HARNESS. Armour; Fr. *Harnois*, Macb. v. 5, Ant. Cl. iv. 8.

HARNESSED. Equipped in armour, Tr. Cr. i. 2.

HARRIED. The same meaning as Harrowed. To harass, torment, ill-treat, Ant. Cl. iii. 3.

HATCHED. Engraved, Fr. *Haché*. 'Hatchings,' (in the present day, 'Etchings,') an engraver's technical term, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

HAVING. Used as a substantive, for possession, or property, Mer. W. iii. 2, Macb. i. 3. "Havings," Hen. VIII. iii. 2.

HAVOCK. A word of signal for general slaughter; for no quarter to be given, John ii. 2, Corio. iii. 1, Jul. Cæs. iii. 1, Ham. v. 2.

HAY. A dance, said to be an abbreviation of 'Haydigyes,' a rural dance, Love's L. L. v. 1.

HEADY. Violent, impetuous, ungovernable, wilful, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3, Hen. V. i. 1 & iii. 3.

HEAT. To run one heat, or course, in a race, Win. T. i. 2.

HEBENON. Ebony. The juice was said to be a poison, Ham. i. 5.

HEDGE. To swerve, to deviate; still a sporting term, Mer. W. ii. 2, Tr. Cr. iii. 3.

HEFTS. Retchings, heavings of the stomach, Win. T. ii. 1. "Tender-hefted," i.e., moved, or heaved tenderly, Lear ii. 4.

HELL. Formerly used jocularly for a prison-dungeon, Com. E. iv. 2.

HENCE. For henceforth, 2 Hen. IV. v. 5.

HENCHMAN. An attendant page. The etymology contested, Mids. N. ii. 2.

HENT. Seized, laid hold of, or taken, Win. T. iv. 2, (Song,) Mea. M. iv. 6. Used also for occasion, or opportunity to be seized, Ham. iii. 3.

HERB OF GRACE. Rue, Rich. II. iii. 4, All's W. iv. 5, Ham. iv. 5.

HEST. Injunction, command, Temp. i. 2, iii. 1, iv. 1, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3.

HIDE FOX AND ALL AFTER. A commonly-known boys' game, called 'All-hid,' and 'Hide and Seek,' Ham. iv. 2.

HIGH AND LOW. A cant phrase for false dice, Mer. W. i. 3.

HIGHT. Called, named, Love's L. L. i. 1, Mids. N. v. 1, Peric. iv. (Gower.)

HILD. For held; spelt thus for rhyme's sake, Lucrece 180.

HILDING. A low, cowardly rascal; a mean woman, All's W. iii. 6, Tam. S. ii. 1, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1, Cymb. ii. 3, Rom. J. ii. 4 & iii. 5.

HIP. To "have on the hip;" i.e., at complete advantage, Mer. Ven. i. 3, Oth. ii. 1.

HIREN. Corruption of Irene. Pistol's name for his sword, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

HIS. Almost always used for "its" by old writers. "His effect of gravity," 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. "His grand sea," Ant. Cl. iii. 10.

HOBBIDIDANCE. The name of a fiend, Lear iv. 1.

HOBBY-HORSE. A mimic horse that figured in the Morris-dance. Latterly, omitted; which gave rise to the almost proverbial expression, "The hobby-horse is forgot," Love's L. L. iii. 1, Ham. iii. 2.

Hob, nob. Derived from 'Hab, nab;' which means have, or not have; German *Haben*. Hob, or nob, is a drinking expression; 'Will you have a glass or not?' It was used to signify a choice of any kind, Tw. N. iii. 4.

Holding. Burden, or (in modern parlance) Chorus, Ant. Cl. ii. 7.

Holidame. An exclamation, thought to mean,—'By the Virgin Mary,' Tam. S. v. 2.

Holla. This word (perhaps more properly spelt *hola*) is a term of the manage, bidding a horse stop, As You L. iii. 2, Venus and Ad. 48. A command to halt, Lear v. 3, Oth. i. 2.

Holp. Perfect tense of to help, Temp. i. 2, John i. 1.

Holy-ale. A rural festival, Peric. i. (Gower.)

Honesty. Sometimes used for virtue, purity, chastity, Merry W. ii. 1, As You L. iii. 3 & iv. 1, All's W. iii. 4.

Honey-seed. Quickly's blunder for homicide; as she uses "honey-suckle" for homicidal, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

Honey-stalks. The flower-stalks of clover, which are sweet to the taste, Tit. A. iv. 4.

Hoodman-blind. The game of blind-man's buff, Ham. iii. 4.

Hoop. A quart pot; so called for its being made like a cask, with staves, held together with hoops, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

Hop-dance. The name of a fiend, Lear iii. 6.

Horra. Used for expectations, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

Horn is dry. A horn was carried by the Bedlam beggars, which they wound when arriving at a house to ask alms, and into which they put what drink they were given. Shakespeare, in making Edgar exclaim, "Poor Tom, thy horn is dry," not only assigns him a speech which is a last attempt to preserve the character he has assumed, as containing a mendicant hint that his horn needs replenishing, but which possesses an exquisite double significance, as allusive to his powers of "counterfeiting" being exhausted at sight of Lear's condition, Lear iii. 6.

Horologe. A clock; Lat. *Horologium*, Oth. ii. 3.

Hose. Breeches and stockings, both in one, Mer. W. iii. 1, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Love's L. L. iv. 3.

Host. To lodge, Com. E. i. 2, All's W. iii. 5.

Hothouse. A house of ill-fame, Mea. M. ii. 1.

House. Used in the sense of the head of the house, Lear ii. 4.

Hoxes. Cuts the hamstrings. To hox, is a corruption of the old English word, to 'hough,' pronounced 'hock,' Win. T. i. 2.

Hugger-mugger. Low, unworthy hiding, or concealment, Ham. iv. 5.

Hulk. The mere carcase of a ship: used metaphorically, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1 & ii. 4. For a ship itself, 1 Hen. VI. v. 5, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

Hull. To float listlessly on the waves, Rich. III. iv. 4, Tw. M. i. 5. "Hulling," Hen. VIII. ii. 4.

Humorous. Humid, damp, Rom. J. ii. 2. Also used for humorsome, or capricious, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4, As You L. i. 2.

Humour. Any peculiarity or eccentricity of conduct or manner, was termed a mad humour. Shakespeare ridiculed the cumbrousness of the application in the character of Nym, Mer. W. ii. 2, Hen. V. ii. 2.

Hundred merry tales. An old jestbook so titled, Much Ado ii. 1.

Hunt-counter. A name given by Falstaff, to imply that the person he addresses is on a wrong scent, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. (See Counter.)

Hunts-up. A song to rouse hunters in a morning, Rom. J. iii. 5.

Hurly. Tumult, uproar, confusion, Tam. S. iv. 1, John iii. 4, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 1. "Hurly-burly," Mach. i. 1, 1 Hen. IV. v. 1.

Hurricano. A water-spout, Tr. Cr. v. 2, Lear iii. 2.

Hurtled. Clashed, struggling together; fr. *Hourter*, Jul. Caes. ii. 2, As You L. iv. 3.

Husband. Anciently used for husbandman, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3.

Husbandry. Household government, Mer. Ven. iii. 4. Thrift, frugality, economy, Mach. ii. 1. Prudence, Hen. V. iv. 1, Tr. Cr. i. 2. Industry, Ham. i. 3.

Huswife, *or* Housewife. One sense of the word means a jilt, an inconstant,—a hussy, Hen. V. v. 1.

Hyem. Winter, Mids. N. ii. 2.

Hyen. The hyena, As You L. iv. 1.

## I

I. In Shakespeare's time the personal pronoun, I, was constantly used for the word of assent, "Ay;"—hence the tendency to pun upon the term, Two Gen. V. i. 1, Rom. J. iii. 2.

I. Used to be repeated, for emphasis' sake, at the end of a phrase, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Rom. J. iii. 1 & 5.

I'pecks. In faith, really, truly, Win. T. i. 2.

Ignomy. Ignominy, Mea. M. ii. 4, 1 Hen. IV. v. 4, Tr. Cr. v. 11, Tit. A. iv. 2.

Imbar. To secure, guard, fortify, make good, Hen. V. i. 2.

Immanity. Savageness, barbarity, 1 Hen. VI. v. 1.

Immediacy. Absolute representation, Lear v. 3.

Immoment. Unimportant, not momentous; Ant. Cl. v. 2.

Immures. Wall-enclosures, fortifications, Tr. Cr. (Prol.)

Imp. A sprout, an offspring. At first a serious term; latterly jocose, and applied even to small demons, Love's L. L. i. 2 & v. 2, 2 Hen. IV. v. 5, Hen. V. iv. 1.

IMP. To supply a broken feather in a hawk's wing. Used metaphorically, Rich. II. ii. 1.

IMPAIR. Unequal, unworthy; Lat. *Impar*, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

IMPALE. To encircle with a pale, 3 Hen. VI. iii. 2 & 3.

IMPARTIAL. On one occasion, Shakespeare uses the word to signify not taking part. The Duke leaves Angelo to act the part of judge, while he himself soon after withdraws, Mea. M. v. 1.

IMPARTMENT. Imparting, making a communication, Ham. i. 4.

IMPEACH. For impeachment, accusation, Com. E. v. 1.

IMPEACHMENT. Obstruction, prevention, or hindrance; Fr. *Empêcher*, Hen. V. iii. 6.

IMPERSEVERANT. An old word, for unperceiving, undiscerning. Its modernized orthography would be imperceiverant, Cymb. iv. 1.

IMPLEACHED. Interwoven, Lover's Comp. 30.

IMPONE. To lay down by way of wager: from the Lat. *Impono*. It may represent Osric's affected way of pronouncing 'impawned,' Ham. v. 2.

IMPORTANCE. Importunity, Tw. N. v. 1, John ii. 1. Import, tendency, Win. T. v. 2.

IMPORTANT. Importunate, urgent, Com. E. v. 1, All's W. iii. 7, Much Ado ii. 1.

IMPORTLESS. Of no moment, unimportant, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

IMPOSE. Imposed service, command, Two Gen. V. iv. 3.

IMPRESS. Impression, Two Gen. V. iii. 2. Armorial device, Rich. II. iii. 1. Forcible enlistment, Tr. Cr. ii. 1, Ant. Cl. iii. 7, Ham. i. 1. To compel to subjection, Macb. iv. 1.

IMPUTATION. For imputed excellence, Tr. Cr. i. 3, Ham. v. 2.

INCARDINATE. Ague-cheek's ignorant use of the word 'incarnate,' Tw. N. v. 1.

INCARNARDINE. To stain of a carnation-red colour, Macb. ii. 2.

INCENSED. Prompted, urged, instructed, Much Ado v. 1, Rich. III. iii. 1, Hen. VIII. v. 1.

INCH. An island. An Erse word, Macb. i. 2.

INCH-MEAL. By an inch at a time; as we now say, piece-meal, Temp. ii. 2.

INCISION. Literally, cutting; Lat. *Incido*. "To make incision," was a surgical phrase for bleeding; humorously employed as a wish for letting some of the foolish blood out of the person addressed, As You L. iii. 2; a similar allusion, Love's L. L. iv. 3.

INCLIPS. Embraces, encircles, Ant. Cl. ii. 7.

INCLUDE. To close up, or conclude, Two Gen. V. v. 4.

INCONTINENT, INCONTINENTLY. Immediately, suddenly, Rich. II. v. 6, Oth. i. 3.

INCONY. Delectable, dainty, pretty, Love's L. L. iii. 1 & iv. 1.

INCORPSED. Incorporated, made one body, Ham. iv. 7.

INDENT. To bargain, or make an agreement, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3. As a substantive, it means an indentation, or inbending, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

INDEX. Used in the sense of pre-indication, as well as subject-matter, Rich. III. ii. 2 & iv. 4, Ham. iii. 4, Oth. ii. 1, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

INDIFFERENCY. Equipoise; leaning to neither side, John ii. 2. Moderation, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3.

INDIFFERENT. Impartial, Hen. VIII. 2 4. Moderately, Tw. N. i. 3 & 5, Ham. iii. 1. "Indifferent children of the earth;" generality of mortals, Ham. ii. 2.

INDIGEST. Used as a substantive to express a matter undigested, crude, unregulated, John v. 7. Adjectively, for unformed, shapeless, Sonnet 114.

INDIGN. Unworthy. Lat. *Indignus*, Oth. i. 3.

INDIRECTION. Wrong, or crooked course, Jul. Cæs. iv. 3, John iii. 1.

INDIRECTLY. Wrongfully, John ii. 1, Hen. V. ii. 4, Rich. III. iv. 4.

INDITE. To summon, to convict, Rom. J. ii. 4, Ham. ii. 2.

INDUED. Invested, endowed, provided, Two Gen. V. v. 4, Love's L. L. v. 2, Com. E. ii. 1, Hen. V. ii. 2, Ham. iv. 7.

INDURANCE. For durance, confinement, imprisonment, Hen. VIII. v. 1.

INFAMONIZE. A bombastious word for 'to make infamous,' or to disgrace, Love's L. L. v. 2.

INFECT. For infected, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

INFORMAL. Irrational, insane; opposed to "formal," which is used for staid, rational, Mea. M. v. 1.

INGAGED. Pledged; by the throwing of the ring, as a gage, or pledge, All's W. v. 3.

INGENIOUS. Used for intelligent, acute, Lear iv. 6.

INGENIOUSLY. For ingenuously, Tim. A. ii. 2.

IN GOOD TIME. A phrase of cheerful assent; equivalent to the French *à la bonne heure*, Mea. M. iii. 1.

INHABITABLE. For unhabitable, Rich. II. i. 1.

INHERIT. Used simply for to obtain, or possess, with no reference to inheritance, Two Gen. V. iii. 2, Rich. II. i. 1, Rom. J. i. 2, Tit. A. ii. 3.

INHIBITED. Prohibited, forbidden, Oth. i. 2, All's W. i. 1.

INHOOPED. Cocks and quails, when matched for fighting, were confined within hoops, Ant. Cl. ii. 3.

INIQUITY. The 'Vice,' or Buffoon, in the old dramas or moralities, went also by the title of "Iniquity," Rich. III. iii. 1, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

INKHORN MATE. An inkhorn was used to denote a pedantic person, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

INKLE. Tape, Love's L. L. iii. 1, Win. T. iv. 3.

INLAND BRED. Meaning gently, or well bred; in opposition to upland bred, which

meant rough and unpolished, As You L. ii. 7 and iii. 2.

INNOCENT. An idiot, All's W. iv. 3.

INSANE ROOT. Probably henbane, Mach. i. 3.

INSCRIPTION. This stage direction is not in the original; but we have ventured to introduce it, as indicating the couplet which the soldier finds *near* the grave, and which he is able to read; while the writing *on* the tombstone he cannot decipher, it being in another "character," Tim. A. v. 4. Warburton altered "read" to "rear'd;" and most editors follow his example. But Mr Staunton restored "read," interpreting the passage in the way which we feel to be the right one.

INSISTURE. A word known only in Shakespeare; implying stability, and order of position, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

INSTANCE. Motive, Rich. III. iii. 2, Ham. iii. 2.

INSTANT ACTION. Most modern editors, by placing a comma after these words, assimilate their sense too nearly with that of the following ones, "a cause on foot;" whereas "instant action" form the close of Lord Bardolph's first proposition, and mean immediate operation. The passage, as it stands, is confessedly obscure; and various attempts have been made to clear it, by altering the punctuation, and by changing "if" to "in," in the first line. We inclined to think (and Henley and Mason had the same idea) that the "Indeed" beginning the second line was a misprint for "Induc'd;" which gives a sense in conformity with the gist of Lord Bardolph's argument; but in all probability there has been a line lost between "war" and "Indeed," 2 Hen. IV. i. 3.

INSUPPRESSIVE. Not to be restrained, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

INTEND. To pretend, Tam. S. iv. 1. "Intending," Rich. III. iii. 5, Tim. A. ii. 2, Lucrece 18.

INTENDMENT. Intention, As You L. i. 1, Hen. V. i. 2.

INTENIBLE. Upholding, All's W. i. 3.

INTENTIVELY. Attentively, heedfully, Oth. i. 3.

INTERESS'D. Become of interest, prove acceptable, Lear i. 1.

INTERGATORIES. Interrogatories, All's W. iv. 3, Mer. Ven. v. 1.

INTRENCHANT. That which may not be cut, Macb. v. 7.

INTRINSE. Intricate, Lear ii. 2. "Intrinsicate," Ant. Cl. v. 2.

INVECTIVELY. Abusively, As You L. ii. 1.

INVESTMENT. Vesture, dress, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1.

INVISED. Unseen, Lover's Comp. 31.

INWARD. Intimate, closely confiding, Rich. III. iii. 4. A familiar acquaintance, Mea. M. iii. 2.

INWARDNESS. Familiarity, attachment, Much Ado iv. 1.

IRIS. Juno's messenger, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

IRK. To vex, to distress, As You L. ii. 1, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 2.

IRREGULOUS. Disorderly, out of rule, lawless, Cymb. iv. 2.

ITERANCE. Iteration, Oth. v. 2.

ITERATION. Repetition, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

## J

JACK. The small bowl that serves as a mark to the bowlers, Cymb. ii. 1.

JACK. Used for the commonest order of man, Rich. III. i. 3. Frequently used as a term of contempt, Much Ado v. 1, Tam. S. ii. 1. "Play the Jack" is to play the rogue or knave, Much Ado i. 1, Temp. iv. 1. In the latter passage, there is also allusion to the Jack-o'-lantern, or Will-o'-the-wisp.

JACKS. The keys of a virginal, or harpsichord, Sonnet 128.

JACK-A-LENT. A puppet thrown at during Lent, as were cocks on Shrove Tuesday, Mer. W. iii. 3 & v. 5.

JACK GUARDANT. Jack-in-office, Corio. v. 2.

JACK O' THE CLOCK. A figure on the outside of public clocks, Rich II. v. 5, Rich. III. iii. 2.

JAR. To tick, as a clock, Rich. II. v. 5. A tick of the clock, Win. T. i. 2.

JAUNCING. Spurring and riding a horse hard: old Fr. *Jançer*, Rich. II. v. 5.

JAY. An ill-charactered woman, Mer. W. iii. 3, Cymb. iii. 4.

JESSES. The thongs which held the hawks to the fist, Oth. iii. 3.

JET. To strut, to throw forth the body in walking, Tw. N. ii. 5, Cymb. iii. 3.

JEW. Used humorously as a term of endearment, Love's L. L. iii. 1, Mids. N. iii. 1.

JOAN. Used as a name for the ordinary run of women, Love's L. L. iii. 1 & iv. 3, John i. 1.

JOHN-A-DREAMS. A sleepy-headed, lumpish fellow, Ham. ii. 2.

JOINT-RING. A united, or jointed ring, Oth. iv. 3.

JOURNAL. Daily; Fr. *Journal*, Mea. M. iv. 3, Cymb. iv. 1.

JOVE. Sometimes used by early writers as the name of the God of Christians, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 10.

JOVIAL. Like Jove, Cymb. iv. 2 & v. 4.

JUMP. Precisely, coincident with, immediately upon, Oth. ii. 3, Ham. v. 2. To run a risk, a hazard, Corio. iii. 1, Macb. i. 7, Cymb. v. 4. To suit, to accord, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2. A chance, turn of fortune, Ant. Cl. iii. 8.

JUNKET *or* JUNCATE. Ital. *Giuncata*. A sweetmeat, or dainty, Tam. S. iii. 2.

JUSTICERS. Magistrates, or justices of the peace were so called, Lear iii. 6, Cymb. v. 5.

JUT. To intrude or encroach upon, Rich. III. ii. 4, Tit. A. ii. 1.

JUTTY. A projecting portion of a building, Macb. i. 6. To protrude, to project, Hen. V. iii. 1.

JUVENAL. A playful name for a youth, Love's L. L. i. 2 & iii. 1, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2, Mids. N. iii. 1.

## K

KAM. Askew, across, ("clean kam," quite irrelevant,) Corio. iii. 1.

KECKSIES. Dry and husky stalks, or chaff, Hen. V. v. 2.

KEECH. A lump of fat made into a roll; a mass of grossness, Hen. VIII. i. 1, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

KEEL. To cool, Love's L. L. v. 2, (Song.)

KEISAR. An old form of Cæsar, Mer. W. i. 3.

KENDAL GREEN. Kendal, in Westmoreland, used to be celebrated for the manufacture of green cloth, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

KERCHIEF. A covering for the head; which it was an old English custom to wear in illness, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

KERNES. Peasants, Irish foot-soldiers, Macb. i. 2 & v. 7, Rich II. ii. 1, Hen. V. iii. 7, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1 & iv. 9.

KIBE. A sort of chilblain, Temp. ii. 1, Ham. v. 1.

KICKY-WICKY, *or* KICKSY-WICKSY. A vulgar name for a wife, All's W. ii. 3.

KID-FOX. The fox known to be hidden; kidde being a word for 'known,' 'detected,' in Chaucer's time, Much Ado ii. 3.

KILL, KILL, KILL! This was the ancient onset-cry in the English army, Lear iv. 6.

KILLINGWORTH. The ancient local name for Kenilworth, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 4.

KIND. Nature, Jul. Cæs. i. 3, Ant. Cl. v. 2. Kindly; possessed of natural feeling, Rich. III. i. 4.

KINDLE. To incite, to induce, As You L. i. 1.

KINDLESS. Unnatural, Ham. ii. 2.

KINDLY. Used in a double sense for gentle, and for apposite, or akin to the point in question, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 1. Punningly for amiably and for appositely or aptly, Rom. J. ii. 4.

KIRTLE. An ample upper garment, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

KNACK. A bauble, a toy, a trifle, Win. T. iv. 3.

KNAPPED. Snapped, or broke, Mer. Ven. iii. 1.

KNAVE. A boy, or servant lad; Sax. *Knabe*, Ant. Cl. iv. 12 & v. 2, Lear i. 4. The meaning has now wholly subsided into the synonyme of rogue.

KNEEL. It was the custom for the actors, after the play, to kneel down on the stage, and say a prayer for the sovereign, 2 Hen. IV. (Epil.)

KNIFE. Often used for dagger, or sword, Macb. i. 5 & 7, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

KNOT-GRASS. Formerly reputed to have the power of stopping growth, when taken in infusion, Mids. N. iii. 2.

KNOTS. Curious garden-beds or plots. (See CURIOUS-KNOTTED GARDEN.) Rich. II. iii. 4.

KNOTTY-PATED. (See NOTT-PATED.) 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

## L

LABRAS. Spanish for lips, Mer. W. i. 1.

LACED MUTTON. A dizened courtezan, Two. Gen. V. i. 1.

LACKEYING. Servilely following, or obeying, Ant. Cl. i. 4.

LAG. Late, last, tardy; also, by metaphor, the lowest or commonest people, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 3, Rich. III. ii. 1, Tim. A. iii. 6, (Grace.)

LAKIN. A diminutive, for Ladykin, or Little Lady; "By'r Lakin," is, by our Lady, Temp. iii. 3, Mids. N. iii. 1.

LAMPASS. A disorder in cattle; a tumour in the gums, Tam. S. ii. 1.

LANCES. Used upon one occasion for Lancers or Lancemen, Lear v. 3.

LAND-DAMN. A word of threat, coined by Shakespeare, Win. T. ii. 1.

LANGUISH. For languishment, Rom. J i. 2, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

LAPSED. Shakespeare seems to use this word as expressive of inadvertency: negligently straying, thoughtlessly lost, Tw. N. iii. 3, Ham. iii. 4.

LAPWING. Plover, and Peewit; all names for the same bird. Believed to lure strangers from its nest by crying and limping, as if wounded, Mea. M. i. 5, Much Ado iii. 1, Com. E. iv. 2, Ham v. 2.

LARGE. Used for coarse, free, Much Ado iv. 1.

LASS-LORN. Mistress-bereft, Temp. iv. 1.

LATCH. To catch the sound of, Macb. iv. 3.

LATCHED. Anointed, smeared, Mids. N. iii. 2.

LATED. Overtaken by the night, Macb. iii. 3, Ant. Cl. iii. 9.

LATTEN. An old word for brass; Fr. *Laiton*, Mer. W. i. 1.

LATTICE. In this passage there is not only allusion to the easily-seen-through crossed frame-work called "lattice," but to the low taverns which the old lord means to say that Parolles haunts, All's W. ii. 3. (See RED-LATTICE.)

LAUD. Praise, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4, Tr. Cr. iii. 3.

LAUND. An open grass plain; in modern nomenclature, 'Lawn,' 3 Hen. VI. iii. 1, Venus & Ad. 136.

LAVOLT, *or* LAVOLTA. A brisk, highbounding dance, Tr. Cr. iv. 4, Hen. V. iii. 5.

LAY. A wager, Cymb. i. 5, Oth. ii. 3, 2 Hen. VI. v. 2.

LEA. A field, or meadow, Sax. Temp. iv. 1, Hen. V. v. 2, Tim. A. iv. 3.

LEAD APES. An uncomplimentary phrase respecting the vocation assigned to those old maids in the next world who have been coquettes in this, Much Ado ii. 1.

LEAGUER. An adversary's camp. A besieged town was therefore said to be beleaguered, All's W. iii. 6.

LEASH. The thong to fasten hounds together, Win. T. iv. 3, Corio. i. 6. "Leashed," Hen. V. i. (Chorus.)

LEASING. Lying, Tw. N. i. 5, Corio. v. 2.

LEATHER-COAT. Russetine apples; in the west of England called 'Buffcoats,' 2 Hen. IV. v. 3.

LEAVE. Used for give away, relinquish, part with. "Leave her token," Two Gen. V. iv. 4. "Love me, and leave me not;" "he would not leave it,' Mer. Ven. v. 1. Used elliptically for leave off, desist, "Will you bid me leave?" 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

LEECH. An old term for a physician, Tim. A. v. 5.

LEER. Complexion, look, As You L. iv. 1, Tit. A. iv. 2.

LEESE. To lose, Sonnet 5.

LEET. A court of jurisdiction for petty offences, Tam. S. 2, (Ind.) Oth. iii. 3.

LEG. "To make a leg" was to make a bow, All's W. ii. 2, 1 Hen. IV ii. 4.

LEGERITY. Lightness, alertness: Fr. *Légèreté*, Hen. V. iv. 1.

LEIGER. (Spelt also Lieger.) A permanently resident embassador, Mea. M. iii. 1, Cymb. i. 6.

LEMAN. A paramour, a lover, Mer. W. iv. 2, Tw. N. ii. 3, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3, (Song.)

LENTEN. Spare, fasting, pertaining to Lent time, Tw. N. i. 5, Rom. J. ii. 4, Ham. ii. 2.

L'ENVOY. The moral, or conclusion of a poem, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

LET. To hinder, Two Gen. V. iii. 1, Tw. N. v. 1, Ham i. 4. Hindrance, Hen V. v. 2. Rom. J. ii 2.

LET. To forbear, Lucrece 2.

LETHE. Oblivion. Lethe, the river of oblivion in the Greek mythology, Tw. N. iv. 1, 2 Hen IV. v. 2, Rich. III. iv. 4, Ant. Cl. ii. 7, Ham. i 5.

LETHE. Death, from the Lat. *Lethum*, Jul. Cæs. iii. 1. In this sense, Lethe seems to have been used and sounded as a monosyllable by our old writers.

LEVEL. To "stand in the level," meant to stand within range or gun-shot, Win. T. iii. 2.

LEWD. Wicked, Much Ado v. 1, Rich. II. i. 1. Idle, obnoxious, Rich. III. i. 3.

LIEBARD. The leopard, Love's L. L. v. 2.

LIBERAL. Coarse-spoken, free-spoken, Much Ado iv. 1, Ham. iv. 7, Oth. ii. 1.

LIBERTY. Used to express the licence of employing the actors' own words, in extempore performance, in opposition to the "law of writ,"—the written words set down for them by an author in a regularly composed play, Ham. ii. 2.

LIEFEST. Most dear, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

LIEGE. Lord, or sovereign, Rich. II. i. 3.

LIEGEMAN. One bound to do feudal service, Win. T. ii. 3, Ham. i. 1.

LIFTER. A thief, Tr. Cr. i. 2.

LIGHT O' LOVE. A dance-tune, Two Gen. V. i. 2, Much Ado iii. 4.

LIGHTLY. In common course, usually, Rich. III. iii. 1.

LIKE. For liken. "Like me to:" that is, make me like, reduce me to the likeness of, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 6. "Liking," 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

LIKED. Pleased, As You L. (Epil.)

LIKES NOT. Pleases not, is not approved, Hen. V. iii. (Chorus.)

LIKING. To be "in liking," is to be in good case, or condition, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.

LIMB-MEAL. Limb from limb, Cymb. ii. 4.

LIMBECK. An alembic, or distilling vessel, Macb. i. 7.

LIMBO. The boundary of hell: used for hell itself, All 's W. v. 3, Tit. A. iii. 1. Also, for a prison, Com. E. iv. 2.

LIMBO PATRUM. The name of the place where the Fathers of the Church awaited their resurrection; used jocosely for a prison, Hen. VIII. v. 3.

LIME. Put into wine for adulteration, Mer. W. i. 3, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

LIMIT. "Strength of limit," i.e., strength for even a limited distance, Win. T. iii. 2.

LINE. Statement of lineage, Hen. V. ii. 4.

LINE OF LIFE. The lines in the palm of the hand expounded by gipsies, and other cheats in palmistry, Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

LINED. Drawn, delineated, As You L. iii. 2, (verses.)

LINK. A torch of pitch. Incredible as it may appear, the smoke of a link was used to blacken rusty hats, Tam. S. iv. 1.

LINSTOCK, *or* LINTSTOCK. The stock to hold the lint, or match, for firing ordnance, Hen V. iii. (Chorus.)

LIST. Limit, or boundary. A term derived from the lists at a tournament, Tw. N. ii. 1, Ham. iv. 5, Oth. iv. 1. 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1. Also, desire, inclination, Oth. iii. 1.

LIST. To listen, Mer. W. v 5, Oth. ii. 1. Also, to like, to prefer, 3 Hen. VI. i. 5, Tit. A. iv. 1, Oth. ii. 3.

LITHER. The comparative of lithe. Soft, pliable, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 7.

LIVELIHOOD. Living appearance, liveliness. All's W. i. 1, Rich. III. iii. 4.

LIVERY. A law term, for delivery, or grant of possession. "To sue one's livery," was the technical expression for the process to be pursued, Rich. II. ii. 1 & 3, 1 Hen IV. iv. 3.

LIVING. Possessions, means to live upon, Mer. V. v. 1, Rom. J. iv. 5.

LIZARD. Fantastically pronounced venomous but harmless as a frog, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2.

LOACH. A small river-fish; called also a groundling; believed by the common people to be infested with fleas, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

LOB. A lubber, a clown. Puck was the jester (or "clown") to King Oberon, Mids. N. ii 1.

LOB. To hang down helplessly, Hen. V. iv. 2.

LOCK, *or* LOVE-LOCK. A long lock of hair, worn at the side of the head; often plaited with ribband, Much Ado iii. 3.

LOCKRAM. A coarse linen, made into handkerchiefs, caps, &c., Corio. ii. 1.

LODE-STAR. The pole-star, and guide to mariners, Mids. N. i. 1, Lucrece 26.

LODGED. Layed by the wind, Macb. iv. 1, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

LOFFE. An old form of laugh, Mids. N. ii. 1.

LOGGATS. The diminutive of logs. A game formerly played by rustics, somewhat resembling nine-pins, Ham. v. 1.

'LONGS. Abbreviation of belongs, Mea. M. ii. 2, Corio. v. 3. "'Longing," All's W. iv. 2, Hen. VIII. i. 2.

LONGLY. For longingly, Tam. S. i. 1.

LOOFED. Now spelt luffed. A ship brought close to the wind, Ant. Cl. iii. 8.

LOOK UPON. Used for look on, or play the looker-on, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 3.

LOON. A stupid fellow, a clown, Macb. v. 3.

LOP. A cutting from a tree, Hen. VIII. i. 2.

LORD, HAVE MERCY ON US. The inscription written on the doors of plague-infected houses, Love's L. L. v. 2.

LORD'S SAKE. Prisoners confined for debt, begged of passers-by for 'the Lord's sake,' Mea. M. iv. 3.

LOTS TO BLANKS. Prizes to blanks; equivalent to 'All to nothing;' or, 'Ten to one,' Corio. v. 2.

LOUTED. Befooled. Derived from lout, a stupid boor, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 3.

LOVE-DAY. A current expression for a day of reconciliation, Tit. A. i. 2.

LOVER. Formerly meant any one who was beloved of another, male or female, Mea. M. i. 5. Between men, it signified a bosom-friend, Corio. v. 2, Mer. Ven. iii. 4.

LOWN. Another form of Loon, Peric. iv. 6, Oth. ii. 3, (Song.)

LOZEL. An idle, worthless, abandoned fellow, Win. T. ii. 3.

LUBBAR. A corruption of Libbard, or Leopard, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

LUCE. A pike fish, or jack, Mer. W. i. 1.

LUGGED. From lug, the ear. Pulled by the ears, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

LUNES. Lunacy, frenzy, Mer. W. iv. 2, Win. T. ii. 2, Tr. Cr. ii. 3, Ham. iii. 3.

LURCH. To win from, to gain by distancing, Mer. W. ii. 2. "Lurched," Corio. ii. 2.

LURE. The bait for a hawk, Tam. S. iv. 1. To entice, to tempt, Rom. J. ii. 2.

LUSH. Of rich or luxuriant vegetation; hence, probably, 'luscious,' Temp. ii. 1.

LUST. Pleasure, inclination, "To my lust" is equivalent to the modern phrase, as I list, or like, Tr. Cr. iv. 4.

LUSTICK. Pleasant, cheerful, hearty, All's W. ii. 3.

LUXURIOUS. Wanton, unchaste, Much Ado iv. 1, Tit. A. v. 1.

LYM. A sporting-hound led by a thong, called a Leam or Leash, Lear iii. 6.

## M

MACULATE. Blotted, defiled, impure; Lat. *Macula*, a blot or stain, Love's L. L. i. 2. "Maculation," Tr. Cr. iv. 4.

MAD. This is the word printed in all modern editions, as altered by Rowe from the word "made" in the First Folio. But neither affords a clear sense. "Afraid," or "'fraid," is near in sound to the original word; and gives what seems to us the right reading, when we consider Prince Henry's reply to this speech ("And thou a natural coward, without instinct"); taken in conjunction with a previous passage of the same scene:—"Art thou not horribly afraid? &c. *P. Hen.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct," 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

MAGGOT-PIES. Now called Magpies; Fr. *Magot*, a chatterer, Macb. iii. 4.

MAGNIFICO. The title of the Venetian nobles, Oth. i. 2, Mer. Ven. iii. 2.

MAILED. Armed, covered with armour, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1, Corio. i. 3. "Mailed up," wrapped, or covered up; a term in falconry, for enveloping a hawk's wings, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

MAINED. Lamed, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2. [In most editions altered to "maimed," to the injury of the pun.]

MAKE. "What make you here?" for, what are you doing here? As You L. i. 1 & 3, Ham. ii. 2. "Make the doors," to fasten, or shut them close, As You L. iv. 1.

MAKE NICE. To be fastidious, or scrupulous, John iii. 4.

MAKELESS. Mateless. Make and Mate were used indiscriminately by old writers, Sonnet 9.

MALKIN. Mall, or Moll, and kin, the German diminutive. Used subsequently as a contemptuous term. The scarecrow in a field or garden is still called a Malkin, Corio. ii. 1, Peric. iv. 4.

MALT-HORSE. A heavy cart-horse, like a brewer's horse, Tam. S. iv. 1, Com. E. iii. 1.

MALT-WORM. Applied to an ale-toper, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

MAMMERING. Stammering, hesitating, Oth. iii. 3.

MAMMETS. Dolls, or puppets, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3, Rom. J. iii. 5.

MAMMOCK. To tear in pieces, Corio. i. 3.

MANAGE. A term originating in the tilt-yard. A career, or course run; an encounter, a shock, a contest, Love's L. L. v. 2, John i. 1. Also used for management, contrivance, provision, Rich. II. i. 4. Likewise for horse-training; Fr. *Manège*, As You L. i. 1, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3.

MANDRAGORA, *or* MANDRAKE. A root possessing strong soporific qualities; superstitiously believed to utter groans when torn up; and

that the uprooter died mad, Ant. Cl. i. 5, Oth. iii. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2, Rom. J. iv. 3.

MANKIND. Mannish, masculine, manlike, Win. T. ii. 3. Asked in this sense, answered in the usual sense of the word,—human-kind, Corio. iv. 2.

MANNER. To be "taken with the manner," meant to be taken in the fact, Love's L. L. i. 1, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

MANNINGTREE OX. Manningtree, in Essex, was famous for its statute fair, its breed of cattle, and for its roasted ox (whole) at fair-time, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

MAN-QUELLER. A murderer; more anciently, an executioner, 2 Hen IV. ii. 1.

MANY. The many meant the populace, or a multitude; in modern phrase, the million, 2 Hen. IV. i. 3.

MARCHES. The lands on each side of a country's boundary, Hen. V. i. 2

MARCH-PANE. A confectionary compounded of sugar and pounded almonds, Rom. J. i. 5.

MARE. To "ride the wild mare," meant to play at see-saw, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

MARGENT, *or* MARGIN. Alluding to the margins of old books, which contained a commentary on the subject-matter of the page, Rom. J. i. 3, Ham. v. 2.

MARIAN. Maid Marian was Robin Hood's mistress. In after years, introduced into the Morris-dances; when the character was generally performed by a man, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.

MARRY TRAP. A cant exclamation, when likely to be caught, Mer. W. i. 1.

MART. To traffic, or deal; from the substantive, mart, a market, Jul. Cæs. iv. 3. "Marted," Win. T. iv. 3.

MARTLEMAS. A corruption of Martinmas; a feast occurring on the 11th of November; facetiously applied to Falstaff, as on the decline, like the year, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2.

MARY-BUDS. Flowers of the Mary-gold; which open in the morning and close at sunset, Cymb ii. 3. "Marigold," Win. T. iv. 3.

MATCH. To "set a match," was a technical expression among thieves for making an appointment to rob, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

MATED. To bewilder, stupefy, confound, or overpower, Com. E. iii. 2. & v. 1, Macb. v. 1.

MATES. The various editors contend that this word means *either* to confound, destroy; *or* an allusion to chess-playing. But we feel it to comprise *both* senses,—Shakespeare often using words thus comprehensively, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

MAUGRE. In spite of; Fr. *Malgré*, Tw. N. iii. 1, Tit. A. iv. 2, Lear v. 3.

MAUND. A basket, Lover's Comp. 6.

MAW. The stomach, Mea. M. iii. 2, Macb. iv. 1.

MAZZARD. A familiar word for the head, Ham. v. 1, Oth. ii. 3.

MEACOCK. A sneak and a coward, Tam. S. ii. 1.

MEALED. Mingled, mixed, Mea. M. iv. 2.

MEANS AND BASSES. Singers with tenor voices and bass voices. The middle, or mean part, is called Tenor; the lowest, Bass, Win. T. iv. 3.

MEASURE. A grave and stately dance, Much Ado ii. 1, Love's L. L. v. 2, As You L. v. 4.

MEAZEL. Measle, or Mesell, is the old term for a leper; Fr *Meselle*, Corio. iii. 1.

ME. Shakespeare frequently joins this word on to a verb, in the same way with the Fr. idiom, as used in Moliere's "Tartuffe," "*Fermes-moi ce mouchoir.*" It gives a spirited effect to the dialogue; and sometimes affords occasion for a play upon the form of expression. "Knock me here," Tam. S. i. 2. "Bear me a bang," Jul. C. iii. 3. "Imagine me," Win. T. iv. (Chorus.) "Comes me cranking in, and cuts me," &c., 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1. "Ascends me into the brain; dries me there," &c., 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3. "Fools me," &c. "Raise me this beggar," Tim. A. ii. 1 & iv. 3.

MEED. Reward, Two Gen. V. v. 4. Desert, Hen. VI. ii. 1 & iv. 8, Tim. A. i. 1, Hen. v. 2.

MEET WITH. An idiom, for to frustrate, or counteract, Temp. iv. 1. "To be met with," was equivalent to, "To be even with," Much Ado i. 1.

MEINY. A lord's household retinue, or train of menials, Lear ii. 4.

MELL. To meddle with; Fr. *Mêler*, All's W. iv. 3, (Letter.)

MEMORY. For memorial, Corio. iv. 5.

MEPHOSTOPHILUS. The name of the familiar spirit, or the Devil, in Marlowe's play of "Faustus," Mer. W. i. 1.

MERCATANTE. A merchant, Tam S. iv. 2.

MERCHANT. Sometimes employed as a term of familiarity, also of contempt, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 3, Rom. J. ii. 4.

MERE. "Mere the truth" means quite the truth, the exact truth, All's W. iii. 5. Used for utter, entire, Oth. ii. 2, Cymb. iv. 2. For absolute, M. for M. v. 1, Tr. & Cr. i. 3 "Merely;" completely, utterly, Ant. Cl. iii. 7, Ham. i. 2.

MERED. Bounded, limited, defined, Ant. Cl. iii. 11.

MERIT. Used for reward, guerdon, meed: as the latter word is sometimes used for merit, desert, John iii. 1, Rich. II. i. 3.

MESS. A large dinner-company was formerly divided into sets of fours, called 'messes;' hence "mess" came to mean a party of four people, Love's L. L. iv. 3 & v. 2, 3 Hen. VI. i. 4.

MESSES. "Lower messes" were those who occupied the lower end of the table; afterwards applied to lower orders generally, Win. T. i. 2.

METAL. Used in its legitimate sense as a mineral, and sometimes blendedly with the sense which it has obtained, from its oral resemblance with the word mettle, which

per, temperament, courage, Mea. il. Cæs. i. 1, Much Ado ii. 1.

:AL. Formerly used in the sense :ural, Macb. i. 5.

A yard-measure, Tam. S. iv. 3.

Mead; a beverage made of r. W. v. 5, Love's L. L. v. 2. See METAL.)

onfined, shut up, Mids. N. i. 1, . 1, Rich. III. i. 1 & 3, Rom. J.

sneaking fellow, a truant, 1 Hen.

ALLECHO. Lurking malice, or To 'mich,' means to skulk, to ily: and 'malheco' is a Spanish ifying misdeed, or evil-doing, Ham.

:ill the Scotch term for much, or a. J. ii. 3, Com. E. iii. 1, Hen. V. 1. VI. iv. 6.

RTH. Formerly a term in fre- 'or our globe, Mer. W. v. 5.

IMER'S SPRING. The season when puts forth its second shoot, Mids.

ntenance. "The revolt of mien," nge of countenance' which Nym e will betray when made jealous; will make him dangerously venge- V. i. 3. "Mien," represents beauty ance, Two Gen. V. ii. 4.

:CES. Queen Elizabeth first intro- coining by the mill into England , Mer. W. i. 1.

s. To "weep millstones" was an of those not given to the melting h. III. i. 3 & 4. Used for tears of with doubt of their being shed, Tr.

make affectedly small steps, to trip r. W. v. 1.

Remembering. Still the Scotch e word, Hen. V. iv. (Chorus.) garding, Peric. ii. 4 & 5.

ery diminutive, Lear iii. 6, (Song.) One of the smallest of fresh-water 's L. L. i. 1, Corio. iii. 1.

wretched person. Used in its nal sense, without reference to the vice of avarice, 1 Hen. VI. v. 4.

varice, covetousness, Corio. ii. 2.

Mistaken, Mids. N. iii. 2. Un- As You L. i. 1 & 2.

Underrating, not estimating, iii. 1, All's W. iii. 2, Tr. Cr. iv. 5. Messengers, Macb. i. 5, (let.) Ant.

Misinterpreted, misconstrued, . i. 1.

ED. Wrathful, ill-conditioned, John J. i. 1.

Now called the Jack; the small he game of bowls, at which the n. "Rub," is the progress of the ball; and "Kiss," a slight touching together, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

MISTRESS. A title often appended to a woman's name formerly, whether she were a maiden or a wife. "Mistress Anne Page," Mer. W. i. 1. We find Mistress Quickly is unmarried, Mer. W. ii. 2. "Mistress Silvia," Two Gen. V. iv. 4.

Mo. More; for rhyme's sake, Lucrece 212, Much Ado ii. 3, (Song.)

MOBLED. Muffled, or negligently covered on the head. Mob-cap is a modern term for an undress cap, Ham. ii. 2.

MODERN. Common, trite, ordinary, All's W. ii. 3, John iii. 4, Ant. Cl. v. 2, Rom. J. iii. 2, As You L. ii. 7 & iv. 1.

MOE. To ridicule by making mouths, Temp. ii. 2.

MOIETY. A part, not merely a half, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1, Lear i. 1.

MOLDWARP. The mole, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

MOME. A stupid fellow, also a buffoon, Com. E. iii. 1.

MOMENTANY. Used by others as well as Shakespeare for momentary, Mids. N. i. 1.

MONARCH *and* MONARCHO. Titles given to pompous, pretentious fellows, Love's L. L. iv. 1, All's W. i. 1.

MONTANT. Abbreviation of *Montanto*, a term in fencing, Mer. W. ii. 3. Beatrice gives the latter as a mocking title to Benedick, Much Ado i. 1.

MOOD. Capricious humour, sounded like mud, All's W. v. 2.

MOON-CALF. A lumpish and shapeless mass; a monster, Temp. ii. 2 & iii. 2.

MOONISH. Changeable, As You L. iii. 2.

MOONSHINE. "A-sop o' the moonshine" was a sippet in a dish of eggs, dressed after a peculiar fashion, called 'Eggs in moonshine,' Lear ii. 2.

MORAL. Formerly meant the sense or signification of a thing, Much Ado iii. 4, Tam. S. iv. 4, Tr. Cr. iv. 4.

MORALIZE. To expound, to deduce a meaning from, Rich. III. iii. 1, Lucrece 15.

MORISCO. A dancer in the Morris-dance, which, being originally an imitation of a Moorish dance, was thus named, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

MORRIS-PIKE. A Moorish pike, used in war both by soldiers and seamen, Com. E. iv. 3.

MORT OF THE DEER. A phrase of notes, blown on his horn by the huntsman at the death of the deer, Win. T. i. 2.

MORTIFIED. Ascetic, devoted to self-denial, Love's L. L. i. 1, Macb. v. 2.

MORTISE. A joint in timber-work, Oth. ii. 1.

MOSE. "To mose in the chine," is a disease in horses, somewhat varying from the glanders; which consists of a discharge from the nose, Tam. S. iii. 2.

MOST. Was frequently used by the old writers with adjectives already in the superlative degree, in order to add emphasis to the

meaning. "Most poorest," Lear ii. 3. "Most best," Ham. ii. 2. "Most 'unkindest," Jul. Cæs. iii. 2. The comparative, "More," was applied in the same way. "More corrupter," Lear ii. 2. "More better," Temp. i. 2.

MOT. Motto, word, or sentence, Lucrece 119.

MOTHER. There seems to have been some expression, almost proverbial, in allusion to the "mother" of one who sets up for a beauty on slight grounds; as the two passages (with their context) cited in illustration of each other serve to show. "Who might be your mother," &c., As You L. iii. 5. "Whose mother was her painting," Cymb. iii. 4.

MOTHER. There was a disease known by this name, and by that of *hysterica passio*, Lear ii. 4.

MOTION. A name for a puppet, and puppet-show, Two Gen. V. ii. 1, Mea. M. iii. 2, Win. T. iv. 2, Peric. v. 1. Also used to signify wishes, or desires, Tw. N. ii. 4. And indignation, Hen. VIII. i. 2. Likewise for divinatory agitation, Ant. Cl. ii. 3.

MOTIVE. Used for active means, or agent, All's W. iv. 4. For limb, or member, that has motion or motive power, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

MOTLEY. The Fool or Jester's parti-coloured dress, As You L. ii. 7, Hen. VIII. (Prol.)

MOUSE. A term of endearment, Love's L. L. v. 2, Ham. iii. 4.

MOUSED. Mammocked, torn in pieces, Mids. N. v. 1. "Mousing," John ii. 2.

MOUTH. "A sweet mouth," formerly meant what is now called 'A sweet tooth,' — a fondness for sweets, Two Gen. V. iii. 1.

MOW. Used in the same way as MOE, Temp. iv. 1, Cymb. i. 7, Ham. ii. 2.

MOY. A piece of money; probably a contraction of moidore, a Portuguese coin. The word is used in this sense, and in its French signification of *Moi* (anciently spelt Moy) 'Me,' Hen. V. iv. 4.

MUCH. An exclamation of disdain and denial, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. Used adjectively in the same sense; "Here much Orlando," As You L. iv. 3.

MUFFLER. A sort of veil to cover the lower part of the face and throat, Mer. W. iv. 2, Hen. V. iii. 6.

MUM BUDGET. A cant signal, or nay-word, implying silence, Mer. W. v. 2.

MUMMY. A liquor, or balsam, prepared from the embalmed Egyptian bodies, Oth. iii. 4.

MURDERING-PIECE. A small piece of artillery so called, Ham. iv. 5.

MURE. A wall, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

MURKY. Dark, Macb. v. 1.

MURRAIN. A plague in cattle, Temp. iii. 2, Mids. N. ii. 2, Tr. Cr. ii. 1, Corio. i. 5.

MUSCADEL. A rich French wine; so named from its possessing a musk flavour, Tam. S. iii. 2.

MUSCLE-SHELL. Falstaff's name for as a hint that he stands with his [illegible] Mer. W. iv. 5.

MUSE. To admire or wonder, Tam Two Gen. V. i. 3. Also to consider, upon, Two Gen. V. ii. 1, Mer. W. v.

MUSET. The track made through by a hare, Venus & Ad. 114.

MUSS. A scramble for things thrown to be snatched up, Ant. Cl. iii. 11.

MUTINER. Mutineers, Ham. v. 2.

MYSTERY. An art, or trade. Old F *tier*. Played upon, in this sense, usual one, Mea. M. iv. 2.

## N

NAPKIN. An old word for handker You L. iv. 3, Ham. v. 2, Oth. iii. 3.

NAPLESS. Threadbare, Corio. ii. 2.

NAUGHT. "Be naught a while." formerly in use, tantamount to 'Be to you,' As You L. i. 1.

NAUGHTY. Formerly, this word had stronger signification than at pre held its primitive force; and mean less, worth naught or nothing, Mach 1, Mer. Ven. iii. 3, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 3, 3.

NAYWARD. Inclining to denial; tend negative, Win. T. ii. 2.

NAY-WORD. A watch-word, Mer. W v. 2. Also, a bye-word, Tw. N. ii. 5

NEAT. Oxen, horned cattle. Also tr finical. Used in both senses, Win. In its former sense, 3 Hen. VI. ii. ii. 2.

NEB. The bill of a bird; used for the Win. T. i. 2.

NEEDLY. Needfully, necessarily, Ro 2.

NEELD. A form of the word, "Needle the measure required a monosyllabl N. iii. 2, John v. 2, Peric. iv. & v. ( In Lucrece, 46, the word occurs un forms.

NEEZE. An old word for sneeze, Mid 1.

NEIF. Fist, or hand, Mids. N. iv. 1, IV. ii. 4.

NEPHEW. Used for cousin. "Dep *nephew*, Richard," 1 Hen. VI. "Nephews," used for grandchildre i. 1. The word was formerly appli kinsman in various degrees of relat as was "cousin."

NETHER-STOCKS. Stockings; nether ing lower. The upper-stocks w breeches. (See HOSE.) 1 Hen. I Lear ii. 4.

NETTLE. There is allusion in books o speare's period to the "nettle of being peculiarly smarting; and this better suits the epithet Sir Toby a Maria than "metal," which some

have printed instead of the "mettle" of the Folio edition. "Metal of India," as a mode of expression for gold, is far less characteristic of both Sir Toby's diction and Maria's stinging qualities than "nettle," Tw. N. ii. 5.

NEW-FANGLED. Frivolously new fashioned, Love's L. L. i. 1, As You L. iv. 1.

NEXT. Nearest, readiest, Win. T. iii. 3, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

NICE. Dainty, particular, precise, Two Gen. V. iii. 1, Much Ado v. 1, Love's L. L. iii. 1 & v. 2, Hen. V. v. 2. Trifling, foolish, Tam. S. iii. 1, Rom. J. v. 2.

NICHOLAS, ST. St Nicholas was the patron saint of children and scholars; but the name became applied to one now known by the abbreviated title of 'Old Nick;' consequently, "St Nicholas' Clerks" was a cant name for thieves, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

NICK. "Out of all nick," i.e., 'out of all reckoning.' The score was kept upon nicked, or notched sticks, or tallies, Two Gen. V. iv. 2.

NICKED. To score, or set a mark of folly upon, Ant. Cl. iii. 11. Fools were nicked, notched, and shaved, after a particular fashion, Com. E. v. 1.

NIECE. Used for grand-daughter, Rich. III. iv. 1.

NIGHT-RULE. Order of revelry, Mids. N. iii. 2.

NINEFOLD. A form of 'nine foals,' for the sake of rhyme, Lear iii. 4, (Song.)

NINE-MEN'S MORRIS. An old game played with nine holes, cut upon a square in a turf. There were nine players on a side; one side using wooden pegs, the other stones. It is a rustic variation of an old French game, called *Mérelles*, which was played on a board, Mids. N. ii. 2.

NOBLE. A play on the words "noble" and "royal;" two coins of the respective value, six-and-eightpence and ten shillings,—the difference between them being "ten groats," Rich. II. v. 5, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

NODDY. A simple person. A 'Tom Noddy' is still used for a simpleton, Two Gen. V. i. 1.

NO HAD. An old form of expression as a retort, John iv. 2.

NOISE. A band of street-music. A felicitous term for some descriptions of music,—so called. "Sneak's noise." Sneak may have been a known itinerant performer of that day, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

NONCE. Purpose, occasion, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 3, Ham. iv. 7.

NONNY, *and* NONINO. Burdens to old songs; as Fal-lal-la, As You L. v. 3, Ham. iv. 5, (Song,) Much Ado ii. 3, (Song.)

NO POINT. A quibble on the French "*Non point*," not at all, Love's L. L. ii. 1 & v. 2.

NOOK-SHOTTEN. That which shoots into recesses or nooks, Hen. V. iii. 5

NOR. The old writers considered that the doubling of the negative strengthened the affirmation. "Nor never," Tam. S. iv. 3. "Nor no," and "Nor to no," Jul. Cæs. iii. 1.

NOTE. Knowledge, information, Lear iii. 1 & iv. 5.

NŌTHING. A play on this word (sometimes formerly pronounced with the ō long), and noting, Much Ado ii. 3, Win. T. iv. 3.

NOTT-PATED. A head with the hair cut close, or shorn, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

NOURISH. Sometimes written for Nourice, or Nurse, 1 Hen. VI. i. 1.

NOVICE. A religious probationer, Mea. M. i. 5. One fresh and inexperienced, All's W. ii. 1, Tam. S. ii. 1, Rich. III. i. 4, Ant. Cl. iv. 10.

NOVUM. A game at dice, in which the principal throws were five and nine, Love's L. L. v. 2.

NOWL. The head, Mids. N. iii. 2.

NUMBERED. Compounded of numbers, Cymb. i. 7.

NURTURE. Education, As You L. ii. 7.

NUTHOOK. A bailiff who hooks thieves, Mer W. i. 1, 2 Hen. IV. v. 4.

NUTMEG. "A gilt nutmeg" was a Christmas gift, Love's L. L. v. 2.

## O

O. The single letter O was formerly employed to signify things circular. The Globe Theatre, built of wood, Hen. V. i. (Chorus.) The earth, the world, Ant. Cl. v. 2. "Oes," refer to the stars, Mids. N. iii. 2. And to the pits or marks left by small-pox, Love's L. L. v. 2.

OB. An abbreviation of *Obolum*. The common mode of signifying a halfpenny in bills of the time, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

OBLIGATION. Requirement, duty, bond, Tr. Cr. iv. 5, Lear ii. 4, Ham. i. 2 & ii. 2. Motive, inducement, Hen. VIII. ii. 3. Bond, in a legal sense; a paper of contract, Mer. W. i. 1, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

OBSERVATION. For observance, Mid. N. iv. 1. "Observance" used for observation, All's W. iii. 2, Ant. Cl. iii. 3.

OBSEQUIOUS. Appertaining to funeral obsequies, Ham. i. 2, Tit. A. v. 3, Sonnet 31. "Obsequiously," Rich. III. i. 2.

OBSTACLE. The Shepherd's blunder for obstinate, 1 Hen. VI. v. 4.

OCCUPATION. Used for mechanics, operatives, Corio. iv. 6, Jul. Cæs. i. 2.

ODDLY. Unequally; with disadvantageous odds, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

ODD WITH. Tantamount to at odds with, or to contend with, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

O'ERCOUNT. To out-number, and to out-do by unfair means, Ant. Cl. ii. 6.

O'ERLOOKED. Bewitched, enchanted, Mer. W. v. 5, Mer. Ven. iii. 2.

O'ERPARTED. Having too good a part for his talents, Love's L. L. v. 2.

O'ERRAUGHT. Overreached, Com. E. i. 2. Caught up, or overtook, Ham. iii. 1.

O'ER WRESTED. (See WREST.) Tr. Cr. i. 3.

OF ALL LOVES. For love's sake; by all means, or, I entreat you, Mer. W. ii. 2, Mids. N. ii 3.

OFFICES. Those apartments in the house appropriated to the domestics, and to where refreshments are prepared and served out, Macb. ii. 1, Rich. II. i. 2, Tim. A. ii. 2, Oth. ii. 2.

OLD. An ancient form of the word 'wold,' a wild open plain, Lear iii. 4.

OLD. Frequently used in a humorous sense, signifying abundant, excessive, Mer. W. i. 4, Much Ado v. 2, Mer. Ven. iv. 2, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

OLD LAD OF THE CASTLE. A term used in great familiarity, good-fellowship, and conviviality, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

O LORD SIR. An assish phrase, eternally used by coxcombs of the period; well ridiculed by the Clown, All's W. ii. 2.

ONCE. Used in the sense of 'one time or other,' 'sometime,' Mer. W. iii. 4, Hen. VIII. i. 2, Jul. Cæs. iv. 3, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

ONCE. The meaning of "once," as Shakespeare has used it in these passages, has been differently interpreted by different editors: one saying it means *for the nonce, the occasion, the time being;* others, *once for all,* or *absolutely.* We take it to be something tantamount to our present familiar phrase, 'It's just this,' Com. of E. iii. 1, Much Ado i. 1, Corio. ii. 3.

ONEYERS. Probably Gadshill's cant word for 'ones,' as the modern slang expression 'one-ers.' Most commentators argue as if this referred to those whom Gadshill means to rob; but the context shows that it relates to those *with whom* he is to rob, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

OPAL. A precious stone, varying in colour in various lights, Tw. N. ii. 4.

OPERANT. Operating, potent, Tim. A. iv. 3, Ham. iii. 2.

OPINION. Conceit, Love's L. L. v. 1. Headstrongness, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1. Reputation, 1 Hen. IV. v. 4.

OPPOSITE. Antagonist, opponent, Tw. N. iii. 2 & 4, Corio. ii. 2.

ORB. For orbit; the path of a planet, 1 Hen. IV. v. 1.

ORBS. Fairies' circles on the grass, Mids. N. ii. 1.

ORDINANCE. Ordination, appointment, decree, Hen. V. ii. 4, Rich. III. iv. 4 & v. 4, Jul. Cæs. i. 3, Lear iv. 1. Rank, degree, Corio. iii. 2. Fate, destiny, Cymb. iv. 2.

ORDINANT. Swaying, directing, Ham. v. 2.

ORDINARY. A public dining-table, where each man pays his score, Ant. Cl. ii. 2. "Ordinaries," All's W. ii. 3.

ORGULOUS. Proud, haughty; Fr. *Orgueilleux,* Tr. Cr. (Prol.)

ORT. A scrap, a remnant, Tim. A. iv. 3, Tr. Cr. v. 2.

'ORT. Sir Hugh Evans's Welsh abbreviation of 'Word,' Mer. W. i. 1.

OSPREY. The sea eagle, Corio. iv. 2.

OSTENT. Show, appearance, display, Mer. Ven. ii. 2, Hen. V. v. (Chor.)

OTHERGATES. In another manner, Tw. N. v. 1.

OTTOMITES. Turks, Ottomans, Oth. i. 3 & ii. 3.

OUPHES. Goblins, fairies, Mer. W. iv. 4 & v. 5.

OUSEL. The black-bird, Mids. N. iii. 1.

OUT. Fully, completely. "Out three years old," Temp. i. 2.

OVERSCUTCHED. Whipped at the cart's tail, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

OWCHES. Bosses of gold, jewelled ornaments, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

OWE. Frequently used for to own, have, or possess, Temp. i. 2, Mea. M. ii. 4, Com. E. iii. 1, Love's L. L. i. 2, Mids. N. ii. 3, All's W. ii. 5.

OXLIP. The large cowslip, Mids. N. ii. 2.

O-YES. Old French, *Oyez,*—'Hear ye!" The exclamation of the town-cryer, even at the present day, in England, Mer. W. v. 5, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

## P

PACK. To contrive, or bargain, Lat. *Pactus,* Tit. A. iv. 2. "Packing," Cymb. iii. 5.

PACKED. Sorted, or shuffled cards unfairly, Ant. Cl. iv. 12.

PACKED. Made an accomplice or confederate, Com. E. v. 1, Much Ado v. 1.

PACKINGS. Contrivances, underhand dealings, Lear iii. 1.

PACTION. Contract, alliance, Hen. V. v 2

PADDOCK. The name for a toad: and hence, for an evil spirit, Ham. iii. 4, Macb. i. 1.

PAINTED CLOTH. Chamber-hangings, similar to tapestry; representing devices, with mottoes, and moral sentences, As You L. iii. 2, Tr. Cr. v. 11, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 2.

PALABRAS. The Spanish for words. The B and the V being used in Spanish indiscriminately, the English word 'Palaver' is thence derived; a term of contempt for over-much speech, Much Ado iii. 4. Corrupted into "Pallabris," Tam. S. i. (Ind.)

PALE. To encircle, to confine, as within a paling, Hen. V. v. (Chorus,) 3 Hen. VI. i. 4, Ant. Cl. ii. 7.

PALL. To decline, wane, fall away, Ham. v. 2. To invest, as with a funereal pall, Macb. i. 5.

PALLED. Cloyed, waned, faded, dwindled, Ant. Cl. ii. 7.

PALLIAMENT. A robe. The white vesture of a Roman candidate, Tit. A. i. 2.

PALMY. Victorious, triumphant: the Palm being the symbol of victory, Ham. i. 1.

PANTLER. The servant of the pantry, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Win. T. iv. 3.

PAPERS. Used as a verb; for puts down in his paper, or "letter," Hen. VIII. i. 1.

PARCEL. A portion, part of, Mer. W. i. 1, Com. E. v. 1.

PARCEL-GILT. Partly gilt, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

PARFECT. Costard's blunder for 'perfect,' Love's L. L. v. 2.

PARIS GARDEN. The celebrated bear-garden in Southwark, London; near to the Globe Theatre. So named from Robert of Paris, who had a house there in the reign of Rich. II., Hen. VIII. v. 3.

PARISH-TOP. A large whip-top was formerly kept in most towns and parishes for the amusement of the commonalty in winter, Tw. N. i. 3.

PARITOR. An officer of the Bishop's court, who carries out summonses, or citations, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

PARLE. The same signification as "Parley." A discussion, or treaty, by word of mouth, Two Gen. V. i. 2, John ii. 1, Rich. II. i. 1 & iii. 3, Hen. V. iii. 3, 3 Hen. VI. v. 1, Ham. i. 1.

PARLING. Speaking, Lucrece 15.

PARLOUS. A common version of perilous, Mids. N. iii. 1, As You L. iii. 2, Rich. III. ii. 4 & iii. 1, Rom. J. i. 3.

PARMACETI. A corruption of spermaceti, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3.

PARTAKE. Participate, share with, Win. T. v. 3.

PARTAKER. Accomplice, partner in misdeed, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

PARTED. Quitted, departed from, Peric. v. 3. Endowed with good qualities, or parts, Tr. Cr. iii. 3.

PARTISAN. (Spelt also Partizan.) A pike, or halberd, Ant. Cl. ii. 7, Cymb. iv. 2, Rom. J. i. 1, Ham. i. 1.

PARTLET. A ruff for the neck, worn by women. The name was given to a hen, because it frequently shows a ruff of feathers on its neck, Win. T. ii. 3, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.

PASH. The head, or skin of the head in horned cattle, Win. T. i. 2.

PASH. To dash, or beat furiously, Tr. Cr. ii. 3. "Pashed," Tr. Cr. v. 5.

PASSADO. A thrust. An old fencing term, Love's L. L. i. 2, Rom. J. ii. 4 & iii. 1.

PASSAGE. One passing, a passenger, Oth. v. 1. Circumstance, point, incident, All's W. i. 1.

PASSED. "It passed." An expression implying, 'it passed belief,' Mer. W. i. 1, Tr. Cr. i. 2.

PASSES. "This passes," i. e., exceeds all bounds, Mer. W. iv. 2.

PASSING. Extremely, Two Gen. V. iv. 4, Mids. N. ii. 1, Tam. S. ii. 1.

PASSING. Surpassing belief, excessive, egregious, 3 Hen. VI. v. 1, Rich. III. i. 1. "That it passed;" exceeded belief, Mer. W. i. 1, Tr. Cr. i. 2. "This passes!" Mer. W. iv. 2. "He passes," Tim. A. i. 1.

PASSION. To suffer, to feel passion, Temp. v. 1, Love's L. L. i. 1, (Letter.) "Passioning," Two Gen. V. iv. 4.

PASSIONATE. To complain, or express passion, Tit. A. iii. 2.

PASS NOT. To care not for, to regard not, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

PASSY-MEASURE. A stately-stepping dance. Sir Toby in his drunken ire calls its object "a Passy-measures pavin," bungling up the names of two solemn dances into one, as a fitting epithet for a pompous fellow, Tw. N. v. 1.

PASTRY. The confectionary, or pastry-room, Rom. J. iv. 4.

PATCH. A fool. Ital. *Pazzo*, Temp. iii. 2, Mer. Ven. ii. 5, Com. E. iii. 1, Macb. v. 3.

PATCHERY. Folly, roguery, Tr. Cr. ii. 3, Tim. A. v. 1.

PATH. To go, as in a path, to walk, Jul. Cæs. ii. 1.

PATHETICAL. Affectedly lamentable, As You L. iv. 1, Love's L. L. i. 2 & iv. 1.

PATIENT. Compose, make patient, or tranquillise, Tit. A. i. 2.

PATINE. From the Latin *Patina:* the gold plate with which the priest covers the chalice at high mass. Poetically applied to the stars, Mer. Ven. v. 1.

PAUCA. Lat. *Few.* Adopted as a cant expression for "Let's have few words," or "Be brief," Mer. W. i. 1, Hen. V. ii. 1.

PAUL'S. In St Paul's Cathedral, London, was formerly transacted almost every description of business; and even some amusements or games, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2, Rich. III. iii. 6.

PAVIN. From the Latin *Pavo*, a peacock. A grave and stately dance, Tw. N. v. 1.

PAX. A small plate of wood or metal, with some sacred representation engraved upon it, and used for the kiss of peace, Hen. V. iii. 6.

PAY. "You pay him then!" used ironically, in the sense in which schoolboys now say, 'Pay him out;' that is, punish him thoroughly, Hen. V. iv. 1.

PEAK. To mope, pule, maunder, Macb. i. 3, Ham. ii. 2. "Peaking," sneaking, snivelling, pitiful, Mer. W. iii. 5.

PEARL. A term used for whatever is highly valued. Here meaning the chief nobility, Macb. v. 7.

PEASCOD. The pea-shell, now called the pod, Tw. N. i. 5, As You L. ii. 4, Lear i. 4.

PEAT. A small, delicate, and favourite person: the origin of 'pet.' Fr. *Petit*, Tam. S. i. 1.

PEDANT. A schoolmaster, Tam. S. iv. 2.

PEDASCULE. A whimsical name for a preceptor, or pedant, Tam. S. iii. 1.

PEELED. (Spelt also pieled and pilled.) Stripped, bald, or tonsured, 1 Hen. VI. i. 3.

PEEVISH. Silly, trifling, foolish, Hen. V. iii. 7, Mer. W. i. 4. Wayward, Tw. N. i. 5, Ham.

i. 2, Oth. iv. 3. Fruteful, cross, Mer. Ven. i. 2.

Pro-a-Ramsey. The subject of an old ballad, Tw. N. ii. 3.

Pese. To weigh, or bear down. Fr. *Peser*, Mer. Ven. iii. 2, Rich. III. v. 3.

Peized. Poised, John ii. 2.

Peltino. Paltry, trifling, unimportant, Mea. M. ii. 2, Mids. N. ii. 2, Rich. II. ii. 2, Tr. Cr. iv. 5, Lear ii. 3.

Perdu. Fr., lost. '*Enfant perdu*,' was a soldier on a forlorn hope, Hen. V. iv. 3, Lear iv. 3.

Perdurable. Very durable, Oth. i. 3, Hen. V. iv. 5.

Perdurably. Lastingly, Mea. M. iii. 2.

Perdy. A vulgarised French oath, '*Par Dieu*,' Com. E. iv. 4, Hen. V. ii. 2, Ham. iii. 2.

Peregrinate. Strange, out of the common course, Love's L. L. v. 2.

Perfect. Used for positive, certain, Win. T. iii. 3, Cymb. iii. 2 & iv. 2.

Perge. The Latin for 'Go on,' 'proceed,' Love's L. L. iv. 2.

Periapt. A bandage, or amulet, hung round the neck, for a preservative against danger or disease, 1 Hen. VI. v. 3.

Period. To finish, or put a stop to, Tim. A. i. 2.

Perish. To destroy, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

Perjure. Perjurer. The punishment for these criminals formerly was to wear on the breast a paper specifying their offence, Love's L. L. iv. 3.

Perpend. Ponder, mentally weigh, Mer. W. ii. 1, As You L. iii. 2, Lien. V. iv. 4, Ham. ii. 2.

Perplexed. In Shakespeare's time this word had greater force than at present; meaning, as he uses it, bewildered, distracted, maddened, Oth. v. 2, Cymb. iii. 4, Lucrece 105.

Person. Jaquenetta's blunder for 'parson,' Love's L. L. iv. 2 & 3.

Perspective. A glass so contrived as to produce an optical deception, Tw. N. v. 1, Rich. II. ii. 2.

Perspectively. Distorted, under delusion, Hen. V. v. 2.

Pertly. Quickly, briskly, alertly, smartly, Temp. iv. 1. Saucily, audaciously, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

Pervert. To ward off, to avert, Cymb. ii. 4.

Petar. A kind of mortar, used to blow up gates, Ham. iii. 4.

Pew-fellow. Originally, one who sat in the same pew. Metaphorically, a partner, a companion, Rich. III. iv. 4.

Pheere. (See Feere.) Peric. 1, (Gower.)

Pheese. To chastise, and to humble, Tam. S. i. (Ind.), Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

Philip. The old name for a sparrow. The serving-man addressing Faulconbridge by his Christian name, the latter jokingly rebukes the familiarity by this reference, John i. 1.

Phisnomy. A vulgar contraction of Physiognomy, All's W. iv. 5.

Phraseless. Beyond the power of phrases to extol, Lover's Comp. 33.

Pia mater. The membrane which covers the brain, Tw. N. i. 5, Love's L. L. iv. 2, Tr. Cr. ii. 1

Pick. To pitch, or toss, Hen. VIII. v. 3, Cor. i. 1.

Picked. Spruce, coxcombical, Love's L. L. v. 2, John i. 1, Ham. v. 1.

Pickers and Stealers. A caustic name for the hands, Ham. iii. 2. To pickeer was a word for to pillage.

Picking. Trifling, insignificant, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 2.

Pick-thank. One who fawns to obtain favour, and picks occasion for receiving thanks, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

Picket-match. A house of ill resort, Mer. W. ii. 2.

Pierced. Reached, penetrated, Oth. i. 3.

Pight. Pitched, fixed, settled, decided, Lear ii. 2, Tr. Cr. v. 11.

Pilcher. A covering of leather, a scabbard, Rom. J. iii. 1.

Pill. To pillage or rob, Tim. A. iv. 1. "Pilled," Rich. II. ii. 1, Rich. III. i. 3.

Pin. The centre of a target, now called the bull's eye, Love's L. L. iv. 1, Rom. J. ii. 4.

Pin and Web. The old term for a cataract in the eye, Win. T. i. 2, Lear iii. 4.

Pink Eyne. Small, close-shut, peering eyes, Ant. Cl. ii. 7, (Song.)

Pinnace. A small ship, Mer. W. i. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 1.

Pip. A pip is a spot on the cards; and "a pip out," signified more than the number that sufficed to win the game. The phrase came into jocose usage to signify one or two more than needful, Tam. S. i. 2.

Pitch. The extreme ascent of a hawk before he stooped upon his prey, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4, Jul. Cæs. i. 1.

Pitch and pay. A low phrase, meaning 'down with your money,' Hen. V. ii. 3.

Pittikins. "'Od's pittikins;" a diminutive of God's pity, Cymb. iv. 2.

Placket. A woman's under garment, Love's L. L. iii. 1, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

Plain. For complain, Lear iii. 1.

Plain-song. The simple notes of an air or melody, Mids. N. iii. 1, (Song,) Hen. V. iii. 2, Hen. VIII. i. 3.

Planched. Boarded. Fr. *Planche*, Mea. M. iv. 1.

Plantage. Plants, vegetation. It was an old prejudice that the growth of plants was influenced by the increase and waning of the moon, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

Plants. Feet. From the Latin *Planta*, Ant. Cl. ii. 7.

Plash. A puddle, or small pool of water, Tam. S. i. 1.

PLATES. Silver money. Span. *Plata*, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

PLATFORMS. Schemes, plots, plans. The ground-work or design of a thing. The plot of a play was called the platform, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 1.

PLAUSIBLY. With approbation, praise, or applause, Lucrece 265.

PLAUSIVE. Worthy of praise, admirable, All's W. i. 2.

PLEACHED. Intertwined, Much Ado iii. 1, Ant. Cl. iv. 12.

PLEASANCE. Pleasure, delight, Oth. ii. 3, Pass. Pilgrim 8.

PLIGHTED. Folded in. Fr. *Plié*. Metaphorically, close, complicated, sly, Lear i. 1.

PLOT. A space of ground; usually of turf, Mids. N. iii. 1, Rich. II. ii. 1, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4, 2 Hen. VI. i. 4, Cymb. iv. 2.

PLUMMET. The plumb-line, for ascertaining the soundings at sea, Temp. iii. 3. Metaphorically used to imply, 'Ignorance itself can take my depth,' Mer. W. v. 5.

PLURISY. Excess of blood; plethora, Ham. iv. 7.

POINTS. The metal tags, at the end of the laces, used for fastening up the hose, Tw. N. i. 5. 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

POINT-DE-VICE. (Spelt also Point-de-vise.) With punctilious nicety, without defect, As You L. iii. 2, Tw. N. ii. 5, Love's L. L. v. 1.

POISE. Weight, moment, importance, Lear ii. 1.

POKING-STICK. A small rod of iron, being heated, to set plaits in ruffs, Win. T. iv. 3, (Song.)

POLACK. A Polander, Ham. i. 1 & iv. 4.

POLLED. Plundered, stripped, made bare, Corio. iv. 5.

POMANDER. A ball composed of various perfumes, dried, and worn round the neck or in the pocket, Win. T. iv. 3.

POMEWATER. A species of apple, Love's L. L. iv. 2.

POOR JOHN. A fish (Hake) salted and dried, Temp. ii. 2, Rom. J. i. 1.

POPINJAY. A parrot, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3.

PORT. State, attendance, Tam. S. i. 1, Mer. Ven. i. 1.

PORT. Gate, Tr. Cr. iv. 4, Corio. i. 7 & v. 5.

PORTAGE. Outlet, port-hole, Hen. V. iii. 1; used for 'conveyance into life,' Peric. iii. 1.

PORTANCE. Deportment, conduct, Corio. ii. 3, Oth. i. 3.

POSSESS. To make understand, to inform distinctly and accurately, Tw. N. ii. 3, Much Ado v. 1.

POSSESSED. Insane, Tw. N. iii. 4.

POSSET. A night-drink, composed of hot milk and some strong infusion, curdled, Mer. W. i. 4 & v. 5, Macb. ii. 2; used as a verb, Ham. i. 5.

POST. At the doors of sheriffs, posts were set up, on which proclamations were placed, Tw. N. i. 5.

POSY. A motto; from poesy, Mer. Ven. v. 1, Ham. iii. 2.

POT. "To the pot" was an old form for the still-used vulgarism 'gone to pot,' Corio. i. 4.

POTABLE. Drinkable. "Med'cine potable" refers to the solution of gold, called 'potable gold,' formerly pretended to have life-preserving powers, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

POTCH. To thrust at, to poke, Corio. i. 10.

POTENTS. Potentates, John ii. 2.

POTTLE. A measure holding two quarts. But often used for a drinking vessel, without reference to the measure, Mer. W. ii. 1 & iii. 5, Oth. ii. 3.

POULTER. A poulterer, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

POUNCET-BOX. A small perfume-box perforated, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3.

POWDER. To cure with salt, 1 Hen. IV. v. 4. 'Powdered beef' is still a provincial name for salted beef, as the 'powdering tub' is for salting meat. But the reference is to an old curative process for disease, Mea. M. iii. 2, Hen. V. ii. 1.

PRACTICE. Art, deceit, treachery, Lear ii. 4 & v. 3, Oth. v. 2.

PRACTICK. Practical, Hen. V. i. 1.

PRACTISANTS. Confederates in stratagem or treachery, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

PRÆMUNIRE. The first words of, and signifying the writ which puts an offender out of the king's protection,—all his goods, chattels, &c., becoming forfeit to the crown, Hen. VIII. iii. 2.

PRANK. To dress gaily and daintily, Tw. N. ii., 4; used metaphorically, Corio. iii. 1. "Pranked," Win. T. iv. 3.

PRECEDENT. The first draught, or rough copy of a writing, John v. 2, Rich. III. iii. 6, Hen. VIII. i. 2; used for prognostic, indication, Venus & Ad. 5.

PRECEPTS. Justices' warrants, 2 Hen. IV. v. 1.

PRECISIAN. A restrainer within precise limits, Mer. W. ii. 1, (Letter.)

PREGNANCY. Fruitfulness of intellect, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

PREGNANT. Apprehensive, fertile in perception, Tw. N. iii. 1. Well informed, Mea. M. i. 1. Rich in evidence, convincing, Mea. M. ii. 1, Oth. ii. 1, Cymb. iv. 2. Full of mischievous ingenuity, Tw. N. ii. 2. Apt, meaning, replete with intelligence, Ham. ii. 2. Promptly subservient, Ham. iii. 2. Susceptible of, open to, capable of receiving, Lear iv. 6.

PREMISED. Pre-sent. Latin, *Premitto*, to send beforehand, 2 Hen. VI. v. 2.

PRENOMINATE. Heretofore named, Ham. ii. 1. To foretell, to name beforehand, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

PRESCRIPT. Prescribed, or previously written injunction, Ant. Cl. iii. 8. Pre-written laid down, Hen. V. iii. 7.

PRESENCE. The receiving-room of the sovereign, Hen. VIII. iii. 1, Rich. II. i. 3.

Hence, it came to be used for any state room, Rom. J. v. 3.

PRESENT. Used for represent, perform, enact, or personate, in stage parlance, Love's L. L. v. 2. "Presents," Love's L. L. v. 2. "Presented," Temp. iv. 1, Love's L. L. v. 2, Mids. N. iii. 2.

PRESENTLY. Immediately, Temp. iv. 2, Two Gen. V. v. 2, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 7.

PRESS. A crowd, Hen. VIII. iv. 2 & v. 3, Jul. Cæs. i. 2. Fr. *Presse.*

PREST. Ready. Old Fr. *Prest*, Mer. Ven. i. 1, Peric. iv. (Gower.)

PRETENCE. Intention, Two Gen. V. iii. 2, Mach. ii. 3, Lear i. 2.

PRETENDED. Designed, intended, Two Gen. V. ii. 6, Lucrece 83.

PREVENT. To anticipate, to be beforehand with. Lat. *Prævenio*, to come before, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2, Jul. Cæs. v. 2.

PRICK-SONG. Written music; from its being marked down with points or dots, Rom. J. ii. 4.

PRICKET. A buck of the second year, Love's L. L. iv. 2.

PRIME. First, Temp. i. 2. Youth, spring, morning, All's W. ii. 2, Two Gen. V. i. 2. Rich. III. i. 2.

PRIMERO. A game at cards, Mer. W. iv. 5, Hen. VIII. v. 2.

PRIMY. Early, spring-like, Ham. i. 3.

PRINCIPALS. The chief beams of a house, Peric. iii. 2.

PRINCOX. From the Latin *Princox*, a forward, pert youngster. According to the modern cant, a 'fast young gent,' Rom. J. i. 5.

PRINT. "In print," meant to speak, or act with precision, Love's L. L. iii. 1, Two Gen. V. ii. 1, As You L. v. 4.

PRIZE. Privilege, 3 Hen. VI. i. 4 & ii. 1.

PRIVATE. Privacy, Tw. N. iii. 4. Special intelligence, information, John iv. 3.

PROBAL. A contraction of probable, Oth. ii. 3.

PROCESS. A law term for a summons, a citation, Ant. Cl. i. 1.

PRODIGIOUS. Unnatural, portentous, John iii. 1, Rich. III. i. 2, Rom. J. i. 5.

PRODITOR. Traitor, betrayer, 2 Hen. VI. i. 3.

PROFACE. A term of welcome; equivalent to 'Much good may it do you.' An old Norman romance word, *Prouface*, meaning, "*Bien vous fasse*," 2 Hen. IV. v. 3.

PROGRESS. The journey of a sovereign, when visiting his dominions in state, 2 Hen. VI. i. 4. Sarcastically applied, Ham. iv. 3.

PROJECT. To pre-arrange, or shape out, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

PROLIXIOUS. Delaying, Mea. M. ii. 4.

PRONE. Meek, humble, Mea. M. i. 3. Addicted, Win. T. ii. 1, Hen. VIII. i. 1, Cymb. v. 1.

PROOF. For approof, in the sense of approval, Tam. S. iv. 3.

PROPER. Comely, well-shaped, Temp. ii. 2, Two Gen. V. iv. 1, Mids. N. i. 2. Also, one's own, or belonging to, Win. T. ii. 3, Ham. v. 2, Oth. i. 3.

PROPERTIED. Made a property of, made use of, Tw. N. iv. 2, John v. 2. Gifted with qualities, or properties, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

PROPERTIES. Theatrical necessaries, Mer. W. iv. 4, Mids. N. i. 2.

PROPOSE. Talk, conversation, Fr. *Propos*, Much Ado iii. 1. Harangue, holding forth, Oth. i. 1.

PROROGUE. Suspend, Ant. Cl. ii. 1. Lengthen out, or prolong, Peric. v. 1. "Prorogued," Rom. J. ii. 2.

PROVAND. Provender, food, Corio. ii. 1.

PRUNE. To dress, and make neat the feathers, 1 Hen. IV. i. 1, Cymb. v. 4.

PUCELLE. A virgin, 1 Hen. VI. i. 2 & 4.

PUCK. Robin Goodfellow. A waggish sprite, of Celtic origin. Puke, in Icelandic, means a demon, Mids. N. ii. 1.

PUGGING. Thieving, Win. T. iv. 2, (Song.)

PUKE-STOCKING. A dark-coloured hose, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

PUN. To pound, as in a mortar, Tr. Cr. ii. 1.

PUNTO. A hit. A term in fencing, Mer. W. ii. 3. "Punto reverso," a back-handed stroke, Rom. J. ii. 4.

PURCHASE. A cant name among thieves for their booty, Hen. V. iii. 2.

PURCHASE. Gain, profit, advantage, Peric. i. (Gower.) [In some editions changed to "Purpose."]

PURPLES. "Long Purples." A common English flower, *orchis mascula*, Ham. iv. 7.

PUSH. An old form of 'Pish,' or 'Pshaw,' Much Ado v. 1, Tim. A. iii. 6.

PUT ON. To incite, to instigate, Cymb. v. 1. Instigated, induced, Ham. v. 2.

PUTTER-ON. Instigator, adverse inducer and contriver, Win. T. ii. 1, Hen. VIII. i. 2.

PUTTER-OUT. One who places money out at interest, Temp. iii. 3.

PUTTOCK. A debased kite or hawk, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2, Tr. Cr. v. 1, Cymb. i. 2.

PUZZEL. A dirty wench or drab; Ital. *Puzzolente*, 1 Hen. VI. i. 4.

## Q

QUAIL. To give way, to faint, Mids. N. v. 1, As You L. ii. 2, Cymb. v. 5.

QUAILS. A cant name for ill-characterd women, Tr. Cr. v. 1.

QUAINT. Agreeably fantastical, graceful, Temp. i. 2. Tasteful, well-fancied, Much Ado iii. 4, Tam. S. iv. 3. Ingeniously contrived, Two Gen. V. iii. 1, Mer. Ven. iii. 4.

QUAINT MAZES. Fairy rings, Mids. N. ii. 2.

QUALITY. Qualification, gift, Temp. i. 2. Used technically of the theatrical profession, Ham. ii. 2.

QUARREL. A square-headed arrow. Making Fortune the arrow which divides or divorces, Hen VIII. ii. 3.

QUARRY. A heap of dead game, Macb. iv. 3, Corio. i. 1, Ham. v. 2. Shakespeare makes the soldier use the words "his damned quarry" for Macdonwald's heap of Kernes and Gallowglasses doomed to become the slaughtered prey of Macbeth, Macb. i. 2.

QUART D'ECU. The fourth part of a crown, All's W. iv. 3 & v. 2.

QUAT. A pimple on the skin. Applied metaphorically to mean a little common fellow Oth. v. 1.

QUATCH. Squat, or flat, All's W. ii. 2.

QUEAN. A slut, an ill-famed woman, Mer. W. iv. 2, All's W. ii. 2, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

QUEASY. Squeamish, fastidious, delicate, Much Ado ii. 1, Lear ii. 1. Disgusted, Ant. Cl. iii. 6.

QUELL. To subdue, to destroy, to murder, Two Gen. V. iv. 2, Mids. N. v. 1, 1 Hen. VI. i. 1, 2 Hen. VI. v. 1, Tim. A. iv. 2. Used as a noun for murder, assassination, Macb. i. 7.

QUERN. A hand, or horse-mill for grinding corn, Mids. N. ii. 1.

QUEST. A common abbreviation of inquest, Rich. III. i. 4, Ham. v. 1. (See CROWNER'S-QUEST.)

QUESTANT. A seeker, an aspirant, All's W. ii. 1.

QUESTRISTS. Searchers, those in quest, Lear iii. 7.

QUICK. Alive, living, Mer. W. iii. 4, All's W. v. 3, Win. T. iv. 3, Hen. V. ii. 2.

QUIDDIT. A contraction of quiddity. A refinement in reasoning usually applied to legal quibblings, Ham. v. 1.

QUIDDITIES. Shrewd quirks of argument, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

QUILLETS. Sophisms, chicanery, Ham. v. 1, Love's L. L. iv. 3, Tim. A. iv. 3, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4, Oth. iii. 1, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

QUINTAIN. A post in the form of a man, used as a mark, at which riders tilted in pretended tournament, As You L. i. 2.

QUIPS. Scoffs, jokes, smart repartees, Two Gen. V. iv. 2, Mer. W. i. 3, Much Ado ii. 3, As You L. v. 4, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

QUIRE. A choir, a company of singers, 2 Hen. VI. i. 3. The place where choristers sit, Cymb. iii. 3. Used for any assembly, Mids. N. ii. 1.

QUIT. To answer, requite, avenge, Hen. V. iii. 2, Rich. III. v. 3, Ham. v. 2, Lear iii. 7.

QUITTANCE. Acquittance, release, discharge, Mer. W. i. 1, As You L. iii. 5. Requital, Hen. V. ii. 2. Return of blows, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1. To retaliate in punishment, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 1. Repayment of obligation, Tim. A. i. 1.

QUIVER. Brisk, active, nimble, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

QUOTE. Formerly sounded 'coat,' and even sometimes spelt 'cote.' Hence arose frequent plays upon the word, Two Gen. V. ii. 4. (See COTED.)

## R

RABATO. A collar, or falling-back ruff for the neck, Fr. *Rabat*, Much Ado iii. 4.

RABBIT-SUCKER. A young sucking rabbit, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

RACE. A taste, or flavour, as 'racy;'—a root, as derived from Fr. *Racine*, Win. T. iv. 2. Progeny, Ant. Cl. i. 3.

RACK. A long range of clouds, Temp. iv. 1, Ant. Cl. iv. 12, Ham. ii. 2.

RACKING. Moving in a long trail, or track, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 1.

RAG. An opprobrious name for a beggarly person; a Raggamuffin, Mer. W. iv. 2, Tam. S. iv. 3, Rich. III. v. 3, Tim. A. iv. 3.

RAIED. Striped, Fr. *Raie*, Tam. S. iii. 2.

RAMPALLIAN. A rampant, roistering fellow, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

RANK. Pace, or rate of going, As You L. iii. 2.

RAPS. Transports, carries away, catches the imagination, Cymb. i. 7.

RAPT. Mentally caught up, filled with admiration, Macb. i. 3 & 5, Tim. A. i. 1 & v. 1, Tr. Cr. iii. 3, Corio. iv. 5.

RAPTURE. Snatching, seizing, Peric. ii. 1. A fit, Corio. ii. 1.

RASCAL. Lean, degenerate; applied chiefly to deer, As You L. iii. 3, 1 Hen. VI. i. 2 & iv. 2.

RASE. To strike, as a boar with his tusks, Rich. III. iii. 4.

RASED. Torn, as by a boar, Rich. III. iii. 2. Used for erased, effaced, Peric. i. 1.

RAT. Alluding to a legend in Ireland, that rats could be rhymed to death, As You L. iii. 2.

RAUGHT. Reached, attained, Love's L. L. iv. 2. Reft, taken away, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 3.

RAVIN. To gorge, or devour greedily, Mea. M. i. 3, Macb. ii. 4. Ravenous, All's W. iii. 2.

RAW. Unskilful, Ham. v. 2.

RAWER. More unskilful; with a punning involvement of another meaning of the word "Raw,"—cold with damp, Ham. v. 2.

RAWLY. Unprotected, unprovided, Hen. V. iv. 1. "Rawness," Macb. iv. 3.

RAYED. For berayed; soiled, muddied, made filthy, Tam. S. iv. 1.

RAZES. Supposed to mean parcels, unless the word be (like "RACE,") derived from the French, *Racine*,—a root, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

RAZED. Slashed; Fr. *Raser*, to cut, Ham. iii. 2.

READ. Counsel, precept, monition, Ham. i. 3.

REAR-MICE Bats, Mids. N. ii. 3.

REBATE. To dull, or make obtuse, Mea. M. i. 5.

RECEIVING. Prompt perception, Tw. N. iii. 1.

RECHEAT. The note of recall for the dogs in hunting, sounded on the horn, Much Ado i. 2.

**Reck.** To care for, As You L. ii. 4, Tr. Cr. v. 6, Cymb. iv. 2, Ham. i. 3.

**Record.** To sing, Two Gen. V. v. 4, Pericles iv. (Gower.)

**Recorder.** A small pipe, a flageolet. Thus named from the instrument being used for teaching birds to sing tunes,—when their first essays are termed 'recording,' Mids. N. v. 1, Ham. iii. 2.

**Recourse.** Used in the sense of recurrent flowing. One of Shakespeare's finely condensed words, thus employed, Tr. Cr. v. 3.

**Recure.** Literally, to cure again; simply, to cure, to heal, Rich. III. iii. 7.

**Red-lattice.** A lattice window so painted: common to public-houses in Shakespeare's time. "Red-lattice phrases" therefore meant ale-house language, Mer. W. ii. 2, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2.

**Reduce.** To bring back: Lat. *Reduco*, Hen. V. v. 2, Rich. III. ii. 2 & v. 4.

**Reechy.** Smoky, filthy, foul, Much Ado iii. 3, Corio. ii. 1, Ham. iii. 4.

**Reek.** To stream forth as vapour or breath, Love's L. L. iv. 3. Used metaphorically for to sweat as beneath a burden, Hen. VIII. ii. 4. Vaporous effluvia, Mer. W. iii. 3, Corio. iii. 3.

**Repelled.** Denied, repressed, repelled, refuted, Mea. M. v. 1.

**Regiment.** Government, sway. The old signification of the word. Lat. *Regimen*, Ant. Cl. iii. 6.

**Requerdon.** Reward, recompense, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2. "Requerdoned," 2 Hen. VI. iii. 4.

Rejourn. Synonymous with adjourn,—to postpone, Corio. ii. 1.

Relume. To light again, Oth. v. 2.

Remonstrance. Manifestation, open showing, Mea. M. v. 1.

Remorse. Not unfrequently used for pity, compassion, Mea. M. ii. 2, Mer. Ven. iv. 1. "Remorseful," Two Gen. V. iv. 3.

Remotion. Removal, withdrawal, Tim. A. iv. 3, Lear ii. 4.

Removed. Secluded, sequestered, Mea. M. i. 4, As You L. iii. 2, Win. T. v. 2, Ham. i. 4.

Render. Surrender, avowal, Tim. A. v. 2, Cymb. iv. 4. To render an account, declare, state, or describe, Cymb. v. 5, As You L. iv. 3.

Rendered. Surrendered, given up, Tim. A. v. 5. [The old editions have "remedied" here: which affords no sense.]

Renege. To deny, (Lat. *Renego*,) to renounce, Lear ii. 2, Ant. Cl. i. 1. [Coleridge suggests spelling it 'Reneague,' to obtain the hard-sounded g required by the measure, where the verb takes a final s.]

Rent. An old form of the verb to rend, Mids. N. iii. 2, Macb. iv. 3, Tit. A. iii. 1.

Reprobance. Reprobation; the state of being reprobate, lost to virtue, Oth. v. ii.

Reproof. Disproof, confutation, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2 & iii. 2.

Reprove. In the sense of disprove, refute, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

Repugn. To contest, resist; Lat. *Repugno*, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 1.

Repute. To esteem, account, or hold, 2 Hen. VI. v. 1, Tit. A. i. 2, Oth. ii. 3.

Reputing. Boasting, self-estimating, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

Resolved. Convinced, satisfied, 1 Hen. VI. iii. 4, Jul. Cæs. iii. 1.

Respective. Worthy of regard, Two Gen. V. iv. 4. Regardful, Mer. Ven. v. 1. Respectful, John i. 1. Considerate, circumspect, Rom. J. iii. 1.

Respectively. Regardfully, respectfully, Tim. A. iii. 1.

Respects. Considerations, Rich. III. iii. 7, Lear i. 1, Venus & Ad. 152.

Rest. To "set up one's rest," is a metaphor borrowed from the game of Primero, when a player resolved to abide by the cards he held; thence used to express making up one's mind, or coming to a determination, All's W. ii. 1, Com. E. iv. 3, Rom. J. iv. 5.

Restful. Peaceful, quiet, Rich. II. iv. 1.

Resty. Too full of rest, idle, inert, Cymb. iii. 6, Sonnet 100.

Rheumatic. Mistress Quickly's blunder for choleric, or splenetic, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Hen. V. ii. 3.

Rid. To get rid of, 3 Hen. VI. v. 3. To destroy, 3 Hen. VI. v. 5.

Right. "Do me right," was a call to give full pledge in a toast, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3. (Song.)

Rigol. Ital. *Rigolo*, a small wheel. A circle, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4, Lucrece 250.

Rim. The membrane enclosing the bowels, Hen. V. iv. 4.

Rivage. Fr. A Shore, Hen. V. iii. (Chorus.)

Rival. An associate, or companion in office, Ham. i. 1.

Rivality. Equality of honour, Ant. Cl. iii. 5.

Rive. To rend, to burst. "To rive their dangerous artillery upon us," &c., is 'to let it burst upon and rend us,' &c., 1 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

Rivo. A drinking exclamation, probably of Spanish origin, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

Roisting. Rousing, defying, Tr. Cr. ii. 2.

Romage. Bustle, tumult, Ham. i. 1.

Rome. Sometimes pronounced one way, when there is a play on the word "roam," 1 Hen. VI. iii. 1. Sometimes the other, when quibbled on with "room," John iii. 1, Jul. Cæs. i. 2.

Ronyon. A mangy, or scabby animal. Fr. *Rogneux*, Mer. W. iv. 2, Macb. i. 3.

Rood. The cross, the crucifix, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2, Rich. III. iii. 2, Rom. J. i. 3, Ham. iii. 4.

Rooked. Perched, squatted, 3 Hen. VI. v.

Ropery. Fit for the rope, roguery, Rom. J. ii. 4.

Rope-tricks. Knavish jests, Tam. S. i. 2.

Rose. A house then belonging to the duke

of Buckingham; now the Merchant Tailors' School, Suffolk Lane, Thames' Street, Hen. VIII. i. 2.

ROSEMARY. A symbol of remembrance, formerly used at funerals, weddings, and various social meetings, Rom. J. iv. 5, Ham. iv. 5, Win. T. iv. 3.

ROTED. A verb formed by Shakespeare, from rote. Fr. *Routine*. To have by rote; to have in the memory, without assent of judgment, Corio. iii. 3.

ROTHER. A provincial name for ox, Tim. A. iv. 3.

ROUND. Bluntly candid; roughly free, and plain spoken, Tw. N. ii. 3, Tim. A. ii. 2, Ham. iii. 1 & 4, Hen. V iv. 1. Punningly used in this sense, and in its sense of spherical, Com. E. ii. 1.

ROUNDED. Whispered, suggested, John ii. 2. "Rounding," Win. T. i. 2.

ROUNDEL. Roundelay; a merry song, or catch. Fr. *Rondelet*. Also, a dance, Mids. N. ii. 3.

ROUNDURE. Encircling, John ii. 1. "Rondure," Sonnet 21.

ROUSE. Carousal, Ham. i. 2 & ii. 1. A jovial draught, Oth. ii. 3.

ROYAL MERCHANT. A term applied to commercial traders of the highest grade; erectors of principalities, like the Grimaldi, &c., of Venice, and the Medici of Florence. Sir Thomas Gresham, of London, was an English Royal Merchant, Mer. Ven. iii. 2 & iv. 1.

ROYNISH. Scurvy, paltry, As You L. ii. 2.

RUBIOUS. Ruby-red, Tw. N. i. 4.

RUDDOCK. The red-breast, Cymb. iv. 2.

RUDESBY. An ill-bred, rude person, Tw. N. iv. 1, Tam. S. iii. 2.

RUE. Called "Herb of grace," from its being used in exorcisms against evil spirits, Rich. II. iii. 4, Ham. iv. 5, Win. T. iv. 3.

RUFF. An ornament for the neck, worn by both men and women, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Peric. iv. 3. Also, the trimming of a boot, All's W. iii. 2.

RUFFLE. To agitate, excite, rouse, Jul. Cæs. iii. 2. To be riotous, or boisterous, Tit. A. i. 2. To rifle, pillage, Lear iii. 7.

RULE. Behaviour, Tw. N. ii. 3.

RUNAWAYS. Speeders, fugitives, wanderers, truants, vagabonds, As You L. ii. 2, Hen. V. iii. 5, Rom. J. iii. 2. [In the last passage, its allusive signification has been variously explained by different editors; and, by some, discarded for other substituted words. None are satisfactory; and "Runaways" has been retained in the text, assuming it to allude to the horses of the sun (the "fiery-footed steeds") as a poetical embodiment of Day. The nearest that could be proposed to the original lection is, "Sunny day's,"—according well with the whole speech,

{Runnawayes,
{Sunny day's.]

Possibly either "curious," or "envious." The latter is much in Shakespeare's way of using a word with a double meaning; envying her joys, and inimical, hating, malevolent.

RUSH'D. Pushed forcibly. To "rush aside" is to wrest. Shakespeare has used "wrest" in the same sense ("wrest once the law," &c., Mer. Ven. iv. 1) as "rush'd" here, Rom. J. iii. 3.

RUSHES STREWED. The usual covering for state-room floors, before the invention of carpets, Tam. S. iv. 1, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1, 2 Hen. IV. v. 5, Cymb. ii. 2, Rom. J. i. 4.

RUSH RING. Marriages with rush rings were probably jocular ceremonials; similar to jumping over a broomstick, All's W. ii. 2.

## S

SABA. The form of her name under which Sheba, Solomon's queenly visitor, usually appears in the pages of our early writers, Hen. VIII. v. 4.

SACK. Sherris sack is a dry rough sherry wine. Hence its being commonly drunk with sugar, Mer. W. ii. 1 & iii. 5, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2 & 4, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3.

SACKBUT. A bass wind instrument, Corio. v. 4.

SACKERSON. A famous bear of that period. It was customary to call the bears by the names of their leaders, Mer. W. i. 1.

SACRED. Used as an ironical sneer by the speaker; and explained by the word "consecrate" in the next line, Tit. A. ii. 1.

SACRIFICIAL. Worshipping, homagefull, Tim. A. i. 1.

SACRING BELL. The bell sounded at mass, or in processions, at the elevation, or approach of the Host, Hen. VIII. iii. 2.

SAD. Sedate, serious, grave, Two Gen. V. i. 3, Win. T. iv. 3, Much Ado i. 3, Mer. Ven. ii. 2, Tw. N. iii. 4, Hen. V. iv. 1. "Sadly;" "sadness," Rom. J. i. 1.

SAFE. To make secure, Ant. Cl. i. 3. "Safed," Ant. Cl. iv. 6.

SAFFRON. A colour much in fashion at the time, All's W. iv. 5.

SAGG. To droop or flag, Macb. v. 3.

SAGITTARY. A famous and fabulous archer in the history of the Trojan army by Guido da Colonna; and translated by Lydgate. He is described as a 'terrible archer, half-man, and half-beast, who neighs like a horse, whose eyes sparkle like fire, and strike dead like lightning,' Tr. Cr. v. 5. The residence of the military officers at the arsenal at Venice; over the door of which is the figure of an archer, Oth. i. 1 & 3.

SAID. "Well said," was not unfrequently used for well done, As You L. ii. 6, 1 Hen. IV. v. 4, Tit. A. iv. 3.

SAIN. Said, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

SALAD, SALLAD, or SALLET. A dish of

herbs, All's W. iv. 5. Also, a headpiece, or helmet, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 10.

SALLETS. Phrases, seasoned with salt, or gross and ribald meanings, Ham. ii. 2.

SALT. Sometimes used in the sense of salacious, licentious, gross, Mea. M. v. 1, Tim. A. iv. 3, Ant. Cl. ii. 2, Oth. ii. 2 & iii. 3.

SALTIERS. The servant's blunder for satyrs, Win. T. iv. 3.

SALUTE. Excite, stimulate, exhilarate, Hen. VIII. ii. 3. "Salutation;" hailing or awaking correspondent emotion, Sonnet 122.

SAMINGO. Silence's drunken corruption of San Domingo; who was satirically dubbed patron saint of topers, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3.

SAND-BLIND. Bad sight, as if sand were floating in the eyes, Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

SANDED. Marked with sand-coloured spots, Mids. N. iv. 1.

SARUM. The old name for Salisbury, Lear ii. 2.

SAW. A saying, As You L. ii. 7, Lear ii. 2.

SAWN. Sean; for rhyme's sake, Lover's Comp. 23.

SAY. A sort of satin, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 7.

'SAY. From assay; taste, relish, or sample. "Some 'say of breeding," Lear v. 3.

SCALD. Scabby, particularly in the head: hence used as a term of loathing and contempt, Hen. V. v. 1, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

SCALED. Weighed, estimated justly, Mea. M. iii. 1. "Scaling," Corio. ii. 3.

SCAMBLING. A form of scrambling, Hen. V. i. 1 & v. 2, Much Ado v. 1. "Scamble," John iv. 3.

SCANTLING. A portion of a substance. Still a technical term in timber-dealing, for a sample or specimen, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

'SCAPE. A contraction of escape, Mer. W. iii. 5. An irregularity of conduct, a misdeed, Win. T. iii. 3.

SCARF. To veil, or bandage, Macb. iii. 2.

SCARFED. Adorned with streamers and pennons, Mer. Ven. ii. 6. Loosely wrapped, Ham. v. 2.

SCATH. Injury, John ii. 1, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4, Rich. III. i. 3, Tit. A. v. 1, Rom. J. i. 5.

SCATHFUL. Hurtful, destructive, Tw. N. v. 1.

SCONCE. A circular fortification, Hen. V. iii. 6. Still used as a term for the head, Com. E. i. 2 & ii. 2, Corio. iii. 2, Ham. v. 1.

SCOPE. Purpose, appointed operation, John iii. 4.

SCORE. A score in archery meant 20 yards. "Old Double's" shot was therefore 240 yards, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

SCOTCHED. Cut, hacked, maimed, Macb. iii. 2, Corio. iv. 5. "Scotches," Ant. Cl. iv. 7.

SCRIMERS. Fencers; Fr. *Escrimeurs*, Ham. iv. 7.

SCRIP. From script, a writing, Mids. N. i. 2.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE. Touchstone's diminutive of "Bag and baggage," As You L. iii. 2.

SCROYLES. Scabby fellows, John ii. 2.

SCULLS. Shoals of fish, Tr. Cr. v. 5.

SEAM. Lard, grease. Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

SEA-MELLS. Waterfowl; a species of gull. The best that can be made of the word is the old editions, ("Scamels") is that it may mean small limpets; but Caliban would scarcely offer to get "young" little shellfish as a tempting prize; whereas nestling birds are poetically appropriate, Temp. ii. 2.

SEAR. (Spelt also Sere.) To dry, to wither, to scorch, Macb. iv. 1 & v. 3, Win. T. ii. 1, Rich. III. iv. 1.

SEAR. Used comprehensively, with a mingled reference to the dry withering of death, and to the closing with wax by those "bonds of death," cerecloths — (sometimes written searecloths,) Cymb. i. 2.

SEASON. To preserve, Tw. N. i. 1, All's W. i. 1, Tr. Cr. i. 2. To temper, Mer. Ven. iv. 1, Ham. i. 1.

SECT. A section, a cutting in horticulture, Oth. i. 3.

SECURE. Sometimes used in the sense of making too sure: over-confident, fool-hardy, Mer. W. ii. 1 & 2, iii. 2, Rich. II. v. 3, Oth. iii. 3 & iv. 1. "Securely perish," perish while making sure of safety, Rich. II. ii. 1. "Security;" rash confidence, Hen. V. ii. 2, Macb. iii. 5.

SEEL. To close the eyes; metaphorically, to render blind, Ant. Cl. iii. 11, Oth. i. 3 & iii. 3.

SEELING. Closing the eye-lids. A term in falconry, Macb. iii. 2.

SEEN. "Well seen," well skilled, Tam. S. i. 2.

SEETH. To boil, to heat, Tim. A. iv. 3, Tr. Cr. iii. 1. "Seething," boiling, working, fermenting, Mids. N. v. 1.

SEGREGATION. The dispersing of a company, Oth. ii. 1.

SEIZED. Possessed. A law-term in use at the present day, Ham. i. 1.

SELD. For seldom, Tr. Cr. iv. 5. Pass. Pil. 9. "Seld-shown," Corio. ii. 1.

SELDOM-WHEN. An old form of rarely, not often, Mea. M. iv. 2, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

SELF-EXHIBITION. Self-same allowance, Cymb. i. 7. See EXHIBITION.

SEMBLABLE. Resemblance, likeness, Tim. A. iv. 3, Ham. v. 2. Resembling, similar, Ant. Cl. iii. 4. "Semblably," 1 Hen. IV. v. 3.

SEMBLATIVE. Seemingly, apparently, Tw. N. i. 4.

SENNET. A flourish of trumpets. Stage direction to 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

SENOYS. Siennese; natives of Sienna, All's W. i. 2.

SENSIBLY. Feelingly, Ham. iv. 5.

SEPTENTRION. The North, 3 Hen. VI. i. 4.

SERE. "Tickled o' the sere," may be interpreted, "Troubled with dryness,"—probably of old age, Ham. ii. 2.

SERPIGO. An eruption, or tetter on the skin, Mea. M. iii. 1, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

SERVANT, and Suitor, were formerly (in the chivalrous times) synonymous, Two Gen. V. ii. 4.

SESSA. Supposed to be derived from the French *Ce sez*, — cease, Tam. S. i. (Ind.) Lear iii. 4 & 6.

SET A MATCH. Used among thieves for settling the plan of a robbery, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

SETEBOS. A fabled god, mentioned in books of travel in Shakespeare's time, Temp. i. 2 & v. 1.

SEVERAL. Enclosed pasture-land, in contradistinction to common-land. Punningly used in this sense, and in its meaning of more than one, Love's L. L. ii. 1. Used simply in this sense, Sonnet 137. "Severals," a collection of individuals, Win. T. i. 2. Specialities, peculiarities, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

SEWER. The attendant who placed and removed the dishes on table. Stage direction to Macb. i. 7.

SHALE. Shell; the outer coat of fruit, Hen. V. iv. 2.

SHARD. Fragments of tile or earthen pots, Ham. v. 1. Scaly covering of a wing, Ant. Cl. iii. 2. "Shard-borne," Macb. iii. 2. "Sharded," Cymb. iii. 3.

SHARKED. Picked up, as prey, Ham. i. 1.

SHEARMAN. A shearer of woollen cloth, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

SHEARS. "There went but a pair of shears between us;" a proverbial metaphor, meaning, 'We are both of the same piece of cloth,'—so much alike, Mea. M. i. 2.

SHEEN. Lustre, brightness, shining, Mids. N. ii. 1, Ham. iii. 2.

SHEER. Mere, pure, (in the sense of simply, only) Tam. S. i. (Ind.) Clear, pure, (in the sense of untainted,) Rich. II. v. 3.

SHEKELS. Hebrew coin, and weight, Mea. M. ii. 2.

SHENT. Chidden, scolded, ruined, Mer. W. i. 4, Tw. N. iv. 2, Tr. Cr. ii. 3, Corio. v. 2, Ham. iii. 2.

SHIP-TIRE. A high, flaunting head-dress, with streamers, Mer. W. iii. 3.

SHIVE. A small slice, Tit. A. ii. 1.

SHOUGHS. Shaggy dogs, Macb. iii. 1.

SHOVE-GROAT *or* SHOVEL-BOARD. A game played upon a table by pushing certain coins to a prescribed mark, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Mer. W. i. 1.

'SHREW. An abbreviation of BESHREW, Win. T. i. 2, Cymb. ii. 3.

SHRIFT. Confession, Rich. III. iii. 4. Absolution, Mea. M. iv. 2, Rom. J. ii. 3. The office of hearing confession, and giving absolution, 3 Hen. VI. iii. 2, Rom. J. ii. 4 & 5.

SHRIVE. To hear confession, Com. E. ii. 2.

SHROUD. Shelter, protecting cover, Ant. Cl. iii. 11.

SIDE-SLEEVES. Long hanging sleeves, Much Ado iii. 4.

SIEGE. (Fr.) Seat, Mea. M. iv. 2, Temp. ii. 2. Station, Ham. iv. 7, Oth. i. 2.

SIGHTLESS. Imperceptible, invisible, Macb. i. 5 & 7. Unsightly, John iii. 1.

SIGN. To exhibit, to signalize, Hen. VIII. ii. 4.

SIGNIFICANT. Armado's fantastic name for a love-letter, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

SIGNIORIES. Lordships, domains, Rich. II. iii. 1 & iv. 1.

SIGNIORY. The state, the government, Oth. i. 2.

SILENCE. Used as a verb for hiding silently, Ham. iii. 4.

SILENT. Silence, 2 Hen. VI. i 4.

SILLY. Rustic, simple, Cymb. v. 3.

SILLY SOOTH. Simple truth, Tw. N. ii. 4.

SIMULAR. Counterfeit, seeming; Cymb. v. 5, Lear iii. 2.

SINK-A-PACE. Sir Toby's corruption of CINQUE-PACE, Tw. N. i. 3.

SIR. An early designation of a Bachelor of arts, or Priest in orders, Mer. W. i. 1, Tw. N. iii. 4, 2 Hen. VI. i. 2, Rich. III. iii. 2 & iv. 5. Used also substantively for a gentleman, Cymb. i. 7, Oth. ii. 1. Also (and by other of the elder dramatists) as a form of address to women, Ant. Cl. iv. 13.

SIRRAH. Sometimes a term of deference, or familiar courtesy, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2, As You Like iv. 3, Rom. J. i. 5. Also to women, Ant. Cl. v. 2.

SIR-REVERENCE. An old corruption of 'Save-reverence,' Com. E. iii. 2.

SITH. Since, Two Gen. V. i. 2, Mer. W. ii 2.

SITHENCE. Another form of Since, All's W. i. 3.

SIZES. Allowances, allotted portions of food; a college term, Lear ii. 4.

SKAINS-MATES. Free companions, Rom. J. ii. 4.

SKILLS NOT. Signifies not, makes no difference, Tam. S. iii. 2, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

SKIRR. To scour, to ride furiously, Macb. v. 3, Hen. V. iv. 7.

SLAB. Moist and adhesive, sticky, Macb. iv. 1.

SLEAVE. Raw silk, ready for weaving, Macb. ii. 2, Tr. Cr. v. 1.

SLEDDED. Borne in a sled, or sledge, Ham. i. 1.

SLEEVE-HAND. The cuff or wristband of a sleeve, Win. T. iv. 3.

SLEEVELESS. Useless, futile, Tr. Cr. v. 4.

SLEIDED-SILK. Untwisted silk; what is now called floss-silk; used in embroidery, Peric. iv. (Gower,) Lover's Comp. 7.

SLEIGHT. (Sometimes spelt Slight.) Cunning practice, art, Macb. iii. 5, 3 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

'SLIGHT. Contraction of 'by this light,' Tw. N. ii. 5 & iii. 2.

SLIP. The noose to restrain greyhounds, Hen. V. iii. 1. To "let slip," was to loose the grey-hound, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3.

SLIP. A name for counterfeit coin;—and, to

'Give the slip,' is a familiar expression for stealing away, Rom. J. ii. 4.

**Sliver.** A portion, broken, or cut off, Lear iv. 2, Ham. iv. 7. "Slivered," Mach. iv. 1.

**Slobbery.** Dank, miry, Hen. V. iii. 5.

**Slop,** *or* **Slops.** Loose trousers, or breeches, Much Ado iii. 2, Love's L. L. iv. 3, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2, Rom. J. ii. 4.

**Slough.** The cast-off skin of a snake, Tw. N. ii. 5, (Letter,) Hen. V. iv. 1, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

**Slubber.** To sloven, or neglect, Mer. Ven. ii. 8. To soil, or make dim, Oth. i. 3.

**Smack.** A flavour, a taste, All's W. ii. 3 & iv. 1, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. To have a tinge, or taste of, Mea. M. ii. 2, Mer. Ven. ii. 2, Win. T. iv. 3, Mach. i. 2, John i. 1 & ii. 2.

**Smatch.** A taste, a tincture, a twang, Jul. Cæs. v. 5.

**Smirched.** Dirtied, soiled, obscured, Much Ado iii. 3 & iv. 1, Hen. V. iii. 3.

**Smoothing.** Flattering, 2 Hen. VI. i. 1, Rich. III. i. 2.

**Smulkin.** (Spelt also Smolkin.) The name of a spirit, or fiend, Lear iii. 4.

**Sneak-cup.** A flincher from his cup, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.

**Sneap.** Sneer, scoff, taunt, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

**Sneaping.** Checking, cutting, Love's L. L. i. 1, Win. T. i. 2.

**Snick up.** An exclamation of contemptuous defiance, Tw. N. ii. 3.

**Snuff.** To "take in snuff," meant to be angry, to take offence, 1 Hen. IV. i. 3. Punningly used in this sense; and in the sense of candle-snuff, Mids. N. v. 1, Love's L. L. v. 2.

Snuffs. Mutual offence-takings, and dislikes, Lear iii. 1.

So-forth. Used for expressing additional, or unwillingly uttered enumerations, 2 Hen. IV. v. 3, Ham. ii. 1. Shakespeare has employed it to imply a title of disgrace difficult for the speaker to name, Win. T. i. 2.

Soiled. Pampered, high-fed, full of blood, Lear iv. 6.

Soilure. Defilement, Tr. Cr. iv. 1.

Solicits. Solicitations, Cymb. ii. 3.

Solicited. Incited, occasioned, Ham. v. 2.

Soliciting. Prompting, temptation, incitement, Macb. i. 3.

Solidares. A coin, believed to be a coinage of the poet, from the Ital. *Soldi*, Tim. A. iii. 1.

Solve. Solution, Sonnet 69.

Sometime. Heretofore, Mer. W. iv. 4, Win. T. iv. 3.

Sometimes. Or sometime. Former, formerly, Rich. II. v. 5, Hen. VIII. ii. 4.

Sonties. Supposed corruption of 'Saints,' (in old language 'Saunctes,') Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

Sooth. Truth, Temp. ii. 2, Macb. i. 2 & v. 5, Oth. iii. 3 & 4. Sweetness, softness, Rich. II. iii. 3.

Sooth. To smooth over by a show of truth, 3 Hen. VI. iii. 3.

Soothed. Flattered, Corio. ii. 2. "Soothers," 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1. "Sooth'st," John iii. 1.

Sore. A buck of the fourth year, Love's L. L. iv. 2.

Sorel. A buck of the third year, Love's L. L. iv. 2.

Sort. Assort, dispose orderly or tranquilly, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

Sort. Distinction, rank, Mea. M. iv. 4, Much Ado i. 1, Hen. V. iv. 7.

Sort. A set of people, used contemptuously, Rich. III. v. 3. A lot, a chance, Tr. Cr. i. 3. To choose, select, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 3, Rich. III. ii. 2, 3 Hen. VI. v. 6. To fit, or suit, Much Ado v. 4, Ham. i. 1, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 1.

Sorted. Associated, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. "Sorteth," Venus & Ad. 115.

Sot. Used for drunkard, Tw. N. i. 5 & v. 1. Used for dullard, dolt, fool. Fr. ad, Temp. iii. 2, Mer. W. iii. 1, Com. E. ii. 2, Cymb. v. 5, Lear iv. 2.

Soud, soud. An expressive word of Shakespeare's to convey the noise made by an impatient person, heated and fatigued, Tam. S. iv. 1.

Sowle. To pull by the ears, Corio. iv. 5.

Sowter. The name of a hound. Tw. N. ii. 5.

Span-counter. A boy's game of pitching counters within span of a mark, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2.

Spavin. A disease in horses' legs, Tam. S. iii. 2, Hen. VIII. i. 3.

Speaking thick. Speaking rapidly, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 3, Cymb. iii. 2.

Specialities. Legal papers containing particulars, or special points of agreement, Love's L. L. ii. 1, Tam. S. ii. 1.

Speed. Course, procedure, Win. T. iii. 2.

Sperr. To close, or bar up, Tr. Cr. (Prol.)

Spilth. That which is spilt; waste, Tim. A. ii. 2.

Spirit of sense. Exquisite faculty of sensation, Tr. Cr. i. 1 & iii. 3.

Spit white. The morning consequence of over-drinking at night, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

Spital. Abbreviation of hospital, Hen. V. ii. 1 & v. 1, Tim. A. iv. 3.

Spleen. Shakespeare uses this word for violent emotion, as well of humour as of anger, Tw. N. iii. 2, Tam. S. i. (Ind.) Also for haste, hurry, Mids. N. i. 1, John ii. 2 & v. 7.

Spleeny. Irritable, ill-tempered, Hen. VIII. iii. 2.

Splinter'd. Shakespeare uses this word in the sense of splinted; secured, held firmly adjusted, Rich. III. ii. 2. To "splinter," Oth. ii. 3.

Spoon. Allusion to the old proverb, "He needs a long spoon that eats with the devil," Temp. ii. 2, Com. E. iv. 3.

Spoons. A present formerly given at christenings, by the sponsors; called Apostle

Spoons, from their having the apostles' heads on them, Hen. VIII. v. 2 & 3.

SPOTTED. Polluted, stained, Mids. N. i. 1, Rich. II. iii. 2, Tit A. ii. 3.

SPRAG. Sir Hugh's pronunciation of 'Sprack.' Nimble, alert, Mer. W. iv. 1.

SPRIGHTED. Haunted, Cymb. ii. 3.

SPRINGHALT. A lameness in horses, from being over-ridden; shown in twitching up their legs, Hen. VIII. i. 3.

SPURS. The longest lateral roots of trees, Temp. v. 1, Cymb. iv. 2.

SQUARE. To quarrel. The action of pugilists preparing to strike, is still called 'squaring,' Mids. N. ii. 1, Tit. A. ii. 1, Ant. Cl. ii. 1 & iii. 11. "Squarer," Much Ado i. 1.

SQUARE. The front of a woman's dress, Win. T. iv. 3.

SQUASH. The unripe pod of a pea, Tw. N. i. 5, Mids. N. iii. 1, Win. T. i. 2.

SQUINNY. A familiar use of the word squint, Lear iv. 6.

SQUIRE. A measure, a square; old Fr. *Esquierre*, Love's L. L. v. 2, Win. T. iv. 3.

STAGGERS. A disease in horses, like apoplexy, Tam. S. iii. 2. Unsteady courses, All's W. ii. 3. Reeling, tottering, Cymb. v. 5.

STAIN. To throw into shade, to eclipse, Ant. Cl. iii. 4.

STALE. A decoy, a bait, Temp. iv. 1. A pretence, a stalking-horse, Tit. A. i. 2. A pun upon a term at chess, Tam. S. i. 1. An ill-famed woman, Much Ado iv. 1.

STALE. To make stale, flat, vapid, worn out, Tr. Cr. ii. 3, Jul. Cæs. i. 2, Ant. C. ii. 2, Corio. i. 1. [In this last passage, the old editions have "scale."]

STALK. To creep stealthily, like a sportsman towards his game, Lucrece 53. To pursue game by means of the stalking-horse, Much Ado ii. 3. A real, or artificial horse, behind which the fowler shoots his game, As You L. v. 4.

STANDARD. Sometimes used for standard-bearer. A play upon the word in this sense, and upon Caliban's being disabled by drink from standing upright, Temp. iii. 2.

STANYEL. An inferior kind of hawk, Tw. N. ii. 5.

STAR. In the sense of ruling star of destiny, Ham. ii. 2.

STARRED. Fated, destined, Win. T. iii. 2.

START-UP. Now, 'up-start,' Much Ado i. 3.

STATE. Throne, or seat of dignity, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Tw. N. ii. 5.

STATION. Standing position, Ham. iii. 4. State of repose, Ant. Cl. iii. 3.

STATUTE-CAPS. Woollen caps, worn by the commonalty, under Statute 13 of Elizabeth, Love's L. L. v. 2.

STAVES. The wood of the lances, of which, the lightest, as well as the soundest, was the best, Rich. III. v. 3, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1.

STEAD. To aid, benefit, or support, Tam. S. i. 2, Two Gen. V. ii. 1, Rom. J. ii. 3, Oth. i. 3.

STEL'D. Delineated, Lucrece 207, Sonnet 24.

STELLED. Starry, Lear iii. 7.

STERNAGE. An old word for steerage, Hen. V. iii. (Chorus.)

STICKLER. An umpire to separate the combatants upon a given occasion, Tr. Cr. v. 9.

STIGMATICK. One stigmatized by a mark of deformity; and one branded for a crime, 2 Hen. VI. v. 1, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2.

STIGMATICAL. Marked with a stigma, Com. E. iv. 2.

STILL AN END. An old idiom, for perpetually, always, Two Gen. V. iv. 4.

STINTED. Ceased, stopped, Rom. J. i. 3.

STITHY. Now called 'Smithy.' The place where the anvil stands; Stith being an old name for an anvil, Ham. iii. 2. "Stithied," forged, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

STOCCATA. A thrust in fencing. Mercutio calls Tybalt "*A la Stoccata*," as a nickname, Rom. J. iii. 1. "Stoccadoes," Mer. W. ii. 1.

STOCK. A fencing term: to hit in attack, Mer. W. ii. 3.

STOMACH. Haughtiness, arrogance, Hen. VIII. iv. 2, Tam. S. v. 2. Inclination, appetite, Hen. V. iv. 3, Tr. Cr. ii. 1 & iii. 3. To resent, to bear in angry remembrance, Ant. Cl. iii. 4.

STOMACHING. Ill-will, resentment, Ant. Cl. ii. 2.

STONE-BOW. A cross-bow for discharging stones, Tw. N. ii. 5.

STOOP. (Spelt also Stoup.) A measure of about half a gallon in quantity; a cup, bowl, or flagon, Tw. N. ii. 3, Ham. v. 1 & 2, Oth. ii. 3.

STOOP. Bend, sink down. Constance, while instructing her sorrows to be proud, feels herself weighed to the ground by her grief; and not choosing it should appear like submission, takes refuge in the idea supplied by her rich imagination that she uses the earth as her throne, and bids kings come bow to it. The commentators who adopt Hanmer's substituted word "stout" as agreeing better with the whole tenour of Constance's bearing, overlook her *physical* state, ("sick," in "vexed spirits" that "quake and tremble," incapable of standing,) which is at war with her spiritual condition,—disposed to resist firmly, John iii. 1.

STORIES. See CLEAR STORIES.

STOVER. Fodder of all kinds, Temp. iv. 1.

STRACHY. Hitherto Editors have been unable to assign a special signification to this word. Possibly it is an instance of Shakespeare's way of Anglicising the orthography of an Italian word for the pronunciation of his actors, and may be used for *stracci*. In this case, it would mean really rags, or tatters;

and might be taken by Malvolio for the family-name of an old Italian house. The lady of *Rage-and-Tatters* marrying the yeoman of the *Wardrobe*, looks somewhat like ground for our conjecture, Tw. N. ii. 5.

**Strain.** Family, descent, lineage, Much Ado ii. 1. Nature, disposition, Lear v. 3.

**Strained.** Put to a difficulty, embarrassed, Win. T. iv. 3.

**Strange.** Alien, foreign, unacquainted with a place, Cymb. i. 7.

**Strangeness.** Shyness, coyness, reserve, Tw. N. iv. 1, Tr. Cr. iii. 3, Oth. iii. 3.

**Strappado.** A punishment; by drawing a person to his height, and suddenly letting him fall with a jerk half way; which dislocates his arms and joints, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

**Stratagem.** In the sense of dire event, disastrous occurrence, calamity, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 5.

**Strond.** Strand, shore, 1 Hen. IV. i. 1, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1, Lucrece 206.

**Stroosers.** (Spelt also Trossers.) Trousers, Hen. V. iii. 7.

**Stuck.** (See Stock.) Ham. iv. 7.

**Stuff.** Baggage, luggage, Com. E. iv. 4 & v. 1.

**Submerged.** Whelmed under water, Ant. Cl. ii. 5.

**Subscribe.** To yield, or give way to, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

**Subscribed.** Surrendered, Lear i. 2 & iii. 7. Submitted, All's W. v. 3.

**Subscription.** Obedience, submission, Lear iii. 2.

Subtle. Smooth, deceptious, Corio. v. 2.

Success. Succession, lineage, Win. T. i. 2.

Success. Sequel, consequence, following conclusion, Oth. iii. 3.

Suffer'd. "Being suffer'd" is used elliptically for being suffer'd to remain, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2 & v. 1, 3 Hen. VI. iv. 8.

Sufficiency. Ability, efficiency, Mea. M. i. 1, Much Ado v. 1, Win. T. ii. 1, Oth. i. 3.

Suggest. To tempt, prompt, instigate, All's W. iv. 5, Oth. ii. 3.

Suggestion. Temptation, wicked prompting, Temp. ii. 1. A cunning device, Hen. VIII. iv. 2.

Suit. A petition to royalty, Rom. J. i. 4.

Sumpter. A horse or mule to carry baggage or provision, Lear ii. 4.

Surcease. Completion, Macb. i. 7. To cease, Corio. iii. 2, Rom. J. iv. 1.

Sur-reined. Over-ridden, worn out, Hen. V. iii. 5.

Suspire. To breathe, John iii. 4, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

Swart. Dark, brown, black, Com. E. iii. 2, John iii. 1, 1 Hen. VI. i. 2.

Swarth. For swart, Tit. A. ii. 3.

Swasher. A swaggerer, a bully, Hen. V. iii. 2.

Swashing. Bold, dashing, As You L. i. 3, Rom. J. i. 1.

Swath. The quantity of grass laid by one stroke of the scythe, Tr. Cr. v. 3. Finely applied to the sentences of a big talker, Tw. N. ii. 3. A bandage for infants, Tim. A. iv. 3.

Sweet and twenty. A term of endearment, Tw. N. ii. 3, (Song.)

Sweeting. An apple so called, Rom. J. ii. 4.

Swet. An old form of sweated, Mer. Ven. iii. 3, As You L. ii. 3, Hen. VIII. ii. 1.

Swinge-buckler. An overpowering roarer, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

Swinged. Beat, or beaten; thrashed, John ii. 1, Mer. W. v. 5.

Swithold. Contraction of St Withold, or Saint Withold, Lear iii. 4, (Song.)

Swoop. The rush down of a bird of prey, Mach. iv. 3.

Sworn Brothers. Originally, and according to the rules of chivalry, meant brothers in arms; but it came to be applied to close friends, or associates, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2, Hen. V. ii. 1, Much Ado i. 1.

## T

Table. The substance on which a picture was painted, All's W. i. 1, Sonnet 24. The lines in the hand, and its general appearance for interpretation by palmistry, and chiromancy, Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

Tables. The old name for the game of backgammon, Love's L. L. v. 2. The same as Table-book, or Tablets; meaning memorandum-book, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1, Ham. i. 5.

Tabor. A little drum, like a tambourine, with a pipe fixed to it, Temp. iv. 1, Much Ado ii. 3, Love's L. L. v. 1, Win. T. iv. 3, Corio. i. 6 & v. 5. It formed part of the clown, or jester's paraphernalia, Tw. N. iii. 1. Tabourine. A military drum, Ant. Cl. iv. 8, Tr. Cr. iv. 5.

Tag *and* Tag-rag. The commonest people, Corio. iii. 1, Jul. Cæs. i. 2.

Tail. A witch, transformed to any tailed animal, was believed to be always tail-less, Macb. i. 3.

Tailor. It was an old custom to cry out "Tailor," when any one fell backward, Mids. N. ii. 1.

Take. To leap, John v. 2.

Take in. To subdue, overcome, vanquish, conquer, Win. T. iv. 3, Corio. i. 2 & iii. 2, Ant. Cl. i. 1 & iii. 7, Cymb. iii. 2 & iv. 2.

Take me with you. Let me accompany you in comprehension by your explaining, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

Take out. To copy, Oth. iii. 4 & iv. 1.

Takes. Blasts, strikes, infects, Mer. W. iv. 4, Ham. i. 1.

Taking. Blasting, blighting, infectious, Lear ii. 4 & iii. 2.

Taking up. Contradicting, snubbing; and picking off the ground, All's W. ii. 3,

Dealing fairly, straightforwardly, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. To "take up a quarrel," is to arrange, settle, or make it up, As You L. v. 4.

TALE. Reckoning. "As thick as tale;" as fast as they can be counted, Macb. i. 3.

TALENT *and* TALON. Were sometimes used indiscriminately. For a pun, in Love's L. L. iv. 2.

TALENTS. Shakespeare uses this word to imply something extremely precious, Lover's Comp. 30, Cymb. i. 7. [In the latter place, the passage is in most editions punctuated and interpreted according to Malone's explanation—viz.: "If Posthumous merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable." But in the text, the stopping is so arranged as to give the meaning understood by the present editors;—"In himself, heaven's bounty is much, but in you,—whom I account his,—it is beyond all value."]

TALL. Valiant, bold, Mer. W. i. 4 & ii. 1 & 2, Tw. N. i. 3, Rom. J. ii. 4, Hen. V. ii. 1.

TALLOW-KEECH. Fat rolled up for the chandler, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

TANG. A clanging sound like a bell, Temp. ii. 2, (Song.) To ring out loudly, Tw. N. ii. 5, (Letter.)

TANLINGS. Diminutive of persons tanned by the sun, Cymb. iv. 4.

TARGES. (Sounded with a hard g, to make it a monosyllable, for the sake of the metre.) An abbreviation of targets, Ant. Cl. ii. 6, Cymb. v. 5.

TARRE. To set on, to incite, John iv. 1, Tr. Cr. i. 3, Ham. ii. 2.

TARTAR. For Tartarus; the Pagan Hell, Tw. N. ii. 5, Com. E. iv. 2, Hen. V. ii. 2.

TASK. Used in the sense of to challenge, Rich. II. iv. 1. "Tasking;" challenging, 1 Hen. IV. v. 2.

TASKED. An old form of taxed, 1 Hen. IV. iv. 3.

TASSEL-GENTLE. The male Goss-hawk, Rom. J. ii. 2.

TASTE. To prove, try; Old Fr. *Taster*. In modern English to test, 1 Hen. IV. v. 1, Tw. N. iii. 1 & iii. 4, Lear i. 2.

TATTERED. Frequently spelt tottered by the old dramatists. Ragged, worn, Rich. II. iii. 3.

TAWDRY. Coarsely showy. It originally meant a purchase at the fair of St Audrey (or Ethelreda,) held on the 17th Oct.; and was usually applied to necklaces,—that Saint believing that the throat disease of which she died, was a punishment for having been fond of those ornaments when a girl, Win. T. iv. 3.

TAWNY. The colour of the liveries worn by ecclesiastics' retainers, 1 Hen. VI. i. 3 & iii 1.

TAXATION. Satirical speech; taxing foibles too sharply. It was the custom to whip fools when they were over-free in their sarcasms, As You L. i. 2.

TEEN. Grief, trouble, Temp. i. 2, Love's L. L. iv. 3, Rich. III. iv. 1, Rom. J. i. 3.

TELL HIM WELL. Seems to be equivalent to the modern vulgarism "tell him his own," or "tell him a piece of my mind." "Tell him plainly," "tell him roundly," are of this same kind of phrase, Tim. A. i. 2.

TEMPER. Used for temperament, constitution, Jul. Cæs. i. 2.

TEMPER. Used as a verb for accepting the decrees of the stars with equanimity, 3 Hen. VI. iv. 6.

TENDER-HEFTED. See HEFTS.

TEN GROATS. The old fee for an attorney; a groat being fourpence sterling, All's W. ii. 2.

TENT. To take up residence, Corio. iii. 2. To probe, to search, Ham. ii. 2. The roll of lint used by surgeons to examine and cleanse a wound, Tr. Cr. ii. 2 & v. 1, Cymb. iii. 4.

TERCEL. See TASSEL; Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

TERMAGANT. A Saracen god: the character was introduced into the old plays and moralities as a roaring and ranting woman, Ham. iii. 2.

TERMLESS. A Shakespearism; used in the same sense as PHRASELESS, Lover's Comp. 14.

TESTED. Tried, assayed, Mea. M. ii. 2.

TESTER. A coin, value sixpence; from the old Fr. *Teste*, because it had a head on it, Mer. W. i. 3, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2.

TESTERNED. Rewarded with a tester, Two Gen. V. i. 1.

TETCHY. A corruption of touchy; testy, captious, peevish, Rich. III. iv. 4, Tr. Cr. i. 1, Rom. J. i. 3.

TEWKSBURY MUSTARD. Of ancient renown for its pungency; but Falstaff's allusion is to its consistency when mixed for strength, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

THAN. A form of "then;" for rhyme's sake, Lucrece 206.

THARBOROUGH. For Thirdborough; a subconstable, Love's L. L. i. 1.

THEORICK. Theory; opposed to practick, or practice, All's W. iv. 3, Hen. V. i. 1, Oth. i. 1.

THEWES. Brawny proportions, muscular strength, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2, Jul. Cæs. i. 3, Ham. i. 3.

THICK. Thickly, rapidly, closely together, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 3, Cymb. iii. 2, Lucrece 255. "Thick-coming," Macb. v. 3. "Thicker," Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

THICK-SKIN. A coarse lout, Mer. W. iv. 5, Mids. N. iii. 2.

THILL-HORSE. The shaft-horse, Mer. Ven. ii. 2.

THOU'ST. The pronoun used as a verb. The French have *Tutoyer;* and, to thee and thou a person still implies extreme familiarity; or, upon occasion, contempt, Tw. N. iii. 2.

THRASONICAL. Boastful; from *Thraso*, a

bonaster in old comedy, Love's L. L. v. 2, As You L. v. 2.

THREAD AND THRUM. In weaving, the thread is the substance of the warp; the thrums, the small tuft beyond, where it is tied, Mids. M. v. 2.

THREE FARTHINGS. A piece of silver coin, of that value; very thin, with a rose behind the ear of the head thereon, John i. 2, Love's L. L. iii. 2.

THREE-MAN BEETLE. A mallet used for pile-driving; with three handles to it, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

THREE-MAN SONG-MEN. Men who could sing music in three parts, trios, Win. T. iv. 2.

THREE-PILE. The richest velvet; the pile being the fluffy surface, trebly close and full, Win. T. iv. 2. "Three-piled," Mea. M. i. 2. This word came to be applied to anything extra rich, fine, or florid, Love's L. L. v. 2.

THRENOS. Lamentation, dirge, Phœnix & Turtle 13.

THRICE-REPURED. Thrice purified, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

THRIFT. Prosperity, Mer. Ven. i. 2. Gain, profit, Mer. W. i. 3, Mer. Ven. i. 3, Win. T. i. 2, Hen. VIII. iii 2. Moral advantage, benefit, Cymb. v. 2. Saving, parsimony, Ham. i. 2.

THRIFTLESS. Extravagant, profuse, Rich. II. v. 3. Profitless, Mach. ii. 4. Fruitless, useless, Tw. N. ii. 2.

THRIFTY. Economical, prudent, frugal, sparing, Mea. M. i. 2, Mer. Ven. ii. 5, As You L. ii. 3, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 2. Provident, Tr. Cr. v. 1.

THROSTLE. The thrush, Mids. N. iii. 1, (Song,) Mer. Ven. i. 2.

THROW. An ancient word for a point of time, Tw. N. v. 1.

THRUMMED HAT. A hat made of the tufts or thrums of the coarsest cloth, Mer. W. iv. 2.

THUNDER-STONE. A solid body, formerly supposed to be discharged from the thunder-cloud, Jul. Cæs. i. 3, Cymb. iv. 2, (Song.)

TIB. A low, common woman, All's W. ii. 2, Peric. iv. 6.

TICKLE. The same as our modern word, ticklishly, precariously, Mea. M. i. 3.

TICKLE-BRAIN. The nick-name of a strong liquor, applied to hostess Quickly, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

TICK-TACK. Fr. *Tric-trac.* A game at tables, or draughts; equivocally applied, Mea. M. i. 3.

TIDE. Time, season. Apemantus makes a sneering pun upon the parasite lord's seasonable flatteries, and the full tide of his cups, Tim. A. i. 2. The terms Whitsuntide, Eastertide, are derived from this word. "Tides," John iii. 1.

TIKE. A large, rough shepherd's dog, Lear iii. 6, Hen. V. ii. 1. Falstaff dubs Simple "Sir Tike," by way of politely calling him a cur, Mer. W. iv. 5.

TILTH. Used for crop, or harvest, by the ancient English writer, Gower. A proverbial epithet for tilled land, ready for sowing, Mea. M. iv. 2. Tillage, culture, Mea. M. i. 3. The word will apply to either tillage or tilled land, as Shakespeare employs it here. But the parallel passage in Measure, makes the former more probable, Temp. ii. 2.

TIMELESS. Uniformly employed by Shakespeare in the sense of untimely, Two Gen. V. iii. 1, Rich. II. iv. 1, Rich. III. i. 2, Rom. J. v. 3.

TIMELY-PARTED. Departed or dead in usual course of time; as opposed to untimely or prematurely, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

TIRE. To seize, pull, catch at, and tear with the beak; a term in falconry: Sax. *Tiran*, 3 Hen. VI. i. 2. "Tiring;" busily preying, Tim. A. iii. 6. "Tir'st;" metaphorically, for eagerly seizest, Cymb. iii. 4.

TIRE. A head-dress, Mer. W. iii. 3, Two Gen. V. iv. 4, Much Ado iii. 4.

TIRING-HOUSE. (Spelt also Tyring-house.) The dressing-room of a theatre, Mids. M. iii. 1.

TITLE-LEAF. It was formerly the custom to print the title-page to elegies, with a black bordering, or even entirely black, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

TO. Used as an exclamation, expressive of the call made by ploughmen to their oxen, Tr. Cr. ii. 1.

TOAD. It was supposed to have a precious stone in its head; which would cure the bite of venomous reptiles, As You L. iii. 2.

TOD. A pack of wool, weighing 28 pounds English standard, Win. T. iv. 2.

TOGE. The Roman gown, or robe, Coria. ii. 3. Lat. *Toga.*

TOGED. Gowned, robed, Oth. i. 1.

TOLL. To pay toll for the liberty of selling, All's W. v. 3. To levy money, John iii. 1.

TOLLING. Collecting, or taking toll, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4.

TOMBOY. A rough, masculine girl, Cymb. i. 7.

TOM O' BEDLAM. Wandering mendicants, so called, whose cure from lunacy being doubtful, were discharged from Bethlehem Hospital. Their style and title were assumed by impostors, known as "Abram men," (whence is derived the phrase still current, "to sham Abram;") but both sorts went by the name of "Bedlam beggars," Lear i. 2 & ii. 3.

TOP. See PARISH-TOP.

TOPLESS. Supreme; literally, nothing overtopping it, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

TORTIVE. Crooked, twisted, tortuous, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

TOTTERING. This has been explained by some editors to be used here in its ordinary sense of unsteady; by others, in a sense it formerly bore when thus spelt for tattering,—ragged. Probably both meanings were intended to be included in the expression here, John v. 5. And also in the word "tattered" (spelt "tot-

tered" in some of the quarto editions,) Rich. II. iii. 3.

TOUCH. Test or trial; employed for touch-stone, Rich. III. iv. 2, Tim. A. iv. 3. Denotement, indication, Tw. N. ii. 1. A sense, a perception, Temp. v. 1, Two Gen. V. ii. 7 "Touches;" hints, points, Win. T. v. 2, As You L. v. 4.

TOUZE. To drag, to wrench, Mea. M. v. 1.

TOWARD. In preparation, approaching, Tam. S. i. 1 & v. 1, Rom. J. i. 5, Ham. i. 1 & v. 2. Tractable, docile, Tam. S. v. 2, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2.

TOYS. Trifles, light songs, Two Gen. V. i. 2, Mer. W. i. 4. Fantastic sprites, Mer. W. v. 5. Fancies, freaks of imagination, Mids. N. v. 1, Love's L. L. iv. 3. Matters brewing, John i. 1.

TOZE. To pluck, or worm out, Win. T. iv. 3.

TRADE. Used for traffic, in the sense of passing to and fro, Rich. II. iii. 3.

TRADE. Way, course, Tw. N. iii. 1, Hen. VIII. v. 1. "Where most trade of danger rang'd;" where danger most thronged, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1. "Trades to Venice;" pursues its way, or goes backwards and forwards to Venice, Mer. V. iii. 4.

TRAIL. The scent left behind by game, Mer. W. iv. 2, Ham. ii. 2 & iv. 5. Slimy track, Ant. Cl. v. 2. To drag, Tr. Cr. v. 9, Corio. v. 5.

TRAIN. Lure, snare, stratagem, Macb. iv. 3.

TRAMMEL. To enfold, to enclose, Macb. i. 7.

TRANECT. From this word it is likely that the ancient ferry between Venice and the main land was passed in a boat drawn through the water by a process still in use at some places: as we once witnessed at Rotterdam; where a rope, strained across the canal, afforded the means of traversing, Mer. Ven. iii. 4.

TRASH. Rubbish, Oth. iii. 3. A worthless person, Oth. ii. 1 & v. 1. To check, or keep back; a hunting term, Temp. i. 2, Tam. S. 1, (Ind.) Oth. ii. 1.

TRAVERSE. An ancient military term for march, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2, Oth. i. 3.

TRAY-TRIP. A game played with dice, Tw. N. ii. 5.

TREACHERS. Traitors, Lear i. 2.

TRENCHED. Carved or cut; Fr. *Trancher*, Two Gen. V. iii. 2, Macb. iii. 4. "Trenchant," Tim. A. iv. 3.

TRENCHER-KNIGHT. A knight, dubbed during a feast; something similar to a carpet knight, Love's L. L. v. 2.

TRIBULATION. A society of Puritans so named; whose patience might be expected to bear any amount of uproar, Hen. VIII. v. 3.

TRICE. A very minute space of time, Temp. v. 1, Tw. N. iv. 2, (Song,) Cymb. v. 4, Lear i. 1.

TRICK. A peculiarity of countenance, All's W. i. 1, Win. T. ii. 3, John i. 1. Peculiarity of tone, Lear iv. 6. Used for peculiarity of any kind. A characteristic of race; a family likeness, 1 Hen. IV. v. 2. To deck out, to adorn, Henry V. iii. 6.

TRICKING. Dress, finery, Mer. W. iv. 4.

TRICKSY. Nimble, fairy-like, Temp. v. 1. Sportive, fanciful, Mer. Ven. iii. 5.

TRIGON. An astrological term. When the three upper planets met, they were called the "Fiery Trigon." Ludicrously applied to the flaming-nosed Bardolph, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

TRIPLE. Used for one more than two, All's W. ii. 1. And for one of three, Ant. Cl. i. 1. An epithet applied to Hecate, to express her three-fold character of Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth, and Hecate in the infernal regions, Mids. N. v. 2.

TRIUMPH. The trump at cards. Corrupted from the French word *Triomphe*, Ant. Cl. iv. 12.

TRIUMPH. Used for tournament, mask, revel, and revelry, Mid. N. i. 1, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3, 1 Hen. VI. v. 5, Rich. II. v. 2, Oth. ii. 2, Peric. ii. 2. "Triumphs," Two Gen. V. v. 4, Rich. II. v. 2 & 3, 3 Hen. VI. v. 7, Peric. ii. 2 & v. 1.

TROJAN. A slang word for a thief, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1, Hen. V. v. 1.

TROLL. To sing trippingly, Temp. iii. 2.

TROLL-MY-DAMES. An old French game, *Trou-madame*. Like the modern bagatelle-board, Win. T. iv. 2.

TROPICALLY. Figuratively. From trope, a term in rhetorick, Ham. iii. 2.

TROT. A contemptuous name for an old woman, Tam. S. i. 2.

TROW. To know, Love's L. L. v. 2, As You L. iii. 2, Lear i. 4. To believe, to think, Rich. II. ii. 1, Rom. J. i. 3 & ii. 5. Used for, "I should like to know," Much Ado iii. 4, Mer. W. ii. 1.

TRUCKLE-BED. A small bed, made to slide under a larger. The latter was called a "Standing-bed," Mer. W. iv. 5, Rom. J. ii. 1. From this term, the modern expression, to "truckle," to be subservient, is doubtless derived.

TRUE-PENNY. A mining term; signifying an indication in the soil, of the direction in which ore is to be found, Ham. i. 5.

TRUNDLE-TAIL. A dog with a curly tail, Lear iii. 6.

TUCK. A small sword, or rapier, Tw. N. iii. 4, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

TUCKET-SONANCE. A flourish, a trumpet-call, Hen. V. iv. 2.

TUN-DISH. An old provincial term for a funnel, Mea. M. iii. 2.

TURK. To "turn Turk," was a phrase of the time for a total change of condition, Ham. iii. 2.

TURK GREGORY. Falstaff's humorous appellation for the notoriously belligerent Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., 1 Hen. IV. v. 3.

TURLYGOD *or* TURLYGOOD. A crazy mendicant, Lear ii. 3.

TWIGGEN BOTTLE. A bottle cased with a wicker work of twigs, Oth. ii. 3.

TWINK. A twinkle of the eye, Temp. iv. 1, Tam. S. ii. 1.

TWINNED. Alike as twins, Cymb. i. 7.

TWIRE. To peep out, to gleam, to twinkle, Sonnet 28.

TYPE. Referring to the symbol of sovereignty, the crown, 3 Hen. VI. i. 4, Rich. III. iv. 4.

## U

UMBER. A brown earth, used as a colour, or pigment, As You L. i. 3.

UMBERED. Embrowned, enshadowed, Hen. V. iv. (Chorus.)

UNANELED. Not having received the sacrament of extreme unction. *Ele* is the Saxon for oil, Ham. i. 5.

UNAVOIDED. For unavoidable, not to be avoided, Rich. II. ii. 1, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 5, Rich. III. iv. 4.

UNBARBED. Untrimmed, unbarbered, Corio. iii. 2.

UNBATED. Sharp, not blunted with the button, as fencing-foils are, Ham. iv. 7 & v. 2. Used for unabated, unslackened, Mer. Ven. ii. 6.

UNBOLT. To explain, to open a matter clearly, Tim. A. i. 1.

UNBOLTED. Not sifted, coarse, Lear ii. 2.

UNBONNETED. Openly, unconcealedly, Oth. i. 2.

UNBOOKISH. Unpractised, unversed, Oth. iv. 1.

UNBRAIDED. Undamaged; unfalse, Win. T. iv. 3.

UNBREATHED. Unexercised, Mids. N. v. 1.

UNCAPE. A sporting term; to unearth the fox, Mer. W. iii. 3.

UNCHARGE. Leave unarraigned, uncharged, Ham. iv. 7.

UNCHARGED. Unassailed, unassaulted, Tim. A. v. 5.

UNCLEW, *or* UNCLUE. To unwind. Used in the sense to draw off a man's substance, or fortune, Tim. A. i. 1.

UNCOINED. Undispersed, unchanged, integral, Hen. V. v. 2.

UNCONFIRMED. Unpractised in the ways of the world, Much Ado iii. 3. Unrefined, Love's L. L. iv. 2.

UNCOUTH. The old meaning is, uncommon, unusual, unknown, Tit. A. ii. 4. Strange, wild, As You L. ii. 6. The modern acceptation of the word is, unaccustomed, awkward, ungain.

UNDERBEAR. To support, to undergo, to bear, John iii. 1. "Underbearing," Rich. II. i. 4.

UNDERBORNE. Underlaid, undertrimmed, Much Ado iii. 4.

UNDER GENERATION. The people at the antipodes, Mea. M. iv. 3.

UNDERGOES. Is subject to, Much Ado v. 2. Endures, submits to, Cymb. iii. 2.

UNDERSKINKER. An under tapster, or drawer. Skink, drink; from the Saxon, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

UNDERTAKER. One who undertakes another man's quarrel, Tw. N. iii. 4. Dispatcher, Oth. iv. 1.

UNDERWRITE. For subscribe; which Shakespeare has used in the same sense as "underwrite" here,—to defer to, submit to, yield to, Tr. Cr. ii. 3.

UNDERWROUGHT. Undermined, worked against sinisterly, John ii. 1.

UNEARED. Not tilled, Sonnet 3. See EAR.

UNEATH. Scarcely, hardly, not easily, 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4.

UNEXPERIENT. Inexperienced, Lover's Comp. 46.

UNEXPRESSIVE. Ineffable, not to be expressed, As You L. iii. 2.

UNGARTERED. Formerly, gentlemen profoundly amorous, denoted their mental condition by going ungartered, Two Gen. V. ii. 1, As You L. iii. 2, Ham. ii. 1.

UNHAPPILY. Roguishly, archly, mischievously, Hen. VIII. i. 4.

UNHAPPY. Unlucky; in the sense of mischievous, All's W. iv. 5.

UNHATCH'D. Not hacked; Fr. *Hacker*, Tw. N. iii. 4.

UNHOUSELED. Not having received the sacrament of the Eucharist as a Viaticum, Ham. i. 5.

UNIMPROVED. Unpractised, unproved, Ham. i. 1.

UNION. A pearl of fine quality, Ham. v. 2.

UNKIND. Not according to kind, or nature, Tit. A. i. 2 & v. 3.

UNLUCKY. Ill-omened. To dream of being at banquets was deemed inauspicious, Jul. Cæs. iii. 3.

UNLUSTROUS. Dim, void of light, Cymb. i. 7.

UNMANNED. A term in falconry; meaning a bird not tamed, Rom. J. iii. 2.

UNMASTERED. Ungoverned, Ham. i. 3.

UNNOTED. Unobserved, unremarked, All's W. i. 2. Undenoted, unmanifested, Tim. A. iii. 5.

UNOWED. Not owned. Not legally possessed; Prince Arthur's death leaving the right to the crown unascertained, and unappropriated, John iv. 3. See OWE.

UNPLAUSIVE. Unapplauding, unapproving, Tr. Cr. iii. 3.

UNPREGNANT. Inapt, incapable, unfit to perceive, or to cope with, Mea. M. iv. 4, Ham. ii. 2.

UNPROPER. Not appropriated to one individual; common to others, Oth. iv. 1.

UNQUALITIED. Deprived of his faculties, Ant. Cl. iii. 9.

UNQUESTIONABLE. Not choosing to be questioned, or talked with, As You L. iii. 2.

UNREADY. A phrase of the time, signifying to be undressed, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 1.

UNRECURING. Incurable, Tit. A. iii. 1

UNRESPECTIVE. Inattentive, uninquisitive, Rich. III. iv. 2. General, undistinguishing. "Unrespective sieve" means a common receptacle for orts and fragments; a waste basket, Tr. Cr. ii. 2.

UNREST. Uneasiness, discomfort, unhappiness, Rich. II. ii. 4, Rich. III. iv. 4 & v. 3, Rom. J. i. 5.

UNROUGH. Smooth-faced, beardless, Macb. v. 2.

UNSEEMING. Not seeming; not appearing willing, Love's L. L. ii. 1.

UNSISTING. Never resting, always moving; from the Lat. *Sisto*, to stand still, Mea. M. iv. 2.

UNSMIRCHED. Pure, undefiled, Ham. iv. 5.

UNSQUARED. Not regulated, unmeasured, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

UNSTANCHED. Insatiable, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 6.

UNSTATE. To degrade, or descend from rank, Ant. Cl. iii. 11, Lear i. 2.

UNTENTED. Unrelieved, unalleviated, as by a surgeon's tenting, Lear i. 4.

UNTEMPERING. Unsoftening, uningratiatory, unprepossessing, Hen. V. v. 2.

UNTHRIFT. Lavish, unsparing, Mer. Ven. v. 1. Prodigal, improvident, Tim. A. iv. 3. "Unthrifts," spendthrifts, Rich. II. ii. 3.

UNTRUSSING. To tie and untie the fastenings of the hose, was called trussing, and untrussing, Mea. M. iii. 2. (See POINT.)

UNTRUTH. Disloyalty, Rich. II. ii. 2. Unfaithfulness, Tr. Cr. v. 2.

UNVALUED. In the sense of invaluable, Rich. III. i. 4.

UPSPRING. This has been explained to mean 'upstart;' but it has been ascertained to be the name of a Northern dance; and there is more probability that Hamlet should say, 'The king carouses, and reels through the swaggering dance of the upspring,' than that he should use a contemptuous epithet when first speaking to his companions of his father's brother, Ham. i. 4.

UPTRIMMED. Decked up, adorned, John iii. 1. [Some editions have "untrimmed."]

UPWARD. Summit, Lear v. 3.

URCHINS. Hedgehogs, Tit. A. ii. 3. Evil sprites, wicked fairies, Temp. i. 2 & ii. 2, Mer. W. iv. 4.

URCHIN-SNOUTED. With a snout like the hedgehog, Venus & Ad. 185.

USANCE. Usurious interest, Mer. Ven. i. 3.

USE. In the sense of possession, power over, Mer. Ven. iv. 1, Ant. Cl. i. 3.

USE. Interest, Tw. N. iii. 1, Sonnet 6.

USURER'S CHAIN. (See CHAIN.)

UTIS. The eighth day after a feast; Fr. *Huit:* used in the sense of festivity. "Old Utis," is excessive revelry, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

UTTERANCE. Fr. *Outrance.* Extremity of opposition, Macb. iii. 1, Cymb. iii. 1.

V

VADE. To fade, to pass away, to vanish; Lat. *Vado*, Sonnet 54, Pass. Pilg. 7 & 9.

VAIL. To lower, Meas. M. v. 1, Tam. S. v. 2, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1, 1 Hen. VI. v. 3, Corio. iii. 1, Peric. ii. 3. To bow down, pay homage, Peric. iv. (Gower.) Lowering, going down, Tr. Cr. v. 9. "Vails;" perquisites, Peric. ii. 1. "Vailed;" lowered, Ham. i. 2. "Vailing;" lowering, Love's L. L. v. 2, Mer. Ven. i. 1.

VALANCED. Fringed with a beard, Ham. ii. 2.

VALIDITY. Value, Tw. N. i. 1, All's W. v. 3, Lear i. 1, Rom. J. iii. 3, Ham. iii. 2.

VANITY. A technical term for a magical show, or illusion, Temp. iv. 1. The name for one of the characters in the old Moralities and Puppet-shows, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, Lear ii. 2.

VANTAGE. For advantage, Two Gen. V. i. 3 & iv. 1, Mea. M. ii. 2, Macb. i. 6, John ii. 2, Sonnet 88. Surplus, addition, Oth. iv. 3.

VANT-BRACE. Fr. *Avant bras.* Arm-armour, Tr. Cr. i. 3.

VARLET. Servant to a knight Old Fr. *Varlet:* modern, Fr. *Valet*, Hen. V. iv. 2, Tr. Cr. i. 1.

VARY. Variation, caprice, Lear ii. 2.

VAST. Employed as a substantive to signify great or desolate space, Temp. i. 2, Win. T. i. 1, Peric. iii. 1, Ham. i. 2.

VASTIDITY. Vastness, immensity, Mea. M. iii. 1.

VASTLY. In a waste or desolate manner, Lucrece 249.

VASTY. For vast, Mer. Ven. ii. 7, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1, Hen. V. i. (Chorus,) ii. 2 & 4.

VAUNT. That which precedes or goes before. Fr. *Avant.* The modern word "van," is hence derived, Tr. Cr. (Prol.)

VAWARD. For vanward; the fore part, or advanced body of an army, Hen. V. iv. 3. Early part, Mids. N. iv. 1, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.

VELURE. Velvet; Fr. *Velours*, Tam. S. iii. 2.

VELVET-GUARDS. Velvet trimmings; much worn by the wealthy middle classes, and therefore given them as a nick-name by Hotspur, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 1.

VENEW, *or* VENEY. Fr. *Venue.* A hit in fencing, Love's L. L. v. 1, Mer. W. i. 1.

VENGEANCE. Mischief, harm, As You L. iv. 3, (Letter.)

VENT. Impulse, outbreak, Corio. iv. 5.

VENTAGES. The holes or stops in a flute, Ham. iii. 2.

VERBAL. For verbose, wordy, Cymb. ii. 3.

VIA. An exclamation, meaning literally, "Away!" Mer. Ven. ii. 2. Used exultingly; or encouragingly, Mer. W. ii. 2, Love's L. L. v. 1 & 2.

VICE. (See INIQUITY.) The Vice was dressed in parti-coloured scraps; hence Hamlet's words, "A king of shreds and patches," Ham. iii. 4, Tw. N. iv. 2, (Song.)

VICE. In Shakespeare's time was applied to

a screw (he uses "screws" in a similarly figurative sense, Tw. N. v. 1); and he forms a verb, "to vice," here, meaning not only to screw, press, urge you on to the deed, but to urge *viciously*, Win. T. i. 2.

VICE'S DAGGER. The Vice, or Jester, was armed with a wooden dagger. Falstaff applies the name to Shallow when he was a slim lath of a lad, 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2, Tw. N. iv. 2, (Song.)

VIED. A term at cards: staked, played, Tam. S. ii. 1.

VILLIAGO. (Spelt also Villaco.) A term of reproach, signifying a base bastard; from the Ital. *Vigliacco*, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 8. [In most editions, altered to "*Villagnois*."]

VINEWED'ST. Most mouldy, Tr. Cr. ii. 1.

VIOL-DE-GAMBOYS. A musical instrument, smaller than the violoncello, with six strings, Tw. N. i. 3.

VIOLENTETH. Acts with violence, Tr. Cr. iv.

VIRGINALLING. Playing with the fingers, as upon a virginal, or spinnet, Win. T. i. 2.

VOLUNTARIES. Volunteers, John ii. 1.

VOTARIST. A suppliant, Tim. A. iv. 3.

VULGAR. Common, general, plebeian, Tw. N. iii. 1, As You L. v. 1. Of common report, Lear iv. 6. "Vulgars;" common people, Win. T. ii. 1.

VULGARLY. Publicly, Mea. M. v. 1.

## W

WAFT. To beckon with the hand, Com. E. ii. 2, Tim. A. i. 1. For wafted, Mer. Ven. v. 1. [In some editions, "waved."]

WAFT. To convey by wind, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 1, 3 Hen. VI. iii. 3 & v. 7. For wafted, John ii. 2.

WAFTAGE. Passage by water and air, Com. E. iv. 1, Tr. Cr. iii. 2.

WAFTING. Waving, turning, Win. T. i. 2.

WAGE. To carry on, maintain, John i. 1, 1 Hen. IV. i. 1, Ant. Cl. iii. 7. To stake in wager, Cymb. i. 5, Lear i. 1. To strive, Lear ii. 4. To encounter and prosecute, Oth. i. 3.

WAGED. Remunerated, Corio. v. 5. Stood as stakes in a wager, Ant. Cl. v. 1.

WAIST. The middle part of a vessel, Temp. i. 2.

WAKE. To keep a night festival, Ham. i. 4.

WALK. A path, glade, or district in a forest, Mer. W. v. 5, 3 Hen. VI. v. 2.

WALLS ARE THINE. A camp metaphor, signifying, to surrender at discretion, Lear v. 3.

WANNION. "With a wannion." Tantamount to 'with a vengeance,' 'with a plague,' Peric. ii. 1.

WANTON. "Make a wanton;" to trifle with, Ham. v. 2.

WAPPENED. Worn out, Tim. A. iv. 3.

WARD. A guard or posture of defence, Temp i. 2, Love's L. L. iii. 1, Win. T. i. 2, 1 Hen. IV. i. 2 & ii. 4. Feudal guardianship, All's W. i. 1.

WARDEN PIES. Made from a baking-pear, called "Warden," and coloured with saffron, Win. T. iv. 2.

WARDER. Sentinel, or guard, Mach. i. 7 & iv. 2, 1 Hen. VI. i. 3. A truncheon; when dropped, it was a signal to close the contest, Rich. II. i. 3, 2 Hen. IV. iv. 2.

WARE. To common, Jul. Cæs. v. 1, Rich. III. i. 2, Rom. J. v. 3. "Warned," John ii. 1.

WARE. The great bed at Ware, in Hertfordshire, is still in existence at the chief inn of the town. It is square, and large enough to contain 24 persons, Tw. N. iii. 2.

WARESFORD. An old form of Wexford, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 7.

WASSAIL. To 'wish health.' The drunken ejaculation when drinking at festivals: afterwards applied to the festivity itself, Love's L. L. v. 2, Mach. i. 7, 2 Hen. IV. i. 2, Hist. Cl. i. 4, Ham. i. 4.

WAT. An old provincial name for the hare, Venus & Ad. 127.

WATCH. A watch-light, Rich. III. v. 3.

WATCHES. Allusion to the practice of sitting up at night with a hawk to prevent its sleeping, that it may be tamed and trained, Mer. Ven. v. 5, Tr. Cr. iii. 2. "Watch," Tam. S. iv. 2, Oth. iii. 3.

WATER-GALL. An appearance in the sky, resembling a reflex of a rainbow, Lucrece 1457.

WATER-WORK. Furniture hangings, painted in water-colour; it being cheaper than the oil-painted cloth, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2. (See PAINTED CLOTH.)

WAX. To grow, Hen. V. v. 1 & 2, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 5, 2 Hen. VI. iv. 10, Tit. A. iii. 1, Ham. iii. 1.

WAXEN. Increase, Mids. N. ii. 1.

WAXEN. Used for grown, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2.

WAY. This is the word in the original text. It has been altered to "day" and "May;" though without satisfactory explanation of either substituted word. "A better way" seems to us to mean that Cordelia's mingled "smiles and tears" expressed her feelings in a better way than either "patience" or "sorrow" could do separately; who each "strove who should express her goodliest," Lear iv. 3.

WEAL'S-MEN. Commonwealth men, legislators, Corio. ii. 1.

WEALTH. Another form of weal, well-being, benefit, advantage; as used at present in the word 'commonwealth,' Mer. Ven. v. 1.

WEAR. The fashion of the time, that which is most popularly worn, Mea. M. iii. 2, As You L. ii. 7.

WEATHER. To "make fair weather" was an idiom for flattering, insinuating oneself into favour; or for accommodating oneself to circumstances, Much Ado i. 3, 2 Hen. VI. v. 1.

WEATHER. "To keep the weather" is a nautical phrase for keeping to windward, and thus maintaining advantage, Tr. Cr. v. 3.

WEAVER. Weavers being a sedentary people,

were generally good singers, like the cotton spinners in Lancashire, who are excellent chorus-singers. Many of the weavers in Elizabeth's time were Flemings, who had fled, for faith's sake, from the persecution of the Duke of Alva; and were great psalm-singers, Tw. N. ii. 3, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

WEB. (See PIN AND WEB.)

WEEDS. Dress, clothing, garments, Two Gen. V. ii. 7, Tw N. v. 1, Much Ado v. 3.

WEEK. "In by the week." A common phrase formerly, meaning engaged for a certainty, permanently, Love's L. L. v. 2.

WEEN. To think, to imagine, Hen. VIII. v. 1. "Weening," 1 Hen. VI. ii. 5.

WEEPING-RIPE. Ready, or ripe for weeping, Love's L. L. v. 2, 3 Hen. VI. i. 4.

WEET. To know, Ant. Cl. i. 1.

WEIGH. Used for to value, prize, esteem, care for, estimate, Win. T. iii. 2, Hen. V. ii. 4, Hen. VIII. v. 1. Used punningly, in this sense, and in the more usual one of balancing, Love's L. L. v. 2, Rich. III. iii. 1.

WEIRD. From the Saxon, Witch. "The weird sisters" were the northern Fates, Macb. i. 3 & 5 (Letter,) ii. 1, iii. 1. iii. 4, iv. 1.

WELKIN. The sky, Mer. W. i. 3, Mids. N. iii. 2.

WELKIN EYE. An eye the colour of the heaven, Win. T. i. 2.

WELL-FOUND. Favourably received, Corio. ii. 2.

WELL-LIKING. Plump, portly, well-to-do, Love's L. L. v. 2. (See LIKING.)

WELL-SEEN. Accomplished, proficient, well-skilled, Tam. S. i. 2.

WELSH HOOK. A kind of bill, with a long handle like that of a spear; a national weapon. To swear on the cross, or handle of a sword, was a knightly form of taking an oath, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4.

WENCH. This term had not always formerly the degrading signification that it now bears, Oth. v. 2

WEND. To go. Hence the present perfect tense, went, Mea. M. iv. 3, Mids. N. iii. 2, Com. E. i. 1, As You L. iii. 3. [In some editions "wind."]

WHALE'S BONE. Formerly ivory was popularly believed to be the bone of the whale, Love's L. L. v. 2.

WHEEL. The burden of a ballad: so called from its rotatory character, in frequently recurring, Ham. iv. 5.

WHELKED. Marked with protuberances, Lear iv. 6. "Whelks," Hen. V. iii. 6.

WHEN. An exclamation, denoting restlessness, or impatience. "Why, when, I say!" Tam. S. iv. 1. "When, Harry, when?" Rich. II. i. 1. "When, can you tell?" A proverbial saying, equivalent to the modern vulgarism, —'I wish you may get it,' Com. E. iii. 1, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

WHENAFTER. A compound form of 'when;' like whenas, whenever, &c., Much Ado v. 4.

WHENAS. An old form of when; as whereas is of where, Cymb. v. 5, (Scroll,) Venus & Ad. 167, Sonnet 49.

WHE'R. Contraction of whether, Com. E. iv. 1, Sonnet 59.

WHERE. Sometimes used by the old writers for whereas. "And, where I thought," Two Gen. V. iii. 1. "Where the other instruments," Corio. i. 1.

WHERE. Used in the sense of place. "A better where to find," Lear i. 1. "Start some other where," Com. E. ii. 1.

WHEREAS. Used for where, 2 Hen. VI. i. 2.

WHIFFLER. Originally, a fifer, who went foremost in a procession; but latterly the word was used for one who cleared the way in a procession, Hen. V. v. (Chorus.)

WHILE. Used for until. "While then, God be with you," Macb. iii. 1. Still, a very common North-British provincialism. "Whiles," long used for while, Tw. N. iv. 3.

WHILEAS. A form of "while;" like whilere, 2 Hen. VI. i. 2.

WHILE-ERE. A short time ago. The form is now reversed to erewhile, Temp. iii. 2.

WHIPSTOCK. The stock or handle of a whip, Tw. N. ii. 3. A carter's whip, Peric. ii. 2.

WHIST. Were hushed, or silent. Formed from the exclamation, 'Hist!' or 'Hush!' Temp. i. 2, (Song.)

WHISTLE OFF. The hawk was dismissed from the fist, to pursue its prey, by a whistle. When in chase, against the wind; and when it was "haggard,"—ill-tamed, and unserviceable,—with, or down the wind, Oth. iii. 3.

WHITE. To "hit the white," in archery; the centre of the target, Tam. S. v. 2.

WHITING-TIME. Bleaching-time, Mer. W. iii. 3.

WHITHER. For whithersoever, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3 & v. 3.

WHITSTER, *or* WHITESTER. A bleacher of linen, Mer. W. iii. 3.

WHITTLE. A small clasp-knife, Tim. A. v. 2.

WHO. Used for whoe'er; "who's a traitor, Gloster he is none," 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1.

WHOO-BUB. A corruption of hub-bub. A confused noise, an uproar, Win. T. iv. 3.

WHOM. Who, whom, and which, were often used the one for the other in Shakespeare's time. "A *mystery*, with *whom*," &c., Tr. Cr. iii. 3. "My armed *knees*, *who* bowed," &c., Corio. iii. 2. "What *he* hath said, *which* was," &c., Corio. v. 1.

WIFE. Taken in its ordinary sense, this word occasions difficulty in the passage "a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife," applied to Cassio,—who is unmarried. But the epithet may have been used for 'woman' as well as for a spouse, like the French *femme* or the German *frau:* and if so, the phrase would bear this interpretation:—"a fellow who'd give himself to perdition for a handsome woman." "Good wife" seems to have been a title for a woman generally, whether wed-

ded or unwedded. Falstaff addresses Mistress Quickly thus; and though she answers disclaiming the rank of married woman which she assumes him to attribute to her, it is by no means clear that he intended such attribution, Mer. W. ii. 2. Shakespeare uses the word "wives" in passages where it may mean merely 'women,' without regard to their being married, Hen. V. v. (Chorus.) Corio. iv. 4, Jul. Cæs. iii. 2. "Wife-like," too, as opposed to "goddess-like," wears the effect of being human womanly nature in contrast with divine feminine nature, quite as much as meaning spouse-like, Cymb. iii. 2.

WIGHT. A person, male or female, Mer. W. i. 3, Oth. ii. 1 & 3.

WILDERNESS. For wildness, Mea. M. iii. 2.

WIMPLED. Veiled, or hoodwinked, Love's L. L. iii. 1.

WINDS. Used as in collective metaphor to signify the wholesomely searching, and brisk winds that prosper the crops; and equally wholesome, though rough breath of public censure, and private candour, producing moral harvest, Ant. Cl. i. 2.

WINTER-GROUND. To shield from winter weather, Cymb. iv. 2.

WIS. To know, to be aware, Mer. Ven. ii. 9, (Scroll,) Tam. S. i. 1, Rich. III. i. 3, Peric. ii. (Gower.)

WISE. Used in the sense of to recommend, Tam. S. i. 1 & 2.

WISP OF STRAW. This was often applied as a badge of opprobrium to a scolding, or ill-famed woman, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 2.

WIST. Perfect tense of "Wis." Knew, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 1.

WISTLY. Eagerly, with serious attention. Now in use as wistfully, Rich. II. v. 4, Venus & Ad. 58.

WIT. Know, Peric. iv. 4, (Gower.)

WITHOUT. Used for beyond. "Without her power," Temp. v. 1. "Without the peril," Mids. N. iv. 1. "Without all terms of pity," All's W. ii. 3.

WITTOL. A tame submitter to conjugal shame, Mer. W. ii. 2. "Wittolly," Mer. W. ii. 2.

WOLD. An open and bare district, Lear iii. 4, (Song.)

WOMANED. Accompanied, or haunted by a woman, Oth. iii. 4.

WOMAN-TIRED. Tyrannized over by a wife, hen-pecked, Win. T. ii. 3.

WONDERED. Able to achieve wonders, wonder-gifted, Temp. iv. 1.

WONT. Custom, habit, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1, Ham. i. 4.

WOOD. Mad, wild, frantic, Two Gen. V. ii. 3, 1 Hen. VI. iv. 7, Venus & Ad. 124.

WOODCOCK. A bird having the character of being stupid; and, therefore, the name was applied to simpletons, Tw. N. ii. 5, Much Ado v. 1, Tam. S. i. 2.

WOODMAN. A forester; chiefly a hunter, Cymb. iii. 6. Applied equivocally, Mer. W. v. 5, Mea. M. iv. 3.

WOOLVISH. Supposed to mean wolf-like. The word has been retained in the text, from unwillingness to alter a received reading, else 'Slavish' seems to be the epithet for which "woolvish" might have been a misprint. 'Slavish' would accord with "tongue" of the folio, or the accepted "toge" of later editions; and entirely suits the context of the whole speech, Corio. ii. 3.

WOOLWARD. Dressed solely in wool; a penitential attire, Love's L. L. v. 2.

WOO'T. An old (and still provincial) form of "Wilt thou," Ant. Cl. iv. 2 & 13, Ham. v. 1.

WORLD. "To go to the world." A phrase which meant to be married, Much Ado ii. 1, All's W. i. 3. A "woman of the world;" a married woman, As You L. v. 3; a "world to see," i. e., wonderful to see, Tam. S. ii. 1.

WORM. The superstition was fostered that lazy maids had worms grow at the ends of their fingers, Rom. J. i. 4.

WORM. Used for serpent, Mea. M. ii. 1, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2, Tim. A. iv. 3, Ant. Cl. v. 2, Cymb. iii. 4.

WORTS. Plants of the cabbage species. Falstaff's jeer at Sir Hugh's Welsh pronunciation of "words," Mer. W. i. 1. "Wort," generally called 'sweet-wort,' is brewing liquor, before the hops are added, Love's L. L. v. 2.

WOT. To know, Two Gen. V. iv. 4, Mer. W. ii. 2, Mids. N. iv. 1.

WREAK. Revenge, Corio. iv. 5, Tit. A. iv. 3. "Wreaks;" wraths, rages, Tit. A. iv. 3.

WREST. A tuning-key for drawing up the strings of instruments to correct pitch. Applied metaphorically, Tr. Cr. iii. 3. To twist, wrench, force, or sway, Much Ado ii. 4, Mer. Ven. iv. 1, Hen. V. i. 2, 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1, Tit. A. iii. 2.

WRETCH. Used occasionally as an epithet of tenderness, and softest pity, Ham. iv. 7, Rom. J. i. 3, Oth. iii. 3.

WRITHLED. Shrunk up, wrinkled, 1 Hen. VI. ii. 3.

WROTH. Misfortune: that which causes writhing, Mer. Ven. ii. 9. [In some editions "Wrath;" to the injury of sense and rhyme.]

WRYING. Swerving, going astray, Cymb. v. 1.

## Y

YARE. Prompt, alert, quick, Temp. i. 1, Tw. N. iii. 4. Mea. M. iv. 2. Trim, ready for service, Temp. v. 1, Ant. Cl. iii. 7.

YCLEPED. Named, Love's L. L. i. 1 & v. 2.

YEAD *or* YED. An abbreviation of Edward, Mer. W. i. 1. "Yedward," 1 Hen. IV. i. 2.

YEARN. To grieve, Mer. W. iii. 5, Hen. V. ii. 3 & iv. 3, Jul. Cæs. ii. 2. "Yearned," Rich. II. v. 5.

YEARNING-TIME. The time of approaching labour with women, Peric. iii. 4.

YELLOWS. A disorder in horses. The gall-pipe being stopped, the matter returns to the blood, and tinctures the skin and eyes. In the human animal it is called jaundice, Tam. S. iii. 2.

YELLOWNESS. Jealousy, Mer. W. i. 3.

YESTY. Frothy, like yeast, Macb. iv. 1, Ham. v. 2.

YEOMAN. A sheriff's officer's follower was called his "yeoman," 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1.

YOU. Sometimes added to a verb to give vivacious effect; "he shall charge you, and discharge you," &c., 2 Hen. VI. iii. 2. (See ME.)

YOUNKER. A youth, a youngster, Mer. Ven. ii. 6, 3 Hen. VI. ii. 1. Used for a dupe, or green-horn, 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3.

YOUR. Sometimes put before a substantive; and used not so much as a personal pronoun, as a means of throwing the subject into impersonal or abstract mention, involving a kind of slight or scoff. "Your date is better in your pye and your porridge," &c., All's W. i. 1. "Dreamt of in your philosophy," Ham. i. 5.

YOU 'RE. Occasionally, a contraction of you were, Cymb. iii. 2.

## Z

ZANY. A fool, buffoon, merry-Andrew, Love's L. L. v. 2. "Zanies," Tw. N. i. 5.

ZED. Called an "unnecessary letter," because S would answer its purposes, Lear ii. 2.

ZENITH. The point in the heavens directly over head; hence used, astrologically, to mean the highest point of a man's fortune, Temp. i. 2.

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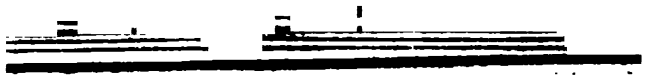

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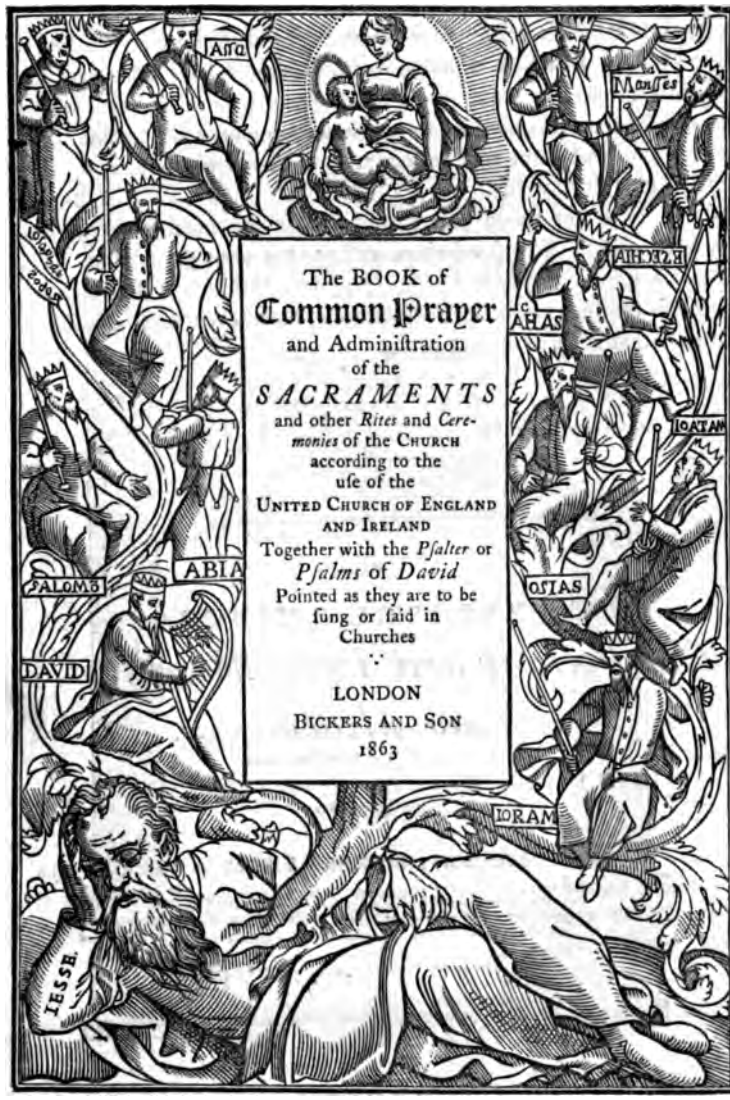


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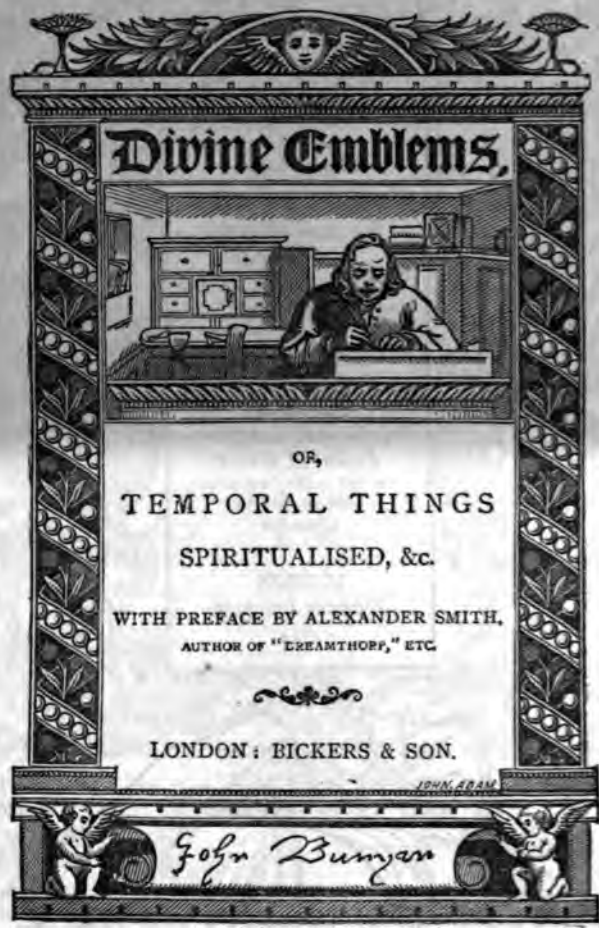


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